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54
Lewis Atterbury
SELECT REVIEWS
of literature
AND

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

BY
E. BRONSON, AND OTHERS.

**"THE WHEAT FROM ALL THESE PUBLICATIONS SHOULD, FROM TIME
TO TIME, BE WINNOWNED, AND THE CHAFF THROWN AWAY."**

.....EXTERNO ROBORE CRESCIT.....GLAUD.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:
FROM THE LORENZO PRESS OF E. BRONSON.
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD EARLE,
CORNER OF CHESNUT AND FOURTH STREETS.

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FOR JANUARY, 1810.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806. By George Viscount Valentia. 3 vols. 4to. pp. 1522. London. 1809. Proposed to be republished by E. Bronson, Philadelphia, in 3 vols. octavo.

DURING the seventeenth century, a number of excellent travellers visited the east, and enriched every language of civilized Europe, with their works. In those days literary pursuits were deemed more compatible with other avocations than they are at present, and travels were alike written by men attached to important embassies, by jewellers, merchants, missionaries, physicians, soldiers, sailors, even by buccaneers. In the last century, men no longer journeyed so far for curiosity, and the establishment of our dominion in India, enabled adventurers to pursue their main object then with as much regularity as in Europe. The spirit of enterprise seemed to have disappeared. The means which a long and quiet residence in those countries afforded of obtaining more accurate knowledge concerning them than could possibly be acquired by mere travellers, however diligently inquisitive, served rather to destroy curiosity than to quicken it. Men lived so long among the Hindoos, that they became accustomed to their manners; they appeared to think that what they had acquired so imperceptibly could not be worth imparting, and to imagine that the publick could not be curious about things with which they themselves had so long been familiar. Thousands of Englishmen

past the main part of their lives in India with every means of information in their power, commanding the services of the natives and speaking their language, and yet nothing was added to our knowledge of the country farther than such historical details as were provoked by political controversy. Of later years, a few valuable journals, which would else have remained unpublished, have been preserved in the Asiatick Researches; and the very valuable, though unarranged diary of Dr. Buchanan, does honour to its industrious author, and to the governour general who sent him on his useful mission; but lord Valentia is the only English traveller, who, for more than a hundred years has visited India, for the purpose of gratifying his own curiosity, and imparting his observations to the publick.

Lord Valentia left England in 1802, and touched at Madeira. He speaks of the fishermen "rowing their boats in a perfect state of nakedness, and the women looking out of their windows with a nonchalance which nothing but habit could give." Yet fishermen in their boats must certainly be so far from the windows that they may throw off their clothes without offending the most squeamish delicacy; and when it is inferred, that the lower order of males go na-

ked there "as is the custom in hot countries," the inference is certainly erroneous. In no part of the world do men of European extraction cast off their clothing; they let their negroes do so, considering them as inferior beings. But degraded as they themselves are in tropical climates, they have still pride enough to retain the garments of decency. Least of all, would such a custom be found in Madeira, a place differing less from Portugal in all the circumstances and habits of its inhabitants, than any other colony from its mother country.

His lordship's next halting place was at St. Helena. The first person who took up his abode upon the little island was a Portuguese, by name Fernam Lopez, one of the renegadoes, who having deserted from Albuquerque, fell into his power at the capture of Benastarim. The Moorish commander stipulated that the lives of these wretches should be saved, secretly conveyed away one of them who was his favourite, and retired before the fort was yielded, to avoid the shame of being present when they were given up. The unhappy men fell at the feet of Albuquerque, dreading the punishment which they deserved; he did indeed spare their lives according to the letter of the capitulation, but he sentenced them to have the right hand cut off and the thumb of the left, both ears and the nose, that in this state of mutilation they might live to be dreadful examples of the treason which they had committed against their God and their king. Lopez, after the death of this great but merciless commander, embarked for Portugal, the ship touched at St. Helena, which was at that time uninhabited, and there he preferred remaining with a negro slave who was given him by the captain; he built a hut and a chapel, planted fruit trees, and began to cultivate vegetables, and rear pigs, poultry, and goats, to the great advantage of the homeward bound ships for ever after. After some

years he proceeded to Portugal and went to Rome to be reconciled to the church and receive plenary absolution for his apostacy; that done he returned to his hermitage, and passed the remainder of his days there, living to a good old age.

The goats are now become so numerous as totally to prevent planting without the previous expense of enclosing. They are forbidden to be kept on the side of the island where Jamestown stands, because in climbing along the edge of the two craggy ridges, which enclose the valley, they sometimes loosen pieces of rock, which, in their descent dislodge others, till a tremendous shower comes rattling down. This island stands in need of many improvements. It is so scantily supplied with live stock, that no person may kill one of his own sheep without a permission from the governor, and for great part of the year, the inhabitants live upon salt provisions, issued from the stores of the East India Company at an annual loss of six thousand pounds. No kind of grain can be cultivated, so numerous are the rats.—During the days of the French republick, the magazines were infested by these vermin, and ten thousand cats were immediately put in requisition by the National Convention. Were such an army to be landed, what an excellent theatre would St. Helena be for a grand Gatomachia! How is it that the story of Whittington should have been read in the nursery for so many centuries to no purpose?—The evils of monopoly are no where more grievously felt than upon this island.

"I cannot resist," says lord Valentia, "giving the prices of a few articles, as a proof of my assertion. Turkeys, two guineas each; a goose, one guinea; small ducks, eight shillings each; fowls, from half a crown to five shillings each; live pigs one shilling per pound; potatoes, eight shillings per bushel; cabbages, eighteen-pence each; lemons, one shilling per dozen; and pumpkins half a crown each. Fish, though there are nearly seventy

kinds around the island, and most of them in abundance, is immoderately dear. There cannot be the least doubt, that all sorts of fruit and vegetables at present cultivated, might be brought to market in such abundance, as to afford a plentiful supply to the crew of every ship that arrives. At present, the farmers combine to keep up the price, and prefer leaving the fruit and vegetables to decay, to selling them for less than they have hitherto demanded. This evil might easily be obviated, and the combination broken, by a publick garden, to be cultivated by the government slaves, the produce of which might be sold to the ships at a price sufficient to clear all the expences, and allow a handsome profit. In this garden might be raised different kinds of fruit trees, to be afterwards dispersed over the island. The mango, which is now a solitary plant in possession of the governour, would thrive in the different vallies. The loquat, and other Chinese fruits, would probably grow in any part of the island. But private individuals, who think only of present profit, will never undertake the necessary experiments. They must be conducted by government, to answer any good purpose." Vol. I. p. 20.

The ship touched at the Cape, and his lordship took as long an excursion into the country as his stay permitted. How must our barouche drivers envy the superiour attainments of the Cape slaves who drive eight in hand, and kill a bird on the wing with the lash of their long whip! Lord Valentia agrees with Mr. Barrow, and all other writers, in bearing testimony to the excellent qualities of the Hottentots, who are attached to the English equally by gratitude and interest; and who, he says, since they have been embodied and instructed in European tactics, have been proved to be intelligent, active, faithful, and brave.

When the ship reached Bengal, marquis Wellesley sent one of his state barges to convey lord Valentia to Calcutta. It was richly ornamented with green and gold; its head a spread eagle gilt; its stern a tiger's head and body, and it was paddled by twenty natives, in scarlet habits and rose coloured turbans. "The lord Saheb's (Wellesley) sister's son, and

the grandson of Mrs. Company," as the natives called him, travelled in a style little less magnificent by land. They gave him these titles, believing that the India Company is an old woman, and that the governours general are her children; and that as he did not hold that office, and yet was received with almost equal honours, he must needs stand in this degree of relationship. His first journey was to Benares and Lucknow; and as the scenery in Bengal was supposed to be uninteresting from the uniform flatness of the country, his plan was to travel always during the night and halt in the day. Time may have been saved by this mode of travelling, and some fatigue avoided, but much information must be lost. It is not thus that any country can be seen to advantage.

Two Europeans have seen India to the best advantage by travelling through it for the most part on foot. Poor Tom Coriat, the Odcombian, was one; a man, says the old writer, who has most fairly appreciated his character, "of a coveting eye, that could never be satisfied with seeing, though he had seen very much, and who took as much content in *seeing*, as many others in the enjoying of great and rare things. His travels, had he lived to publish them, would have been of great value, for he acquired with wonderful facility, the languages of all the countries which he visited, and "as he was a very particular, so was he without question, a very faithful relater of things he saw; he ever disclaiming that bold liberty which divers travellers do take, by speaking and writing any thing they please of remote parts, when they cannot easily be contradicted." Had Coriat reached his home, he would no longer have been an object of ridicule. His inordinate and simple vanity would have been forgotten, in justice to his acquirements; and his book would probably have been the best that has ever yet appeared concerning India. The

other traveller, whose indefatigable and most honourable ambition led him to the east, even under worse circumstances than the poor Od-combian, was Anquetil du Perron, and yet his journal is, perhaps, of all that have been written, the most meagre and worthless. The real treasures which he brought back atone for this. Yet it is impossible not to regret that he did not possess the eye of a traveller, as well as the zeal and perseverance of a scholar. They who travel most at their ease see least of what is before them. The Savoyard who has walked over England leading a dancing bear, could give a better account of its real state to his countrymen, than any ambassador that ever resided at our court.

Our present writer travelled like a lord, that is to say, in the most convenient and least profitable way; and yet his Indian Diary, though the least valuable part of the work, contains sufficient matter of interesting remark. The company have begun to make war upon the tigers; a wiser warfare than has ever been waged by any former masters of Bengal. Ten rupees are paid for the head of a full grown one, five for a leopard or tiger's cub. A lack and half has been already paid for this service. No publick money could be better employed; in the island of Cossimbusar, these tremendous animals are completely exterminated, and they have been greatly thinned in other parts. This island is one of the chief places where silk is raised. What is meant by saying that there are two kinds of silk worm, which produce eight harvests each, in the year? Is it that eight generations are produced and consumed? It cannot be that the same worm should spin more than one cocoon. The roads in Bengal are complained of; they are laid waste by the rains, and a large allowance is made to the Zemindar for repairing them, and reerecting the wooden bridges; but he, generally, pockets the money, and most of the highways re-

main impassable. In the best days of the house of Timour, they made magnificent causeys from one end of their dominions to the other, and planted trees along them, to shelter travellers from the sun. "Surely," says lord Valentia, "we ought to follow so good an example, now that we are in tranquil possession of the same empire. But, alas, its sovereigns are too apt to confine their views to a large investment, and an increase of dividend, and have usually opposed every plan for the improvement of the country which has been brought forward by the different governours general."

Upon entering the province of Babar, he found convicts working on the publick road, which was then formed on a noble scale, raised above the reach of inundations, and with good stone arches to let the torrents pass. The convicts are permitted to have their families with them during the day. About a mile from Bhaugulpore is the monument of Mr. Cleveland, erected to his memory by the chiefs of the hills near Rajamahall, whom he pacified and attached to the British government, by winning their confidence, and treating them with kindness and liberality. Of these people, there is an ample account by lieutenant Thomas Shaw in the Asiatick Researches. They appear to be some of those earlier inhabitants of the country, whom their hilly situation secured from the successive tribes of conquerours, and who have retained their old manners, without acquiring either the arts or superstition of the Hindoos or Moors. Their form and physiognomy mark them for a different race; five feet three is their average stature, and they have the flat nose and thick lips of the Mogul Tartars. About a mile from Bhaugulpore are two round towers, so much resembling those in Ireland, as to place it beyond a doubt that they were constructed for the same purpose, whatever they may have been. It is remarka-

ble that in neither country is there any tradition concerning them.

Opium is the chief produce of the country about Patna, it is now become a most important article from the great demand in China, where government prohibit it, but connive at smuggling it in, so strongly are the people attached to this most pernicious mode of intoxication. The plant which produces castor oil, is raised in this neighbourhood; and of this the company were so ignorant that, till lately, they sent that medicine from Europe. It is curious that this oil is, in some parts of Hindostan, used as food. Lord Valentia questions the policy of destroying the small forts, which might be kept in order at a very trifling expense, which would serve as depôts for ammunition, and within which a handful of men might resist a great native force. There is not, at present, a single fortified place between Calcutta and Alahabad, a distance of eight hundred miles. A custom similar to the strange one of making April fools, prevails during Huli, a festival, celebrated both by Hindoos and Moors, in honour of the vernal season. "This," says his lordship, "seems to point out a remarkable connexion between the ancient religion of Europe and that of this peninsula, especially as the Huli is always in March." This is going a long way for a foolish custom. All nations have their saturnalia, and such follies grow out of the wantonness of mirth. The custom of throwing pellets of yellow or red powder at this festival, with which their dresses are so completely covered as to appear ridiculous, resembles a practice at the *Entrudo*, or Carnival of the Portuguese.

The Brahmans believe that Benares is not a part of this sinful earth, but that it is, on the outside of it, as it were a jewel, studding it. An earthquake, however, say the Baptist missionaries, which was lately felt there, has rather nonplussed

them, as it proves that what shakes the earth, shakes Benares too. It is so holy a city that many rajahs have their vakeels, or ambassadours, residing there for the sole purpose of performing for them the requisite sacrifices and ablutions. Yet in this holy city, there appear to be above fifteen hundred persons who are known to support themselves by dishonest means, without including prostitutes, theirs being considered a lawful calling. Here lord Valentia examined the staircase which Mr. Davis defended, with a spear, for upwards of an hour and half, during the insurrection of Vizir Ali, till the troops came to his relief. It is built on a base of about four feet, consequently, the ascent is so winding that only one person can go up at a time; the last turn, before it reaches the terrace, faces the wall; it was, therefore, impossible for the people below to take aim at him, and he saved the settlement by maintaining his post. Mr. Cherry was less fortunate; the assassins who murdered him, carried with them their winding sheets, which had been dipt in the holy well of Zemzem. A letter of Vizir Ali's found among his papers, proves sufficiently, what no wise man ever could have doubted, that no dependence is to be placed on the gratitude or attachment of the highest Moslem. "Owing," he says, "to the imbecility of the house of Timour, and the contempt into which it has fallen of late years, the powerful have been weakened, and the weak become powerful. Worthless unbelievers and ambitious villains have started up from every corner, boldly conquered all these countries and established themselves here: as the poet observes, 'when the lions leave the plain, the jackals become bold.'" For these reasons, religion, which should be so highly prized, is here lost and of no value; nothing of Islamism remains but the mere name. They have so stript and reduced the principal Moslem, that they have no

resource, and are obliged implicitly to obey their orders. The Moslem are become vile and wretched; the honour of the great men is gone; Christians, seize and keep by force the daughters of Syeds and Moslem. Under these circumstances, where we can no longer act openly, it behoves us to exert ourselves secretly in the cause of religion." Such are, and such ever will be, the feelings of men who believe a different religion from that of their rulers.

Some stones fell from the sky in the province of Benares, in the year 1799. Lord Valentia has given the testimony of six witnesses in his appendix. A meteor was passing which gave a great light; three reports were heard like the firing of cannon; afterwards, many like the firing of muskets, and it broke into several pieces. Several stones fell in different places, in size from ten pounds to a quarter of a pound; they were black, and smelt like burnt gunpowder; on being broken, they appeared of a crumbling nature, like shining sand. This instance is of peculiar importance, because (it is said) a stone of the same kind is not to be found any where, and there can be no doubt of its having proceeded from the meteor. One of the most extraordinary facts of this kind occurred in Spain in the year* 1438, when a shower of stones fell, without any previous explosion, some of them as large as half a bushel, and yet not weighing half a pound; for they resembled indurated foam in the hollowness and lightness of their texture.

Lord Valentia notices two "very singular vehicles" at Lucknow; they were both on wheels, somewhat resembling large elephants *houdahs* with coverings, and drawn by those animals, and they went at a considerable rate, though one was as large as a small room. "I believe," he says, "it is the first time elephants have been used in India for draught: artil-

lery they only push along with their trunks. Lord Wellesley has had models sent down, in hopes of applying the idea to a military purpose." Just such vehicles are represented in one of the prints to Ysbrants Ides's Travels. Linschoten also represents elephants as drawing the chariot of an idol in the kingdom of Narsinga.

At Lucknow the traveller witnessed the effects of a hurricane, the description of which we shall extract as the most remarkable passage in these volumes:

"This evening, the heat being very oppressive, I was sitting in my apartment on the terrace-roof of the house, when a sudden gloom and distant thunder induced me to go out on the terrace. The wind, which had been easterly, was now perfectly lulled. A very dark blue cloud arose from the west, and at length covered half the sky. The thunder was not loud, and the air was perfectly still. The birds were flying very high, and making a terrible screaming. At length a dark brown cloud appeared on the western horizon, and came on with considerable rapidity. The whole town of Lucknow, with its numerous minars, was between me and the cloud, and the elevation of my terrace gave me an excellent opportunity of observing it. When at about the distance of a mile, it had all the appearance of a smoke from a vast fire, volume rolling over volume in wild confusion, at the same time raising itself high in the air. As it approached, it had a dingy red appearance; and by concealing the most distant minars from my view, convinced me that it was sand born along by a whirlwind. The air with us continued perfectly still; the clouds of sand had a defined exterior: nor did the wind a moment precede it. It came on with a rushing sound, and at length reached us with such violence, as to oblige me to take shelter in my eastern verandah. Even there the dust was driven with a force that prevented me from keeping my eyes open. The darkness became every moment greater, and at length it was black as night. It might well be called palpable darkness; for the wind now changed a little to the southward, brought on the storm with tenfold violence, and nearly smothered us with

* The two contemporary accounts of the remarkable fact are inserted in the third edition of Southey's Letters from Spain and Portugal.

dust. It blew so violently, that the noise of the thunder was frequently drowned by the whistling of the wind in the trees and buildings. The total darkness lasted about ten minutes; when at length it gradually gave way to a terrifically red, but dingy light; which I, at first, attributed to a fire in the town. The rain now poured down in torrents, and the wind changed to due south. In about an hour from its commencement the sky began to clear, the tufaun went off to the eastward, and the wind immediately returned to that quarter. The air was perfectly cool, and free from dust. Although all my windows and doors had been kept closed; and there were tattys on the outside, yet the sand was so penetrating, that it had covered my bed and furniture with a complete coat of dust. Mr. Paul tells me, he once was caught in a north-wester on the banks of the Ganges, when the darkness lasted for several hours. This, however, was one of the most tremendous that had ever been beheld at Lucknow. One person was literally frightened to death. There is, indeed, no danger from the storm itself, but the fires in the houses are in such situations, that a blast might easily drive a spark against their thatched roofs, heated already by the sun; in which case, the darkness would probably preclude the possibility of saving any part of the town. It is equally probable that a roof may be blown in, which would have the same melancholy consequences. The long drought had pulverized so much of the country, and so completely annihilated vegetation on the sandy plains, that the tufaun brought with it more sand than usual; and to that alone must be attributed the perfect darkness. It was the most magnificent and awful sight I ever beheld; not even excepting a storm at sea. The wind in both cases was of equal violence, but neither the billows of the ocean, nor the sense of danger, affected my mind so much as this unnatural darkness." Vol. I. p. 160.

A striking instance of the happy effects of British government has occurred since we took possession of the Nawaub of Furruckabad's country. As soon as the English resident arrived there, about a hundred Patans waited on him, and requested to know whether he really intended to establish a police. He assured them most seriously that he did: upon which they told him it would not suit them, and all immediately

departed for the Mahratta country. Seven persons, says lord Valentia, are now in prison to be tried for murder at the next circuit, but not one offence of that sort has been committed since our police has been established. Heartily do we agree with lord Valentia, in believing that India has reason to rejoice in coming under the British dominion, but very far are we from agreeing with him concerning the means by which that government is to be upheld.

"The most rapidly accumulating evil of Bengal is the increase of half-cast children. They are forming the first step to colonization, by creating a link of union between the English and the natives. In every country where this intermediate cast has been permitted to rise, it has ultimately tended to the ruin of that country. Spanish America and St. Domingo are examples of this fact. Their increase in India is beyond calculation; and though possibly there may be nothing to fear from the sloth of the Hindoos, and the rapidly declining consequence of the Mussulmauns, yet it may be justly apprehended, that this tribe may hereafter become too powerful for control. Although they are not permitted to hold offices under the Company, yet they act as clerks in almost every mercantile house, and many of them are annually sent to England, to receive the benefit of an European education. With numbers in their favour, with a close relationship to the natives, and without an equal proportion of that pusillanimity and indolence, which is natural to them, what may not in time be dreaded from them? I have no hesitation in saying, that the evil ought to be stopt; and I know no other way of effecting this object, than by obliging every father of half-cast children, to send them to Europe, prohibiting their return in any capacity whatsoever. The expense that would thus attend upon children, would certainly operate as a check to the extension of zenanas, which are now but too common among the Europeans: and this would be a benefit to the country, no less in a moral, than in a political view." Vol. I. p. 241.

Little thought can that man have bestowed upon the principles of policy or of human nature, who is capable of recommending a measure so cruel, so preposterous, and so impracti-

cable as this which lord Valentia advises. The principle which he advances is false, and the examples which he adduces to support it warrant no such conclusion. That of Hayti is inapplicable; first, because the intermediate race was not between the Europeans and the natives, the natives having been exterminated; and secondly, because the work of retribution in that island, where perhaps a greater load of guilt had been accumulated than in any other part of the habitable world, was executed by the negroes, not the mulattos. That of Spanish America is equally fallacious. So far indeed is the existence of a numerous mixed population from proving detrimental to a colony, that the house of Braganza is indebted to such a breed for the most important discoveries, and most valuable parts of its empire in Brazil. But for deeper speculations, and profounder views upon this subject, we refer lord Valentia to Mr. Bolingbroke's voyage to the Demerary; he will there find, mixed with some great and grievous errors respecting negro slavery, this question most ably and originally treated. Far different from this policy was that of Albuquerque, the founder of the European dominion in India, and the most far-sighted politician that ever set foot in that country! The cocoa tree should be the emblem of our empire in the east; it lifts a beautiful head to heaven; it renders an abundant harvest, but it spreads its roots along the surface of the soil, and is therefore at the mercy of the winds; the first hurricane lays it prostrate, and not a sucker springs up to mark the place where it flourished. Lord Valentia calls upon the East India Company to take the alarm, because a race of men is rising there, who inherit from their mothers constitutions adapted to that climate, which (be it remembered) destroys nine Englishmen of every ten who go thither in pursuit of fortune, many of whom are educated in England, all of whom speak the English

language, profess the Christian faith, and have one common interest with the English government, because if any revolution should again expose the country to the tyranny of a Hindoo or a Moorish conqueror, they would be involved with it in ruin. If such men are not the bulwarks of a state, where are they to be found.

Lord Valentia agrees with Dr. Buchanan in the fitness of giving an episcopal establishment to British India, and in the earnest wish that it should take place without delay. Respecting the missionaries, and the history of their various predecessors in the east, he writes with little knowledge of historical circumstances. Upon this question we have elsewhere advanced arguments which it is more easy to rail at than to refute, and we have not leisure now to point out the defects of his lordship's logick and information. It is difficult to discover whether his lordship be most alive to the feelings of the Hindoos or of the Moslem. At Benares, his tenderness towards the former predominates, "It is a pity," he says, "that any thing should prevent this noble city from being brought to that perfection of which it is capable; and he feels himself sufficiently a Hindoo, when viewing the lofty minarets, to wish, that hereafter government may restore the spot to its original owners, and remove this cruel eyesore from the holy city." At Lucknow, where he dines with the Nawaub, and some English ladies are present in company with their husbands, he thinks nothing can be so highly disgusting as to see women mixing in society with Mahomedans; it is so contrary to the principles of the latter, who can only have a contempt for them, and consider them as on a level with the nautch girls—that is to say, with common prostitutes. As if there were any chance that such an opinion could be formed of English women! He talks of the danger of offending religious prejudices, yet tells us that

the prejudices of the Moslem are now so weakened in India, that one of their processions was stopped at his request, and the horse of Hosein, which is represented as pierced on every side by arrows, was brought close to his palanquin, that he might see it with more facility. If the grandson of Mrs. Company can stop a procession to gratify his curiosity, he must, indeed, have felt confident that religious prejudices were not very strong, and that there was little danger of offending them.

His lordship returned to Calcutta, and then embarked for Ceylon, from which island, he says, a fragrant smell was perceptible at the distance of nine leagues. A harsh attack is here made upon a work lately published by an English officer. "Every observation respecting the Dutch females," it is said, "is extracted from Stavorinus's account of the women at Batavia; and that as nearly verbatim as the change of place would admit. He is in other instances under very large, though unacknowledged obligations to Stavorinus." The only English officer who has written an account of Ceylon, is captain Percival. We have compared his account of the Dutch women with that in Stavorinus, and have no hesitation in saying, that the charge so positively made, appears to be unfounded. Nor is it possible that captain Percival can have been under great obligation in this work to Stavorinus upon other subjects, for that able writer hardly mentions Ceylon in his voyages. Neither Percival indeed, nor Cordiner, nor Lord Valentia himself, have added much to that stock of knowledge respecting Ceylon, which we already possessed in the Portuguese and Dutch writers, and the faithful book of our honest old countryman, who says in his epistle dedicatory, that his book was the whole return he made from the Indies after twenty years stay there, having brought back nothing else—but Robert Knox.

Ceylon requires a governour with

the ambitious spirit of marquis Wellesley, who would at once conquer the Candians and the climate by laying open the interior of the country. Upon an island of this size, conquest is a sure game, and what is won can be kept. Under a Roman system, the whole country would, in fifty years, be civilized, and every one of its inhabitants speak the language, profess the religion, and imitate the manners of their rulers. The missionaries, both of the Dutch and Portuguese, had great success here. The Lutheran natives have been calculated at above 240,000, the Catholics once at nearly a million. Lord Valentia himself, little as he is a friend to the societies for introducing the gospel into the east, delivers it as his opinion, that if the plans introduced by the Dutch were quietly and steadily pursued, the whole Cingalese nation might in time be converted. There were schools established throughout the country, which Mr. North, during his administration, restored, increased, and improved. The schoolmasters were bound to act as notaries in their several districts; so that the whole expense of the establishment, amounting to 4,600*l.* was not to be set down to the account of education solely. "Had this, however, been the case," says his lordship, "the benefits arising from a plan calculated to improve the morals of the rising generation, to enlighten them in true religion, and attach them to the British government, would have been cheaply purchased at such a moderate expenditure." Such, however, was not the calculation made at home, for in 1803, Mr. North received orders to limit the expense of the schools to 1500*l.* per annum, whence those in the country districts were given up. In the same pitiful and short-sighted system of economy all the pensions which had been granted to the Landroosts, or persons who had held high offices in the Dutch service, were suspended, and

these men even reduced to beggary. It was afterwards, in an ungracious manner, mitigated, by permitting the governour to grant pensions in his majesty's name. Without such an allowance they must absolutely have perished for want of food; with it they can just exist; and having been thus injured, they are, as of course they would be after such treatment, our secret and mortal enemies.

There is little worthy of notice in the travels through Mysore and Canara. We have, however, to censure the author for writing oriental names, in a manner sometimes capricious, and sometimes affected. Minars and minarets are written. Seeva, the god whose worship prevails most in Hindoostan, is sometimes called by his name of Isvara, sometimes Seva, sometimes Seve; and Ali and Abubeker, personages far too famous in history to have their orthography altered, are called Alli and Abboo Buker. This fault has never been carried to such excess by any writer as by Mr. Scott Waring, in his tour to Sheeraz. That gentleman declares in his preface, that though many persons have attached vast importance to the orthography of Indian or Persian words, he attaches none; and that where words have received the sanction of universal usage, he has followed the voice of the publick. Yet he writes Ulee for Ali, Ubdool for Abdallah, Ubas for Abbas, Wuzeer for Vizir, and Qajjar, Qooroosh, and Ubrqoovn for—we cannot tell what.

We now come to the most important part of these volumes. "It had always appeared to me an extraordinary circumstance," says lord Valentia, "that if the western coast of the Red Sea were really as dangerous as the moderns have uniformly represented it, the ancients should invariably have navigated it in preference to the eastern coast. The evils which our fleet experienced there from the want of water, fresh provisions and fuel, made it important to ascertain whether those articles were not at-

tainable at Massowah, Dhalac, or the adjacent islands, where, in former times, the Egyptian and Roman merchants resided for the purpose of carrying on trade with the interior of Africa. Another object was to open a communication with Abyssinia, with a view to commercial advantages." Upon these subjects lord Valentia frequently conversed with marquis Wellesley, and that able statesman fully entered into his views. "At length," says his lordship, "I proposed to his excellency that he should order one of the Bombay cruisers to be prepared for a voyage to the Red Sea; and I offered my gratuitous services to endeavour to remove our disgraceful ignorance by embarking in her, for the purpose of investigating the eastern shore of Africa, and making the necessary inquiries into the present state of Abyssinia, and the neighbouring countries. His excellency approved of the plan, and it was determined, that in order to obviate any difficulties which might arise from the commanding officer differing with me in opinion with respect to the eligibility of going to particular places, he should be placed under my orders." Accordingly the Antelope, captain Keys, was made ready, of about 150 tons, mounting twelve eighteen pound carronades, and having on board forty one Europeans, sixteen marines, and thirty lascars and servants, with six months rice and salt meat, and forty days water. In this vessel lord Valentia embarked with his secretary and draftsman, Mr. Salt, and his attendants, March 13, 1804.

On his arrival at Mocha he learnt that captain Keys was averse to the service on which he was ordered, and would have given up the command, upon the plea of ill health, if Mr. Pringle, the English agent, had not dissuaded him from so imprudent a step. It was evident, however, that a voyage of discovery, undertaken against the inclination of the captain, was not likely to be

executed with zeal. Appearances were in other respects promising; a regular communication existed between Mocha and Massuah, or Massowah, as it is here written conformably to the manner in which the inhabitants pronounce it, and between that place and Suakin. Massowah was said to be by no means the unsafe place which Bruce had represented it in his time, and pilots could be procured for the whole way. A *dow* was hired to go to Dhalac, Massowah, Suakin, and up to the latitude of the river Farat, where lord Valentia meant to end his observations and make the best of his way to Cosseir. This vessel was to go ahead and show the way, and it would enable him to visit many islands which the Antelope might not be able to approach. The first discovery they made on stretching over to the African side was, contrary to Bruce's assertion, "that there was no anchoring ground on the Abyssinian shore, and that you might have your bowsprit over the land without any bottom astern," that the land gradually shallowed to seven fathoms within a quarter of a mile of the shore. On one of the islands they found the tomb of a chief, within a circle of stones; at one end were the bones and shells of several turtles half burnt; in the middle were several drinking vessels, one was an English china sugar basin. The people on the main land gave a fine sheep for some tobacco, but refused a dollar which was offered for it. They passed within five leagues of some small islands called Miseras by the pilot, of which the curious name of the Great and Little Miscoras, as laid down in M. Apres de Menouville's chart, is probably a corruption. In fishing from the ship, the hooks caught on some dark brown pieces of coral, from the holes of which issued a great number of living animalculi. Each was nearly brown, about a quarter of an inch long, with a black head. When immersed in water they extended themselves directly; when taken out of it they did not retire, but hung close to the sides, one over the

other. As they drew near Dhalac, the coast seemed tolerably well inhabited, and there was the appearance of a great deal of trade to Massowah. The pilot, that he might reach Dhalac by daylight, anchored off a very picturesque island, in a fine bay, where they had seventeen fathoms, at only three quarters of a mile from the shore. "As no description of the island," says his lordship, "has ever been given, and we were probably the first Europeans that had visited it, we called it Valentia." On a subsequent investigation, he concludes satisfactorily, that it is the Orine of the Periphus. It would therefore have been better to have restored it to its Greek name. The next day they anchored off Dhalac.

They landed on the island of Nokhara, then the residence of the Dola, who had sub-Dolas at every other station. Dhalac el Kibeer had formerly been the principal residence; but they were told the port was bad and could not admit their ship. All the houses here are built of madrapore, drawn from the sea. Lord Valentia walked to the well, which he was surprised to find was a natural one, formed by a chasm in the rock, about ten feet long and three wide, lying seven feet below the level of the ground. It never fails in the driest season, and supplies the whole island. Mr. Salt proceeded to Dhalac el Kibeer, where he found sixteen wells of the same kind. The shepherds were drawing water there for their camels, asses, goats, and sheep; and when these were served they supplied the trough with water for the birds, which arrived in vast flights, particularly doves. These are at some distance from the town. Near it are some large tanks or cisterns, which the natives say were made by the Parsees, who built more than three hundred such; but when these works were formed, or who the people were whom they call Parsees, it is hopeless to discover from their imperfect traditions.

They proceeded to Massowah. The natives perceiving their approach

took them for the Wahabees, in consequence of which the Nayib came over from Arkeko, and they were all night under arms. The present Nayib is grandson of Ackmed, of whom Bruce speaks so favourably. Lord Valentia explained to him, that the object of his coming was to ascertain whether our ships could with safety pass up this coast to Suez, and obtain water and provisions on the way. He was received with great civility, and every thing, both with the rulers and the natives, went on well. The Nayib is in fact independent. The Janizaries, or Ascarri, as they are here called, though they recognise the sultan as their master, are completely under his influence, and he pays them out of the duties which ought to be remitted to Constantinople. He is on good terms with the king of Abyssinia, from whose dominions a trade is carried on in ghee, hides, gold dust, civet, sheep, and slaves. Many disputes had already occurred between his lordship and captain Keys, who was in every respect unfit for the service on which he was employed. The matter here came to an issue. He positively declared that on the 15th of August he would depart on his return to India. To accomplish the object of the voyage by that time was impossible, and lord Valentia had no alternative but to return to Mocha, from whence he sailed in another vessel for Bombay.

From hence he communicated to marquis Wellesley the result of his voyage, and urged him to have the survey of the Red Sea continued from Massowah to Cosseir. He himself had now resolved upon returning to Europe by the Persian gulf, and therefore requested letters to the pacha of Bagdad. As six weeks would elapse before these could be received from Calcutta, he employed the interval in travelling to Poonah. The first object which he saw, on reaching the main land, was the body of a wretch, who had died of hunger, for which the vultures and dogs were disputing. Drought had

caused a scarcity, and that had been made a famine by the Mahratta war. Holkar and Scindiah laid waste whole provinces, leaving neither tree nor habitation standing through a vast extent of country. The British government was never before felt to be so great a blessing. They procured rice from Bengal, with which twelve thousand people were daily fed at the publick expense. Yet this (a liberality which never was equalled in the East) extended comparatively but a little way; and their utmost care could only palliate the evil in that narrow circle to which it extended. Lord Valentia describes the children as living skeletons, scarcely a muscle to be seen. Dead bodies in every state of decay were lying along the road. Even so near the seat of government as Panwell, captain Young employed twelve men to bury the victims of this famine, and they sometimes buried thirty in a day. They passed by wretches who were too weak to raise themselves up to receive the food that was offered them. Many were murdered for the rice which they received from British charity. Colonel Close fed fifteen hundred people daily at Poonah, even before he was aided by a subscription collected at Bombay by lady Mackintosh. The sight of the food rendered them frantick, and he was obliged to distribute his alms in money, which did not operate in the same manner upon their feelings. During the whole of this dreadful visitation, grain passed up to Poonah through villages where the inhabitants were perishing themselves, and seeing their nearest relations perish, and yet not a single tumult took place, nor was one convoy interrupted. Such is there signation of the Hindoos! All that a government could do was done by the government of Bombay. The powers of man are unhappily far less efficient in doing good than evil; enough, however, was done to prove how great a blessing it is for the Hindoos to be under the British dominion: and it may safely be affirmed that the alms thus

bestowed have strengthened our empire in that part of Hindoostan more than could have been done by the most powerful army that England could send out. *Je définis ainsi le droit de conquête, says Montesquieu, un droit nécessaire, légitime, et malheureux, qui laisse toujours à payer une dette immenae, pour s'acquitter envers la nature humaine.* Wo be to them who wantonly contract this debt;—it had been better for them never to have been born—but blessed are they who repay it as our countrymen have repaid it in Bombay.

The trade of Bombay is far inferior to what it has been. This is owing to an indulgence imprudently granted to the Arabs, particularly to the Imaum of Muscat; and it will be well if no other evil arises from it. They enter their vessels as English, and sail from one part of the peninsula to the other, without having a single European or a rupee of English property on board. They have a French protection also; and of course are either French or English, as suits their convenience. In fact, much of their trade lies to the Isle of France, where they carry rice, and bring back prize goods at half price; a system every way detrimental to British interests. It injures the regular trade of Surat and Bombay, and it encourages the French privateers, who, but for this vent, would have no means of disposing of the property they capture. Frequently, the Muscat flag is only a cover, and the goods exported to Arabia are French property. The Arab navy is in consequence rapidly increasing, while our traders there can hardly find employment for their men.

The Parsees are numerous in Bombay. Lord Valentia considers them as an important barrier against the more powerful casts of India, and bears testimony to their good conduct and superiour morality. There is not a single prostitute or concubine of their sect in the settle-

ment. The attack of sir William Jones upon Anquetil du Perron, is here spoken of with censure; and it is alleged that, before his death, he was convinced of his error. The works, indeed, which that extraordinary, but respectable enthusiast brought home, must be regarded as the most important which we have yet received from the east. Two centuries ago Anquetil du Perron would have been the founder of a new monastick order, or the reformer and saint of a relaxed one. His ardour was more happily directed, yet an age of literature and a country of philosophists could not subdue his innate fanaticism, and he contrived to blend austerities which St. Macarius or St. Romualdo might have admired, with a system of eastern philosophy. "Bread and cheese," he says, "to the value of the twelfth part of a rupee, and water from the well, are my daily food. I live without fire even in winter. I sleep without bed or bed-clothes; neither do I change or wash my linen. I have neither wife, children, nor servants. Having no estates, I have no tie to this world. Alone and entirely free, I am in friendship with all mankind. In this simple state, at war with my senses, I either triumph over worldly attractions, or I despise them; and, looking up with veneration to the Supreme and Perfect Being, I wait with impatience for the dissolution of my body."

Lord Valentia's plans were fortunately changed by the arrival of despatches from marquis Wellesley, recommending a continuation of the survey of the Red Sea, and expressing a hope that he might be induced to complete what he had so well begun. This was sufficient to renew his lordship's zeal, which was seconded with becoming liberality by Mr. Duncan at Bombay. The Panther cruiser was made ready, and lieutenant Charles Court appointed to command her, in consequence of the very high character which he bore as a seaman and a man of sci-

ence. Lord Valentia was properly permitted to choose his officers; and lieutenant Maxfield, who had been on the former expedition, and then proved his zeal and ability, was appointed to the Assaye, a small French schooner, which was to accompany them as a tender. Captain Rudland, of the Bombay army, obtained permission to join the party, and proceed by this route to England. Two time-keepers and the other requisite instruments were furnished by government, and captain Court was instructed to keep a table for his lordship at the expense of the Company. Private villany had well nigh frustrated all his zeal and the good intentions of the government. It was found, after they had put to sea, that in the vessel, which was reported ready for service, there was not a single buoy; and similar deficiencies were daily discovered. On their voyage they injured the capstan; and it appeared, upon examination, that, though newly put together, it was made of old wood, partly consumed by the dry rot. The casks leaked out nearly the whole of their contents; for they were made of old, worm-eaten ship timber; yet they had been received into the publick stores at Bombay as new, and issued again as such. Such is the knavery on one part and the neglect on the other in the marine department.

During his former visit at Mocha, lord Valentia had had some disputes with the Dola upon the prevailing system of encouraging our sailors to desert; a system carried on so extensively as to be a very serious inconvenience. This is not done from any religious motive, but from the old notion of the Moors and other Orientals, that all Christians understand gunnery. The captain of the renegadoes is an Italian, who came to Mocha many years ago as master of a native vessel from India, turned Mahomedan, sold both ship and cargo, and shared the profits with the Dola. This villain is now the

main agent in seducing others. He watches for them on the pier, gets them to the Jews town, where he makes them drunk, then carries them to the Dola, and the temptation of women soon completes the business. Numbers were thus deluded away while our fleet was here. It was then thought expedient to conciliate the Yemen government; and, though threats were used by several officers, nothing was done, and the Arabs were confirmed in their insolence by our forbearance. Such forbearance is always bad policy. It is as much the duty of a great nation never to submit to wrong, as never to offer it. One of these renegadoes sent to beg a bible of lord Valentia, who accordingly gave him one, and wrote to him upon the criminality of his conduct. He returned a long answer, in which he said that he could now be as good a Christian as before, and indeed that he had more time to pay his respects to God Almighty. It is not a little curious that the very system of procuring converts, which the Dola so anxiously pursued, should now conduce to his greatest danger. All the old renegadoes have deserted to the Wahabees, and were ready to march with them against Mocha, with every foot of which they are well acquainted.

At Mocha they hired a *dow* to accompany them as far as above Suakin. The Assaye was sent forward to Massowah with letters for the Nayib, informing him of lord Valentia's intention to visit him, and requesting that two pilots for Suakin might be procured. Dhalac was appointed as the place of meeting. Five days afterwards the Panther sailed with the dow in company. The Assaye joined them at the appointed place. The same friendship on the part of the Nayib existed; and captain Court, Mr. Salt, and captain Rudland, made a tour of eight days through the southern and eastern parts of the island of Dhalac. The result of their observations, as affecting the veracity of Bruce, will

best be given in lord Valentia's own words:

"This second tour of Mr. Salt through Dhalac, has completely proved that the account of it, as given by Mr. Bruce, is in a great degree false; and leaves it extremely probable, that he never landed on the island. 'The three hundred and seventy cisterns, all hewn out of the solid rock,' have, after the most minute investigation, been reduced to less than twenty; and of these not one is to be found at Dobelew, where he asserts, as an eye witness, 'that they are neglected, and open to every sort of animal, and half full of the filth that they leave there after drinking and washing in them.' If the plan of the island of Dhalac, the harbour of Dobelew, and the surrounding islands, as laid down by that excellent hydrographer, captain Court, and now given to the publick in my chart, be compared with the description of Mr. Bruce, hardly one point of resemblance will be found between the two; and I trust there will be no doubt in the publick mind to which the credit ought to be given.

"The round harbour of Dobelew, with its narrow entrance, is no where discoverable; and the town itself, instead of being, as he states, three miles S. W. of the harbour, is, in fact, on a parallel with the northern extremity of Irwee, which forms the harbour, and is an island; a circumstance which ought to have been known to him had he actually been on the spot. It is not, however, with captain Court only that Mr. Bruce differs; his bearings, as given by himself, are irreconcilable; and, after several attempts, it was found impossible to lay down the islands between Fibbel Teir and Dhalac from his account; which is much to be regretted, as it is improbable that any other traveller will venture through the shoals on the eastern side of the island, when so much safer a passage is afforded on the western.

"The account given by Mr. Bruce of the animals drinking out of the cisterns, and washing in them, is evidently untrue, from the construction of them, as described by Mr. Salt, they being arched over, with a hole in the centre.

"The impudence ascribed by Mr. Bruce to the women of Dobelew makes me still more doubtful of his having been at that place; since it is hardly probable that they would have totally changed their habits in a period of thirty years, during which time it is evident that their poverty had not diminished.

"The errors in Mr. Bruce's account of Dhalac-el-Kibeer, its harbour, and the

numerous tanks on the island, might have been excused, had he stated the circumstances less positively, and given them only as he received them by the report of the inhabitants. In Mr. Salt's first visit to Dhalac-el-Kibeer, he heard from several, that there was a tradition among them of three hundred and sixteen tanks; and this tradition was probably mentioned to Mr. Bruce, and, if given by him as such, would have been justifiable. The same observation will hold good respecting the harbour, which, from his journal, it is evident he could not have seen, and to which he only transfers the information that was given him respecting Nokhara. I can by no means extend the same indulgence to his account of the islands, and their relative bearings. When a person attempts to give geographical information to the publick, it is necessary that his information should be accurate; and that he should not give, as certain, a single circumstance, of which he has not positively informed himself. That Mr. Bruce, on the contrary, has erred in many points, and falsified in others, must be clear by a comparison of his own bearings with each other, and of the whole with the chart of captain Court. I feel him to be the less justifiable on this occasion, as he had it in his power to give a true account of the island, and its dependencies; for his having been at anchor somewhere near Dobelew is proved by his knowledge of the names of the numerous islands in its vicinity, and by his having stated its latitude as $15^{\circ} 42' 22''$, which is within two miles of its true position, $15^{\circ} 44''$." Vol. II. p. 236.

At Massowah an attempt was made to extort money from them by the brother of the Nayib, who was Dola of Arkeko, and Sirdar or commander of the Janizaries, here called Askaris. This personage demanded a thousand dollars for the anchorage of the two vessels. It had been settled with the Nayib only the evening before that no English ships should ever pay anchorage; and upon this insolent claim lord Valentia sent word to the Dola, that his countrymen never paid it any where; that he had no right to demand it; and that if he did not immediately send a man to make an excuse for his insolence, the Panther would sail in the morning for his town of Arkeko, and burn it to the ground. This resolute answer settled the

business. The people of Massowah too derived such advantage from the English, that they were unanimous in their favour. This being settled, they proceeded on their survey, [Jan. 21] lying to at night, and on the 25th, they entered a harbour, which lord Valentia, thinking it the best in the Red Sea, has named Port Mornington, in honour of the governour-general of India, through whose assistance he had been able to pursue his plans of surveying the coast. The discovery of this harbour he considers to be of great importance; for, lying on a most dangerous coast, off which are numerous shoals, low islands, and rocks, it is accessible at any season of the year, and will afford to any ships not only a secure assylum, but a supply of water and fresh provisions. From the number of dows which frequented it, and which sent their boats to land every morning, it was manifest that some trade was carried on here; what it was they were not able to ascertain. Tortoiseshell was certainly one article which the dows came for; but lord Valentia thinks that gold is chiefly received in return for Indian goods. The day after their departure from hence, the Panther was in imminent danger of being lost, and they put into another harbour, whose windings and mazes occasioned such confusion, that it is entered in captain Court's chart by the name of Both'er'em Bay, at lord Valentia's particular request, as he himself informs us. However appropriate the name may be, we certainly are not disposed to compliment his lordship upon the taste which it displays.

From hence they made for Suakin. The town is nearly in ruins; it covers the whole of a small island, close to which ships may anchor in seven fathom. Its trade, which in the days of Don Joam de Castro, was so considerable, no longer exists; and it is supported by nothing but the annual caravans from the interior of Africa, which come here,

by way of Sennaar, on their road to Mecca. The island still belongs to the Turks, but the Dola dares not set foot on the main land, which is possessed by a powerful tribe of Bedowee, who calls themselves Suakini, from the town. The people here dress their half-woolly hair with pomatum, which lord Valentia calls fat, because it is worn by barbarians, and sometimes use red powder. Through the top of the hair a convenient skewer is stuck, which serves to scratch the head, to separate the hair into ringlets, and to turn it round the finger. They are a well looking race, and his lordship says it is impossible not to be struck by the resemblance between them and the Polynesians, as represented in Cook's voyages. One piece of useful knowledge he acquired here, which he recommends to the notice of all who shall visit this coast after him: "that all Mahomedan soldiers drink spirits publicly, and many others in private, and, therefore, ships should be well supplied with it, as the most acceptable present." Bruce's account of the Tsalt-salya, or fly, and of the periodical migration which it occasions, was contradicted here.

From Suakin they hired pilots to Macowar; but before they recommenced their voyage, new proofs of the shameful mismanagement of the Bombay marine came to light. It was discovered that there was not a single day's rice on board, though there ought to have been a considerable quantity. The deficiency was owing to fraud. The other stores were examined, and it appeared that only flour enough for a week was left, the cock-roaches having devoured the rest. After many dangers, amid labyrinths of shoals, they got within sight of Macowar; where the open sea commences, and their difficulties would have ended; but it was impossible to reach it, the wind blowing hard against them. Their provisions were now almost exhausted, and their water low, owing

to the leaking of the casks; it was therefore determined to return to Mocha. Bruce's account of his voyage from Cosseir to Macowar is criticised by Lord Valentia, who agrees with an anonymous writer in the Monthly Magazine, that it is an episodical fiction compiled from information which he had picked up at Jidda. On their way back they again touched at Massowah; and here his lordship attempted to open a communication with the courts of Abyssinia. He had learned from a Banian at Massowah that the Ras Wellela Selasse was anxious to hear from him. Accordingly, he delivered the Banian a message for that chief, which he was to write down, and send to Tigre by a special messenger. They landed at Valentia, where his lordship got a good dinner, to his no small satisfaction; for, he says, it gives him great pleasure to be able to speak favourably of a little island to which he must now *naturally* be attached! This new sort of natural attachment may fairly be enumerated among his discoveries. If ever a trade is carried on with Abyssinia, this island, he says, will rise into importance. Supplies could constantly be procured from the main land; the abundance of water makes it preferable to Massowah, and there is better anchorage than either at that place or at Dhalac. Having escaped more dangers, they reached Mocha in three days, and thus the survey terminated. In its course some light has been thrown upon ancient geography, and some places mentioned in the Periplus ascertained to the satisfaction of its able elucidator, Dr. Vincent. Sir Home Popham's chart is pronounced to be in many respects grossly inaccurate. The monsoons appear not to be so regular in the Red Sea as has been hitherto supposed. According to the information now obtained, "the southerly winds blow there eight months out of the twelve, but never for any length of time, without intermission. There is

no season in which the winds blow from one point without changing for a few days; and in the middle part of the gulf they may almost be called variable, at least as much so as in the British Channel, where for nine months in the year, the wind blows from the westward." The practical knowledge which has been obtained, shows the great facility of a coasting trade on the African shore, and the difficulty of any other. There are numerous little harbours into which coasting vessels may run, and galleys may make their way through inner passages, where reefs or shoals keep off the swell, at a time when contrary winds would be irresistible in the open channel.

They waited something more than three months at Mocha, before the expected answer from Abyssinia arrived. Just as was desired, the Ras expressed a wish that Lord Valentia would come and visit him, or send some one in his stead. It was resolved to send Mr. Salt with such presents as could be procured at Mocha, and Captain Rudland and Mr. Carter, at their own request, accompanied him. A respectable Arab of Mecca was hired as interpreter, and a renegado boy who spoke good English, Hindostanè, and tolerable Arabick, went in the like capacity. The party landed at Massowah early in June: they were to be back by the end of October. The interval and the time which he had previously past at Mocha, enabled Lord Valentia to make himself well acquainted with the circumstances of that town, and of the state of Yemen.

Mocha is a place of little strength. Toward the sea its wall is not above sixteen feet high; on the land side it may in some places be thirty; but it is every where too thin to resist a cannon ball, and the batteries along shore could not bear the shock of firing the cannon which are upon them. The guns too have been rendered useless for purposes of war, from a singular superstition. Having

been purchased from the infidels of Europe, the Arabs consider them as *Shaitan*, that is, as things belonging to the devil; and they have invented a sort of circumcision to sanctify them, which is enlarging the touch-hole, so that nearly the whole of the powder explodes by it. Part of the space within the walls is not built upon, and is not supposed to contain more than 5000 inhabitants. There are, however, two extensive villages without the walls, one inhabited by Jews, who distil a fiery spirit from the date tree, and carry on a still more disgraceful trade; the other by the Samaulies, a nation who inhabit the whole coast from Gardafui to the Straits, and through whose territories the produce of the interior of Africa must consequently reach Arabia. They have been represented as a savage race with whom it would be dangerous to deal. Lord Valentia thinks this is sufficiently disproved by the extent of their inland trade, their great fairs, and their large exports in their own vessels. Great numbers of them live close to Mocha, and are a peaceable, inoffensive, people. In their persons they are neither negroes nor Arabs; not improbably, therefore, an intermediate race. "I consulted," says his lordship, "several of the respectable merchants of Aden and Mocha, respecting the possibility of penetrating into the interior of Africa, by the caravans which return from Berbera, and they uniformly agreed that by securing the friendship of one of the Samauli chiefs, and learning the language, a European might, in his own character, make the journey in safety. I think it probable that a trade is carried on westward from Hanim, by which a communication exists with the nations in the vicinity of the mountains of Komri. If so, a traveller might at length reach the sources of the Nile by departing from Berbera, which is the position nearest to them that is accessible to Europeans."

Mocha has declined in importance as well as in strength. The harbour is

gradually filling up, and the Americans are spoiling the roadstead by throwing over their ballast. They have already done so much mischief that there is now no clear spot under four fathom and at a great distance from the shore, and in another season, says lord Valentia, not a ship will be able to anchor in safety. They have spoilt the market as well as the road. From 36 to 40 dollars per bale was the usual price of coffee before their competition raised it to 50. Our trade there is considered as of so little consequence that the East India Company have lately withdrawn their agent; but upon the trade of the Red Sea we shall defer our remarks till the issue of Mr. Salt's journey has been related. Of the Arabs of Yemen the account is, consistently with every fact which we know of them, as unfavourable as it can be. M. Grandpre, indeed, tells us that they are the only people who practise virtue for their own sake, but if M. Grandpre's ideas of virtue were strictly defined, they would amount pretty nearly to what an Englishman calls vice. "A longer residence among them," says lord Valentia, "has only increased the detestation and contempt with which I behold them. They have all the vices of civilized society without having quitted those of a savage state. They are cowardly, cruel, and revengeful. Superstitious followers of Mahomed, they do not obey one moral precept of the Koran; and I never heard of a vice natural or unnatural, which they do not practise and avow." It would be easy to show, were this the place for it, that the religion of the Koran necessarily produces this demoralization. On the subject of polygamy, lord Valentia inquired whether the assertion of Bruce was true, that two females are born to one male in the East: a Mahomedan assured him that it was. The weightier authorities of Dr. Russell and Niebuhr induce him to doubt a fact which we shall presently effectually disprove. Lieutenant

Tuckey goes beyond all other advocates for polygamy, and affirms that in Brazil eleven women are born to two men. The reasoning which follows is as detestable as it is false, and would invalidate his authority, if an assertion so utterly unsupported were worthy of refutation. Two simple arguments will set this question for ever at rest. If, from the effects of hot climates, more females are born than males, the effect must be the same in one hot climate as in another: in Malabar, for instance, as on the shores of the Red Sea. But in Malabar the polyandrian system of polygamy prevails; in both cases, therefore, if there exists any disproportion between the sexes,—if in the one country there are too many males, and in the other too many females,—that disproportion must be the effect of the relative systems of polygamy and not the cause. And if this disproportion exists, it must go on progressively, doubling in every generation. If the fact were so this must inevitably be the case; but this is not and cannot be the case, and the proposition therefore is false.

Mr. Salt and his companions after many altercations with the Nayib of Massowah and the Asdari, vexatious delays, and various impositions, began their journey into Abyssinia. The pass of Taranta, which Bruce describes as almost impracticable, was neither dangerous nor difficult; it occupied only three hours of no extraordinary labour. Having detected Bruce so often, both Mr. Salt and Lord Valentia indulge their resentment sometimes unnecessarily. The journal tells us with a sneer that they did not meet with “a single troglodytical cave;” yet but a little before, mention is made of a cave inhabited by a family of the natives, and presently we are told that the mode of building here is evidently copied from natural or artificial excavations, being “by raising walls of the required height, adjoining and at right angles to a steep slope on

the side of a hill, and then laying on a roof of sods, pitched so as to correspond with the general descent of the hill, which gives the appearance of caves to these habitations.” Many of their churches are half caves. This may be accounted for by imitation, if their first Christian architects came from Egypt; but that the rude hovels of the country should thus be constructed, must probably be for the purpose of concealment,—a mode not less secure than that of burrowing, which was practised by some of the Brazilian tribes. The travellers were frequently impeded and insulted by the Asdari whom the Nayib sent as their guard, fellows far more dangerous than the savages on the way; but when they met the messenger and beasts whom the Ras had sent to convoy them, their danger ceased. At Dixon they were received by the Baharnegash. Not only when Francisco Alvarez wrote, but even a hundred and twenty years later, when Balthazar Tellez compiled his history of Ethiopia, Axum was the only town or city in the kingdom, and the capital was a camp. The change from an erratic to a settled life is remarkable; it resulted probably from the strength which the crown acquired, first by the assistance of the Portuguese, and afterwards by the cooperation of the clergy against them. The houses at Dixon are flat roofed, and instead of chimneys have two pots of earthen ware fixed in the roof; these apertures are insufficient to let the smoke pass, and to this Mr. Salt attributes the frequency of blindness and complaints of the eyes. A curious cloth is manufactured in the adjoining country. They spin the wool and hair of their sheep and goats into small ropes, and then sew them together. This is, perhaps, the earliest stage of the manufacture, before weaving or knitting has been invented. The fashion of mourning is to wear the same clothes unchanged for eighty days.

The Ras was at Antalow, his usual place of residence. They had to pass through at least three thousand people before they reached his house; but this was partly owing to its being market day. He was seated at the further end of his hall on a couch, with two large pillows upon it covered with rich satten. His principal chiefs were seated on each side of him upon the floor, which was carpeted. On being ushered with much bustle into his presence, according to the custom of the country, they bowed and kissed the back of his hand, and he in return kissed theirs. This was particularly gracious, as it was placing them on an equality with himself. They had been required to uncover their heads and prostrate themselves before him; but this they properly refused to do. Lord Macartney has set an example how Englishmen ought to behave on such occasions. Mutual compliments were interchanged, but no business was to be entered upon at the first visit. This suppression of curiosity is a curious part of savage and barbarous manners. In the course of the day the Ras sent them plenty of food, and we had a pretty good example of his watchfulness, says Mr. Salt; for about twelve o'clock he sent us some clouted cream, and at four I was called up to receive the compliments of the morning. At ten they breakfasted with him. He fed them very plentifully with eggs, fowl in curry, and balls of a mixed composition of wild celery, curds and ghee; after which they were offered *brinde*, as the Abyssinians call raw beef; at their request it was broiled; one of the attendants then cut it into small pieces, and the Ras handed it to their mouths "much in the same way as boys in England feed young magpies." It is scarcely possible, says the writer, to describe the scene that was going on in the mean time in the hall, where the people were squabbling and almost fighting with their drawn knives for the raw meat that was handed about, and the tuff

bread that lay heaped up around the table. There were, however, some masters of the ceremony, who carried long white sticks, with which they frequently chastised those who were too hasty in seizing their portion. Bruce's assertion that the *brinde* is cut off from the animal while yet alive is positively denied; the travellers never saw an instance, and all of whom they inquired declared that it never was done. It never therefore can have been the general practice,—yet little as Bruce is to be relied upon, we cannot but think that he had some grounds for his assertion. If the animal can be killed in the presence of the Ras, it is not only considered as more respectful, but the *brinde* is the more delicious,—these are Mr. Salt's words, and he tells us that a favourite slice was brought to table, the muscles of which continued to quiver till the whole was devoured. Now it does appear to us exceedingly probable, that as it is considered a delicacy to have the flesh quivering, there may sometimes be masters of a feast who choose to have as much of their meat as possible in this state, and therefore do not begin by cutting the beast's throat. The cruelty of such a practice will not, unhappily, justify us in disbelieving it. Pigs have been whipped to death in England. The Romans killed hedge-hogs by starving them, because they used their skins for clothes-brushes, and it would have injured them to destroy the poor animal in any other way. At this day we roast and boil living shell-fish,—and the last morsel of a turtle lives till it is put into the stewpan. These instances are sufficient to prove that what Bruce has imputed to the Abyssinians is not too shocking to be believed, and that such a practice has obtained in the East seems clearly to be implied in the Mosaic law (of all laws the most humane) when it is forbidden to eat flesh with the blood therein; "for the blood is the life thereof."

Lord Valentia's motive in sending Mr. Salt to the Ras was explained to be an anxious desire to promote an intercourse of friendship between two such powerful countries as England and Abyssinia, the inhabitants of which were of the same religion; and it was represented "that Abyssinia having hitherto been accustomed to receive all her imports at the third or fourth hand, an immoderate duty had been paid at every separate transfer; whereas an intercourse with the English, who are uncontrolled masters of the sea, would enable the Ras to supply himself at once with whatever commodities he might want, and of a quality far superiour to any that had hitherto found their way into his country." To this the Ras listened willingly, and asked Mr. Salt whether Massowah or any other port in the neighbourhood would be the most convenient for English vessels to deliver their cargoes at. He expressed much displeasure at the conduct of the Naysib, and said there was a place on the coast belonging to himself called Buré, not more than four days journey from Antalow, well supplied with water and cattle; the inhabitants of which had often solicited permission to open a trade with the ships that were constantly passing within sight of them. If this place should be deemed sufficiently convenient, he would immediately turn the trade into that channel. It was agreed that one of the party should go to Buré and examine the spot. A hope was expressed in lord Valentia's letters, that Mr. Salt might go to Gondar. This could not be, because Gondar was in possession of Gusmatick Guxo who was on bad terms with the Ras. It was settled, however, that he should go to Axum; meantime Mr. Carter was to make his journey to Buré, and captain Rudland to remain with the Ras.

In the church at Muccullah, Mr. Salt observed I. N. R. I. written on a cross in Roman characters, the

meaning of which the priests seemed perfectly to comprehend. The shirt or under garment which the priests and all persons about the king wear, seems to be another vestige of the Portuguese, for *comice*, the name by which they call it, is probably a corruption of *comisa*. Wherever he went the people had great faith in his extraordinary powers. A woman applied to him to heal a child who was afflicted with an evil spirit; another wanted him to restore one who was deaf and dumb; and on two occasions he, in their opinion, betrayed his proficiency in the black art. The date tree he found only in the neighbourhood of religious houses of unknown antiquity, and from that circumstance conjectures that it was introduced by the Christian fathers who came from Egypt—a probable inference. He past through Adowa, where Bruce resided for four months. It is a place of considerable extent. Near it are the remains of Fremona, a Jesuit convent. Bruce has "thought proper" to represent the buttresses as flanking towers, and the belfry as a citadel; but it does not appear to have been ever a place of strength. This is another of those sneers which might have been spared. Bruce only says it has towers in the flanks and angles, by which the round abutments which Mr. Salt mentions are probably meant. The credit of this traveller suffers a ruder shock from Mr. Salt's inquiries at Axum. He has misdrawn the great obelisk there, misrepresented the church, and there seems great reason to conclude that no such inscription as that which he pretends to have restored, could possibly have existed; there is not the least trace of it. Yet the granite stones where he describes it, "cannot have been much disturbed during the last thirty-five years, as they have not been applied to any purpose," says Mr. Salt, "and are rendered nearly inaccessible to the barefooted natives by being surrounded on all sides with nettles of a large species,

which sting more than any I have before felt. Nor can I believe that an inscription which had stood for ages, would have totally vanished in so short a period, without leaving even a trace behind. I therefore conceive Bruce's inscription to be altogether fictitious."

But there is an inscription at Axum which Bruce overlooked, though his attention ought to have been directed to it both by the Jesuits* and by Ludolf. This Mr. Salt discovered, and by his indefatigable industry a copy was obtained so perfect, that Dr. Vincent has been enabled completely to explain its contents. It is a monument of singular importance.

"The parts which are most valuable in this inscription, are the beginning and the end, which establish the fact of Axum having been the capital of a people called the Axomites; and gives great credibility to numerous accounts handed down by several authors of that people, and of different embassies sent to them by the Romans; all of which had before been very dubious, from the want of any known fact or monument existing in Abyssinia in confirmation."

"It proves the existence of a king called Acizana, king of the Axomites, who had a brother called Saiazana; which in the most decided way, establishes the authenticity of a letter addressed by the emperor Constantius to these brothers, under the title of *ἡγεμῶν ἀξιωματικῶν*.† Now, on this letter, the fact of the introduction of Christianity at that period into Abyssinia in a great measure rests. It further establishes, that the empire of Abyssinia was even at this early period very powerful; and that their king had already, at least, assumed the sovereignty over a great part of Arabia, which makes the duration of their power in that country, and consequently in the Red Sea, much longer than had ever been before suspected.

* The passage in Tellez implies rather more ignorance than either Ludolf or Mr. Salt has noticed, for he says not only that the inscription is written in Greek and Latin letters, but also that they "make no sense:"—*aqui se ve tambem huma pedra levantada, com hum grande letreiro com letras Gregas e Latinas; porem nenhuma sentido fazem.* Francisco Alvarez says that many of the obelisks at Axum had great inscriptions which neither he and his companions, nor the people of the country could read, and which he supposed to be in Hebrew. These have disappeared, but it would be worth while to lift the fallen obelisks in hopes of discovering them.

"By being found so far in the interior, we may deduce from it, that the Greek language had become very familiar in the country; and herein it confirms the account given in the *Periplus* of the learning of Zoscales. This inscription contains, moreover, the first intimation which we have of the Abyssinians having adopted the Gods of Greece, and as I have before partly stated, sets aside the descent from the queen of Saba, and the conversion of the nation to Judaism, as also up to the period of its erection, the authenticity of those chronicles, called the *Chronicles of Axum*, so far at least as they refer to the religion of the country." Vol. III. p. 191.

New light is also thrown by this discovery upon the famous Adulite inscription, which Mr. Salt (differing with great hesitation from Dr. Vincent) supposes to be composed of two distinct ones, hitherto mistaken for one. The arguments are weighty, and to us they appear satisfactory.

At Axum a singular custom was observed. When any person is injured he gets hold if possible of his adversary's garment and ties it to his own; if he can do this the offender neither attempts to deliver himself, nor to leave the garment behind him, but quietly follows to the presence of his superiours, who are to judge him. Such a respect to the legal form of arrest would hardly have been expected in a country so barbarous as Abyssinia. On his return through Adowa, Mr. Salt had an interview with an Ozoro, or princess, whose manners were very superiour to those of her countrywomen.—Having rejoined the Ras, he had the vexation to learn that by some unlucky mistake, Mr. Carter had not taken his expected journey to Buré, important as that object was. Cap-

tain Rudland meantime had been left without an interpreter to be fed by the Ras's own hands. His journal is very amusing: when he had eaten enough he was obliged by "nods, winks, and smiles," to make it known, lest he should be choaked with kindness. This, however, was not understood with respect to drinking, and sleepless nights and morning head-aches were the consequences. Necessity teaches every thing. Having suffered three miserable nights amid swarms of bugs, lice, and fleas, he at last showed his skin to the Ras, and by dint of winks and gestures acquainted him that he could not get a wink of sleep; upon which his quarters were bettered. They understood each other at last "tolerably well in the eating and drinking way," and the captain learnt to feed the young ladies, as he was fed by their mothers.

A horrible scene was exhibited soon after Mr. Salt's return. The Ras held a muster of his soldiers, and each man brought in bloody, and indubitable tokens of the number of men whom he had slain. There were some savage enough to produce unquestionable evidence that boys not men had been the victims of their fury. At this, says the traveller, I expressed my abhorrence so strongly to the Ras, that actuated by the same feelings, he refused them those marks of his approbation which he had invariably shown to others; an interesting fact, for it shows the effect which the expression of European feelings may produce, when they are founded in humanity and truth. Mr. Salt had now given up all thought of further incursions into the country. Want of money compelled him to do this, for a bill of exchange which he had brought from the Banian at Massowah, was of no value; and besides this cogent reason, the time was fast approaching when the Panther would come for them. It now appeared upon a conference with the Ras, which passed through an hones-

ter interpreter than had before been employed, that the motives of this visit had never till now been fully comprehended, and that many attempts had been made to prejudice the Ras against them. It is curious to find the same scene of policy enacted here, which was played against Vasco de Gama three centuries ago at Calicut. The Moslems about the Ras were in the interest of the sheriffs of Mecca, and they made use of every artifice to injure the English, being fully aware that if a trade were once opened with this country, his gainful traffick would be at an end. Every thing, however, was now clearly explained and understood; yet though the Ras entered, like an enlightened man, into their views, and appeared ready, with all his power, to facilitate an intercourse so desirable for Abyssinia, his mind was nevertheless so affected by the suspicions which had been instilled into him, as to make Mr. Salt and captain Rudland swear that whatever physick they left with him should not poison him. Pearce, by the Ras's invitation, and at his own desire, remained in the country; an excellent man for such a situation, for he knew about as much of physick as a barber-surgeon, and painted saints to the admiration of the priests. Besides these accomplishments, he is a man of good sense, and has the right feelings of a Briton. When the Ras told him he need be under no apprehension, for all the chiefs would treat him as a brother, and he would keep him always near his own person; he made answer that, *being an Englishman, he never knew what fear was*. The old chief was delighted at this reply, and said that old as he himself was, his heart was the same. Many Abyssinians, and some among them of considerable consequence, offered to accompany Mr. Salt to England; it is to be wished that it had been prudent in him to have brought over some. The Ras was much affected at parting from his English friends, and could

not speak when he took them by the hand.

This good old man is the son of Kefla Yasous, often mentioned by Bruce, whom we here find to have been one of the last and most unfortunate victims of Michael Suhul. That merciless barbarian, the ablest but the most ferocious of the Abyssinians, died at last like Sylla, to the disgrace of human nature, in peace, though dispossessed of his power. His family have been spared, they owe this and whatever they enjoy to the disapprobation which they had the virtue to express at the horrible execution of Kefla Yasous, and to the mild disposition of the present Ras. His power is considerably less than what Michael Suhul possessed, and he has lessened it for the sake of tranquillity, oftentimes remitting a portion of tribute to conciliate a chief. It is still very great; above 10,000 troops were assembled at the review of which Mr. Salt was a spectator; and it was said that more than double that number could be raised in time of war; but he has no authority at Gondar, for Ayto Gualoo, the present king, was set on the throne by his enemy Guxo, and the capital is in that chief's possession. Many revolutions have taken place in Abyssinia since Bruce left it. His friend Tecla Haimanout, was dethroned by Powussen, in curious conformity with the remarkable prediction which Bruce has recorded in his history of the Black Eagle; the present sovereign is his tenth successor! all have been deposed, and yet not one has either fallen in defending his crown, or been put to death by the opposite party. The old system of confining the prince of the blood is no longer continued; in fact all laws of succession are at an end; the king is only the puppet of the ruling chieftains, and the kingdom is in the worst state of anarchy.

Many persons remembered Bruce; some of them spoke of him with regret, and all of them agreed that he

had been in great favour with the king, the Iteghé, and Ozoro Esther; but they also uniformly asserted that no land or government had ever been given him, that he never held any command; nor was in any of the battles, at which he declares that he was present. It is said, also, that he neither understood Amharick or Tigre well, and was far from being a good Arabick scholar; this we cannot but doubt: for how could he compile his history of Abyssinia if he did not understand the chronicle which he brought home? That he was at the head of the Abyssinian Nile is admitted, but the whole history of his personal adventures, must be considered as so mingled with fiction, that even what may be true, must be thought doubtful. Fortunately the more important parts of his work are established by Mr. Salt; his history of the transactions which took place in his own time, is accurate, and it excited the utmost astonishment in the people to find the English so well acquainted with it. Every person confirmed the character of Michael Suhul as he has described it.

Mr. Salt has annexed to his journal a dissertation on the history of Abyssinia. It is his opinion that the present race were originally refugees from Egypt, who conquered and mingled with the earlier possessors of their country; and this opinion is well supported. In the sixteenth century they must have sunk under the Mahomedan power, had not the Portuguese come to their assistance. The history of their transactions in this country has been ill written by Geddes, because he hated the Jesuits, and by Bruce, because he never looked into some of the Portuguese documents, especially the important work of Diego de Couto. Abyssinia was saved by these allies, and the improvements adopted from them have been the sole cause of the superiority which it still retains over the surrounding nations. But weakened, as they now are, by inter-

time wars, they cannot long hold out against the Galla, unless they receive the assistance of some more enlightened power. So great is this danger, and such the growing predominance of the Galla and Mahomedan tribes, that Mr. Salt says: "There is reason to fear that, in a short time, the very name of Christ may be lost among them. Some events have lately occurred likely to hasten their fall, namely, the death of their late Aboona, and the failure of their endeavours to procure another from Egypt. Divisions among the priests have already ensued, the consequence of which is, that their most holy rites are likely to become objects of derision, from the slovenly manner in which they are performed: and the sacred character of the priesthood to fall into contempt, from the dubious authority by which the priests are now ordained to its duties. To this may be added, that the little learning they have among them will soon be exhausted, being cut off entirely from the source that supplied it. It appears to me that these circumstances call for the serious consideration of all Christians."

The direct communication between Abyssinia and Europe, was closed in 1558, when Massowah, Dhalac, and Suakin, were conquered by the Turks. That communication lord Valentia considers as again opened by this visit of Mr. Salt. Its political consequences are greater than may immediately be perceived. In India, the French can obtain no footing while we preserve our present superiority; but if they establish themselves, as they are attempting to do in the Persian Gulf and in the Red Sea, this superiority will then indeed, be endangered. Let us not deceive ourselves; we are, indeed, a greater, as well as a better people, than the French. We have accomplished greater things with less means. In the field we shall always continue to beat them, unless the preponderance of numbers, on their

part, be irresistible: and upon the seas, we laugh them to scorn; but they excel us in policy. They never begin a campaign without a perfect knowledge of the whole country in which it is to be carried on, and in forming their gigantic plans for the future, they bring to their aid full information of the past. Their treaty with Persia shows that it is their object to divert the trade of the east into its old channel. Ormuz has lain neglected for two centuries, since, in an evil hour, we assisted in taking it from the Portuguese to deliver it into the hands of a barbarian. Should the French succeed in establishing themselves there, or in any part of the gulf, wo to the trade of India. The same circumstances of rough weather and narrow seas, which have made us lords of the ocean, have taught maritime skill both there and in the Red Sea; and in both seas the French, through our imprudence, would find perilous allies. In the Persian Gulf we have submitted to have our merchant vessels plundered, and our cruisers insulted by the piratical states on its shores, especially by the Johessern Arabs, whose coast extends from cape Mussendom to Bahrein.—"Through the systematick forbearance of the Bombay government," says lord Valentia, "they have risen to a great maritime power, and possess at least thirty five dows of different sizes, carrying from fifty to three hundred men each. They attack chiefly by boarding, stabbing with their crooked daggers every one who resists. The company's cruisers have positive orders to treat these pirates with civility, never to attack them, but only to act on the defensive. The consequence is, that they only look at the stronger vessels, but take every one that has not the power of resistance."

In the Red Sea the French have secured the Imaun of Sana, who hates the British name, and are securing the Wahabee, to whose growing strength we appear to be

insensible. They have already attempted to establish themselves upon the island of Camaram; the very spot which three centuries ago was occupied by the Turks, for the purpose of securing the Red Sea against the Portuguese. Its harbour is excellent; and they conceive that were they once to fortify themselves there, they would command the passage, and, by the cooperation of their allies, render a continuance in that sea impracticable to any fleet except their own, by cutting off all the necessary supplies. These expectations lord Valentia thinks are completely annihilated by what he calls the *discovery* of Dhalac, Valentia, and the other islands, and by the connexion with Abyssinia, whence the whole British navy might be supplied with provisions. The speediest way of preventing danger is by taking the Isles of France and Bourbon. Shut out as our enemy is from the Cape by our arms, and from South America by the effect of his own crimes, he would then have no port upon the way.

It was from Egypt that the Portuguese in India were attacked by the Turks; from Egypt we have been threatened. France will assuredly never lose sight of that country, and sooner or later will obtain possession of it, unless we secure it for ourselves. It is therefore doubly of importance, that we should strengthen ourselves in the Red Sea, both for security against the enemy if we suffer them to obtain so valuable a country, and for our own advantage if the boldest policy be pursued, which is always the best. And were there no further political views in opening an intercourse with Abyssinia, its trade alone is an object of sufficient importance. The pilgrimage to Mecca is at an end; the conquests of the Wahabee have put a stop to it. This pilgrimage was not only the keystone of Islamism, but it was the main spring of Arabian commerce. The Africans

are now cut off from their old sources of trade, and it is our own fault if English and Indian goods do not find their way to the heart of that continent through Abyssinia. Ivory and gold are the only articles of value which Abyssinia at present produces. Others would doubtless soon be found; but of these the quantity is sufficient to pay for the manufactures at present imported, and gold would increase in proportion as trade extended eastward into those countries where it is found. Impressed by these views, lord Valentia on his return to England, laid a memorial before the Court of Directors. Upon them it had no effect; but some private merchants were convinced by his statements, and obtained a license from the Company to trade direct to Abyssinia. They have accordingly sent off a vessel upon this speculation, and we rejoice to say that Mr. Salt is gone in her, charged with a letter and presents from the king to the Neguz of Abyssinia. Two pieces of curricule artillery, with all the necessary accompaniments are part of this present. A cannon has not been seen in the country since the time of the Portuguese. If our friend the Ras be living this will ensure him the superiority over his enemies, and it may even be hoped that with these means, and the presence of a few Englishmen, the government may recover strength and stability; and the civilisation of Africa proceed as rapidly on this side, as there is reason to expect it will on that of Sierra Leona, under the auspices of the African Society.

Before his lordship departed from the coast, some unlucky hostilities took place with the people of Arkeko, which, owing to a succession of bad weather, could not be properly terminated. This, however, is of little consequence, for, before any regular trade can be established there, those "gates of Abyssinia" must be thrown open. From thence the Panther, narrowly escaping ship-

wreck, proceeded to Jedda and Suez, where lord Valentia and his companions took leave of their excellent and able friend, captain Court, and made their way to Alex-

andria, and thence to England. The length to which our remarks have extended, prevents us from following them over this more beaten ground.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Transactions of the Missionary Society in the South Sea Islands.

AFTER the publication of Cook's Voyages, the South Sea Islands, or to use the received language of the best geographers, that portion of the world which is denominated Polynesia, soon ceased to attract the attention of the publick. The age of conquest seemed then to be past, and that of colonization was not yet come. The islanders could not buy of us, because they had nothing to sell; sufficient specimens of their weapons and apparel had been brought home for publick and private collections; beautiful prints had made us familiar with their scenery and external habits; a cruel disease had been left among them; and having dispensed to them this new curse, and taught them new wants which nothing but a commerce with civilized nations could gratify, the Europeans left them to themselves. Protestantism, however, had reached its age of missions, and those great and rapidly increasing sects, which Wesley and Whitefield had founded, had now wealth as well as zeal enough for any attempt which might be suggested to spread the gospel, according to their manner of belief. A mission to these islands was proposed; adventurers volunteered for the service; the notorious captain Bligh, who was then about to return to Taheite* for the

bread fruit tree, offered to take them out gratuitously, and the lords of the admiralty gave their consent: but when it came to the point, they who had offered themselves to the work, and been a year under tuition for the purpose, shrunk back. In 1794, the project was renewed in the Evangelical Magazine; meetings for prayer and consultation were held every fortnight during six months; a society was formed; a general meeting convoked in London; great was the company of the preachers, ministers and Christians of all denominations assembled; and so strongly and entirely did they sympathize in their zeal, that, in their own language, "they were constrained to say, this is a new Pentecost." Subscriptions poured in, and candidates in abundance presented themselves, from whom thirty were selected, six being married men. Every possible precaution was taken to secure success, as far as the foresight of the directors could secure it. The ship was manned with Methodists, and captain Wilson, who left his retirement, to take the command, was a man especially qualified for the charge by temper and opinions as well as professional skill. On the 20th of August, 1796, they weighed anchor, and hoisted the missionary† flag; three doves

* So the missionaries now write the word. It appears, therefore, that Bougainville's ear was more accurate than that of our navigators; for he wrote Taite, and Forster, his translator, altered it to Otaheite.

† It is remarkable, that the expedition in which Taheite was first discovered, sailed under not less curious colours; two crucifixes in a field gules, supported by our Lady of Loretto and St. Peter. *Torquemada*, l. 5. c. 64. This is said supposing Taheite to be the *Sagittaria* of Quiros, which the tradition related by Tupia, and the authority of captain Burney, seem sufficiently to establish.

argent in a purple field, bearing olive branches in their bills. These colours did not excite more surprise in the navy, than the remarkable deportment of all on board. Not an oath was heard among them; and the sailors who were at Spithead when the *Duff* finally departed, talk to this day of the Ten Commandments, as they called her, in which, when she set sail, the captain, the crew, and the cargo, were all singing psalms.

The kings of Spain and Portugal, never, in the plenitude of their zeal, sent forth a mission so abundantly stored as this. There were men of all useful trades among the missionaries. Only four among the number were ordained ministers, and one had attended the hospitals, and understood printing. All possible means were provided for making them well acquainted with the countries to which they were bound, and even while the *Duff* lay at Portsmouth, a manuscript vocabulary of the language of Taheite, which had been made by some of the poor Bounty mutineers, was procured for them. It had been determined to station them at Taheite, the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, the Sandwich, and the Pelew Islands; but as the practicability of this distribution depended upon circumstances which could not be foreseen, a discretionary power was vested in a committee of the missionaries, subject to the approbation of captain Wilson; and if any difference of opinion should arise, the directors recommended their "appealing to the decision of Divine Providence, by a solemn and religious use of the ancient institution of drawing lots." As they approached the scenes of their destination, the brethren, who, during a seven months' voyage, had had leisure and opportunity to become acquainted with each other's temper, were desired to choose the place where each would be left. Eighteen, including all the married men, declared for Taheite, ten for

Tongataboo, and two for St. Christina. On the 5th of March, 1797, they anchored at the former island.

The natives flocked joyfully to the ship, carrying as usual, pigs, fowls, and fruit, to market. It was Sunday, "the day of the Eatooa," or Deity, on which the new comers "durst not trade." Greatly as this surprised the islanders, the repulse which their women received, astonished them still more. The transports of their joy subsided, and the greater number returned to shore, and about forty only remained to hear a sermon. There were two Swedes on the island, who spoke English. These men served as interpreters, and the news that people from *Pretane* were come to settle there, occasioned general exultation. A large house was allotted them which had been built for captain Bligh, who the natives said, had told them he should come back and reside there; and shortly afterwards, the district of Matavai, in which it stood, was formally ceded to the missionaries. They took possession of their new dwelling, and received a due proportion of the stores with which the mission had been not less profusely than injudiciously provided. According to the plan of the voyage, the *Duff* was now to visit Tongataboo and the Marquesas, and then return to Taheite; but before she departed, the missionaries on shore, alarmed by what they heard from the Swedes and what they saw of the natives, proposed, that the whole body should settle there as a necessary measure of security. The brethren, on board, unhappily for some of them, could not be persuaded, neither did captain Wilson perceive any such necessity as was alleged; and having remained a fortnight, the vessel sailed.

When the *Duff* reached Tongataboo, an Englishman and an Irishman, by name Ambler and Connelly, came on board; two fellows who bore such evident qualifications for the gallows in their countenances,

that they were rightly suspected of having made their escape from it by way of Botany Bay. Bad, however, as they seemed, and indeed, proved to be, they gave a sensible and honest opinion when their advice was asked. The natives, they said, would receive the missionaries gladly, and treat them kindly, but property would not be safe; and if they were encumbered with iron tools, and should endeavour to defend themselves from robbers, their lives would certainly be in danger. This advice so far impressed them, that they resolved to take no more property than, according to their notion, was absolutely indispensable. Many chiefs offered to receive some of them, but they would not separate, and were left under the protection of Toogahowe, who, by Ambler's account, was the greatest warrior, and most powerful man in the island. Ambler himself promised to instruct them in the language.

The two remaining adventurers were now to be landed at St. Christina, or Ohittahoo, according to its native name. Harris, the one who had been ordained in the Methodist church, was nearly forty years of age. He was the only man who had fixed upon this station when the brethren made their choice, and he had persuaded Crook to be his companion. Crook was a young man of two and twenty, who had been a gentleman's servant. The first visitors who came off to them were seven beautiful young women. They swam to the ship perfectly naked, except that a few green leaves were fastened round the waist; and no sooner had they got on board, than the hungry goats attacked them, and eat up their Eve aprons. These are the islanders whom Cook thought superiour in beauty, both of form and features, to all the other Polynesians, and whom the Spaniards, when Mendana discovered them, beheld with such admiration, that the chief pilot of the expedition declared nothing in his life ever caus-

ed him so much regret as leaving such beautiful creatures to be lost by their idolatry. The missionaries had been disappointed in their expectations of Tahitean beauty. They were not so here, and they say of the women that, as models for the statuary and the painter, their equals can seldom be found. But their condition was worse than that of the other islanders. Food seemed to be scarce among them, and if any were given to the women it was taken from them unless they could conceal it. The men all appeared to have a thoughtful cast of countenance, such it is well expressed, "as men acquire who are struggling for subsistence, and can hardly get it;" but they had their mad fits of laughter and loquacity. Tenae, their chief, the eldest son of the Royalet who reigned in Cook's time, gladly consented to receive the missionaries, promising to give them a house, and a share of all that he had; and he led them to one of his best houses, telling them they might occupy it as soon as they pleased. It was built of bamboos, about half an inch apart from each other; within which, long blinds or curtains made of leaves were hung. The length was twenty five feet, the width only six. The back part was ten feet high, the front only four. It was thatched or rather roofed with hard leaves, so well laid on as to keep it perfectly dry. A floor mat which reached from end to end, and some large calabashes were all the household furniture. When they returned on board the two brethren were asked their opinion of the place, and whether they were still in the same mind to settle there. Crook replied, that all which he had seen tended to encourage him. There was not, indeed, the same plenty here as at the other islands; but comfort was not what he wanted when he devoted himself to the mission. Harris, on the contrary, disapproved of every thing; "he judged the scene before him a solemn one,"

and seemed to have lost all his firmness as well as his ardour. It was agreed that they should go on shore the next day, take their beds with them, and make a trial.

The next day came. Harris declined going, that he might remain on board to pack up their things in small parcels, for the greater facility of carrying them up the valley. Crook landed, took possession of his new abode, commended himself to the protection of that God to whose service he had devoted himself, and in that faith lay down and slept in peace. He had already studied the language with such attention, that he could understand almost every thing that was said; and he began to eat their sour *mahié*, in spite of the uncleanness of the preparation; and to attach himself to the place as that which he had chosen, and where he was to remain. Harris, meantime, could not be persuaded to leave the ship till the weather rendered it probable that she might be driven off the island, and then he was set ashore. The ship, however, returned to her former anchorage, and, after six days, the two missionaries came on board to deliver their opinions. Harris complained of the poverty of the island, and that he could not eat the *mahié*; his companion declared his resolution of remaining, even though the other should not; however, they both went on shore, again for farther trial. Three days after this, Tenae invited them to go with him to another valley. Crook readily agreed. Harris, probably afraid that the ship might leave him, would not go, and the chief to accommodate him in the most obliging manner he could, left him his wife to be treated as if she were his own, till he came back. It was in vain, that poor Harris protested, he did not want the woman! she was left with him; and finding herself neglected, called some of her female friends to satisfy themselves concerning his sex while he was asleep. This inquest was not made without awakening him. His

fear at being so awakened, and his horror at the thought of remaining among a people so "given up to wickedness" then completely overcame him. He got down to the beach with his chest, at evening. None of the crew were ashore, and the ship lay out of hail. There he remained sitting on the chest till about four in the morning, when the natives drove him away, and stole his clothes. A fisherman had compassion enough to swim off to the vessel, and tell the captain of his situation. The boat was sent for him, and he was found in a pitiable condition, like one out of his senses. Crook, however, was not shaken by this desertion. "It would," he said, "greatly have increased his happiness, to have had a friend and assistant, who might have comforted him in the time of trouble; but since the Lord had ordered things otherwise, he thought that it better suited his character and profession, to resign himself to God's fatherly care, and rest in his promises, than to quit a station where a door of usefulness was so evidently opened; and should his blessed Saviour make him the honoured instrument of preparing the way for some of his more able servants, he should at least have the happiness to reflect, that his life was not spent in vain." Various sorts of garden seeds were left him, with tools, medicines, an Encyclopedia, and other useful works. He came on board the evening before the ship departed, to take his leave. Then indeed, tears glistened in his eyes, but none fell; nor did he discover the least sign of fear or unwillingness, to enter upon his work alone. This interesting man, thus left alone among the natives, suffered much from hunger, during the first six months; but he was kindly treated, and the chiefs always gave him part of their scanty portion. After he had been about a year on the island, an American vessel entered the bay, and he went on board to learn whence she came, and to write

home by her. The wind came on fresh from the mountains; the ship could not work into the harbour, and was carried to leeward, and it was then impossible for him to put back to land. He therefore requested the captain to carry him to Nooaheevah, or Sir Henry Martyn's Island, one of the same groupe, about a degree to the N. W. and the American being a kind-hearted man, bore away and landed him there. Here then Crook was set ashore, without any thing whatever, except the clothes in which he stood. The natives astonished at hearing a white man speak their own language, considered him as a God, till he dissuaded them from that opinion. The chief, however, made him his *tayo*, or chosen friend. A large piece of ground was given him well stored with bread fruit and cocoa nut trees, and with the tarro root. He enclosed it, built a hut there, made himself respected, and endeavoured to make himself useful. This change of abode had been to his advantage. Nooaheevah is a plentiful island. The fruits of Taheite, grow there in abundance; and springs and rivulets are so numerous, that vegetation is even more luxuriant there than at Tongataboo. The natives are hospitable, but incessantly at war among themselves; and war is to them the double pleasure of the battle and the chase, for they bake and devour the slain. Crook's influence was never sufficient to check this bloody spirit; yet he thought that if a body of missionaries were settled among them, they would be able, in great measure, to prevent these wars. He was too conscientious to act the part, or he himself might have been the Mango Capac of the island. There are few traces of government among these islanders. Their main religion is hero-worship, the most widely diffused of all forms of faith (for the saint-worship of the Catholicicks is the same thing under a different name, and it exists also among the

Mahommedans) and, except perhaps sun-worship, of all others, the most natural. When he had resided there seven months, two South Sea whalers put in for refreshment. Wishing to return to Christina, he thought the only means of getting there was by way of England, which he hoped to reach before the Duff would sail with the second detachment of missionaries, and accordingly, he departed in one of these vessels.

The Duff after her departure from the Marquesas returned to Taheite, where every thing had gone on well during her absence. There Harris joined the missionaries, and Gillham, the only surgeon among them, abandoned the mission. Captain Wilson made a final distribution of property among the brethren, carried away by force one of the Swedes, a measure necessary for their safety, and sailed again for Tongataboo. He there found that the missionaries had separated into small parties. They had done this because there was not a man in the island, who was not, in his own phrase, "dying in love for their things," and because Connelly informed them, the chiefs had determined to plunder them, and only waited for the return of the ship, thinking that more articles would be left, and that they should have no vengeance to apprehend. In consequence of this they thought it better to separate and put themselves under the protection of different chiefs. Captain Wilson took Connelly away by force, for having repeatedly threatened the missionaries; but he left Ambler and another wretch by name Morgan, both of whom were as bad or even worse. Every thing however was thought to promise fairly when the Duff finally departed. The group to which Tongataboo belongs had been named the Friendly Islands, and the brethren who were stationed there wrote to the society by captain Wilson, saying, that surely no appellation was ever better applied. The

knowledge of the gospel they said, would render these islanders "the most amiable people on earth, such was their kindness to strangers, and their generosity to each other. They fully answered the most favourable representations which had ever been given of them!" This must have been written in some hour of sunshine, under the exhilarating influence of gratitude for bounty fresh received, and in the ardour of benevolent hope; the facts which they had already witnessed did not justify such an opinion, and what they afterwards experienced effectually overthrew it.

Tasman discovered Tongataboo in 1643. He saw no weapons among them; a proof not that they were without them, nor that they were accustomed to a state of peace, but that they had entire confidence in their guests, whom indeed there is reason to suppose they believed to be superiour beings. When Cook arrived a hundred and thirty years afterwards, the former visit was remembered, and even the number of years which had since elapsed. The Dutch navigator had given the chief a wooden bowl. Cook found this bowl in possession of the offices of chief justice and viceroy, which it had uninterruptedly exercised, and with an impartiality that has rarely perhaps been equalled. It was used as a divining cup to ascertain the guilt of accused persons, and during the absence of the chief it received homage as his representative. It was superseded by a pewter plate which Cook presented. This reverence which had been paid the bowl must have proceeded from the respect and wonder with which the natives were impressed by the Dutch and their ship, not from any admiration of a work of art which many of their own manufacturing exceeded. Their clubs are curiously carved; the planks of their canoes feathered and lapt over each other so as to be water-tight, in this respect far superiour to the Tahcitan

boats, which require constant baling. Their cloth is glazed so highly as to resist wet; their basket work made with great ingenuity; the matting which they use for their floors, and even for clothing, better and more beautiful than what is made at Taheite. In many respects, indeed, they are advanced beyond the people of that groupe. The bread fruit is not so abundant, and agriculture is, therefore, necessary; and the islanders being thus in some degree, accustomed to labour, have learnt something more of the nature of property. Their language is radically the same, but they have the *a*, the *k*, and the *gamma*, or hard *g*, which the Georgian islanders have not. That the chiefs possess greater authority is not to be accounted among their advantages. Those savages have been found the happiest and least deteriorated in their moral nature, among whom society most nearly resembles the patriarchal system; for that system, in contradiction to the sophistry of the Filmer school, has nothing in common with despotism, and, however monarchy may end, it always begins in violence and injustice. The chiefs are not taller than the common people. Infant murder, infant succession, and that accursed system of the *Arrecoys*, with all the abominations which it produces, are unknown here. Adultery is regarded as a crime; and, though chastity is not esteemed a virtue, that lasciviousness which degrades the Tahciteans even below the brute creation, is here only to be found among the most abandoned of the lowest class.

They have no priests; but this by no means implies that they have no superstition. The priests of a false religion do evil by preventing the introduction of any thing better than their own system; but, till any thing better is attempted to be introduced, the good which they do is usually more than a compensation for the mischief. These people, though without a priesthood, have fables

upon which a savage Hesiod might erect a mythology, not more irrational than that which served the people of Athens for their faith in the brightest age of Greece. Each district, and each family of the higher ranks, has its own deity; each individual his *Odooa*, or attendant spirit, who partakes more of the evil than the good angel, and is supposed to inflict disease, and to be propitiated by abstinence, by sacrifices, and the practice of self tormenting. Earth, and sea, and sky, have their presiding gods, who sometimes act in opposition to each other. The wind is under the direction of a goddess, perhaps, because it bloweth as it listeth, and follows no other perceptible rule of change.

Calla Filatonga is the name of this deity. The island suffers dreadfully from hurricanes: on these occasions they always impute the calamity to their neglect of her, a person is appointed to represent her, and receive, in her name, offerings of hogs, yams, and kava. This person is chosen for the occasion. The island, according to their belief, rests upon the shoulders of a powerful god called Mowee, but like Atlas, strong as he is, he is weary of his burthen, and not unfrequently strives to shake it off. Whenever they feel the earthquake which this attempt occasions, a tremendous outcry is made over the whole island; and sometimes they endeavour to frighten him into good behaviour by beating the ground with large sticks. The greatest of all their gods is Higgolayo, the lord of the country of the dead. This country they call Doobludha; it lies far distant, and the soul, on its release, is immediately conveyed thither in a large and fast sailing canoe, there to riot in the enjoyment of all sensual delights. But this ar-

ticle of belief is peculiar to the chiefs; and the *Tooas*, or lower classes, fancy that the enjoyments of Doobludha are above* their capacity. Like the Romans, they acknowledge the existence of strange gods, whom they call *Fyga*, and of these they willingly admit ours to be the most powerful. One of their chiefs, in the amalgamating spirit of polytheism consecrated a house to this god, and always slept in it when he was indisposed, in hopes of obtaining a cure. Here some large conch shells are kept with which to sound the alarm in time of danger, and weapons are laid upon the rafters; that they may there receive a virtue which will render them successful in war.

This chief who went to the god of the English for healing, did not in the mean time, neglect his own, and when his disease became desperate, he resolved upon a desperate remedy. It is the dreadful belief of these islanders, that if a human victim be offered in vicarious sacrifice for the sick, his life and strength will pass into the patient; the nearer the relative who suffers, the more acceptable is the atonement to the *Odooa* supposed to be, and this wretched old chief, clinging with cowardly selfishness to life, sent for his younger son,† Colelallo, to have him strangled. The youth was told he was to have his little finger cut off: a common form of propitiatory sacrifice; but as soon as he came into his father's presence he was seized; then, comprehending their intention, he bade them use no force, and he would submit to his father's will. They continued their violence, and, by a great exertion, he beat them off; others, among whom was his own sister, came to their assistance, and they effected his death.

* How much of this mythology might be explained by a good vocabulary of their language it is impossible to say; but evidently it is in the main pure polytheism and not allegory.

† This practice of sacrificing the son to save the life of the father, prevailed also among the Peruvians.

When the father died, a shocking spectacle was exhibited for two days at his funeral, and over his grave. People of both sexes cut and mangled themselves in the most frantick manner; some thrust spears through their thighs, arms, and cheeks, others beat themselves about the head with clubs, so violently, that blood ran down in streams, and the blows were heard far off. One man, having oiled his hair, set it on fire, and ran about the area with his head in flames. These are melancholy proofs that superstitions of the deadliest kind, will exist without the aid of priestcraft. There is an appetite of religion; a craving after faith in the human mind; it is an instinct by which man is more truly distinguished from all inferiour beings, than he is by form or internal organization, and like all instincts, when checked or perverted, it produces evil commensurate to the good for which it was implanted in us.

Among savages the conjurors, among barbarians the priests, have ever been found the bitterest enemies to Christianity. Here are a people without either; yet, no where does the attempt at introducing a new religion, seem to have been regarded more unwillingly. Before the departure of the Duff, the missionaries had seen symptoms which might reasonably have alarmed them for their own safety. They witnessed a war, in which some of the prisoners were fastened to trees and burnt alive, and they themselves interceded for, and saved a poor wretch, whom Toogahowe (one of their protectors) had ordered to be tied up with his arms extended, while two women applied burning brands to his arm-pits. One of the chiefs earnestly inquired if any of

the brethren could assist women in difficult labours; but they had little knowledge either of surgery or medicine, and soon perceived how much to their advantage it would have been, if they had all been practitioners, for diseases are common here, and the people unacquainted with any* means of curing or even of alleviating them. As the strangers could not cure, the natives supposed that they could kill; power there must be in them, and if it was not for good, it needs must be for evil. It so happened, that three of the chiefs died shortly after their arrival. An opinion was advanced, and soon spread abroad, that the God of the English had killed them, in answer to the prayers of the missionaries. It was said, that they had never died so fast before; and that if these people continued praying and singing, there would not be a chief left alive. This idea, said the missionaries, could only proceed from the father of lies working in these children of disobedience. Their hopes, however, were too sanguine, and their zeal too fervent, to suffer any abatement from these ill-boding appearances, and when the Duff left them, they seem to have had no apprehension of danger from any person except their wretched countrymen Ambler and Morgan.

A week had not elapsed before it was discovered that Veeson, one of their own number, cohabited with a native woman. When he was "admonished" upon this offence, he acknowledged the fact, confessed its criminality, and proposed to marry the woman, as the only remedy. The unfitness upon their own principles, of such a remedy, was not taken into consideration; but when the ceremony came to be performed,

* This fact is worthy of being remarked. The Greeks ascribed the origin of medicine, to their Gods. It may always be traced to superstition. This science, as well as others, we owe to priestcraft, which has done much evil in the world, but far greater good; for by no other means has any country which had sunk into barbarism, been reclaimed from it.

the poor woman, with a feeling, little to have been expected, burst into tears, and refused to incur the obligations which she was made to understand such a ceremony would impose upon her; alleging, that no due affection subsisted between them; for, that she was entirely actuated by fear of her parents and her chief. Thus deprived of the mask which such a marriage would for a time have afforded him, Veeson gave way to those profligate habits, or propensities, which enthusiasm had only suspended in him, and he delivered up his bible, and all his books, to the other brethren, in spite of their earnest entreaties that he would keep them, and sometimes withdraw from his companions and devote a little while to their perusal. Shortly afterwards, a vessel from Rhode Island arrived. The missionaries went on board to request that the captain would take Ambler and Morgan off the island; but from this he excused himself, saying, he knew them too well already; they were convicts who had escaped from Botany Bay in the same ship with Muir. Bad as this intelligence was, it was not the worst which they learnt, for they were informed, that several of the American crew also meant to remain ashore; and accordingly, no less than seven were left there. Of these, one was a native of Owhyhee, two, by name Beak and Burham, proved to be industrious and well disposed men; the others were ruffians of the most abandoned profligacy, whom Ambler persuaded to leave the ship by telling them that if they grew tired of Tongataboo they could, at any time, plunder the missionaries of tools, to build a vessel, and instruments to navigate her.

Their situation was already sufficiently perilous. An old woman of the first rank, died of a complication of disorders, under which she had laboured for many years, yet her death was laid entirely to their charge, and the chief, under whose

protection some of them were settled, sent for Gaulton, and seriously advised that they should desist from the pernicious practice of praying, for if they did not, he feared it would be attended with the most fatal consequences to themselves and to him. They were suspected, they were helpless, they could not make themselves useful, and, worse than all, they were rich.—War broke out in the island; they could not bear arms, and the chiefs told them, that being the case they were to expect no protection. In fact it was impossible to bestow any. There was an end of all subordination. The whole ferocity of the Polynesian character now broke out. No quarter was given during the fight. Women dipt their hands in the wounds of the slain, and then licked the blood. One man was seen roasting a dead body on the field of battle to be his feast; a prisoner was cut up alive, and eaten raw! A whole district had been utterly laid waste in a former war, neither man, woman, nor child having been spared, and the same work of devastation seemed about to be renewed. The women and the wounded fled into the spirits' houses, places alike resorted to for health and for sanctuary. Here also some of the brethren took shelter; but it appeared from the threats which were uttered, that though the weaker party crowded to these places as their last hope, the conquerors did not regard them as inviolable. In the course of this war three of the missionaries, and Burham who dwelt with them, were murdered. The others almost miraculously escaped. Even the war was imputed to them. One of them heard the natives into whose hands he had fallen agree with one of the Botany Bay men to *loomee-loomee* him, that is to beat a broken cocoa-shell into the crown of his head with a club; one of the torments which they sometimes inflict upon their prisoners; and he saw them *jag* the cocoa-shell for

the purpose. The victorious chief left Tongataboo for a while to extend his power in the adjoining islands, and they had the most positive assurances that when he returned, which would be in less than a month, he had determined upon the death of some of them, perhaps of all. In their despair they thought of attempting to escape to New Holland in their boat; but they were without any implements of navigation, having been plundered of every thing, and had no means of procuring food, or preserving water for such a voyage. It may be conceived with what agitation men under such circumstances would hear the report of two guns fired in the bay. It was in the evening, too late for them to certify themselves from whence the sound proceeded, and they past the night in that state of suffering which nothing but the intensity of hope and fear can produce. In the morning they could not get their boat to sea; in the afternoon a higher tide enabled them to clear out, and they found two ships lying in the roads, on board one of which Harris was come from Taheite for the sake of seeing how the mission went on. It need not be said, how joyfully the five surviving brethren, with Beak, who had been their fellow-sufferer and faithful friend, took this providential opportunity of escaping from the island. Veeson remained there eighteen months longer, in less danger from the natives, because he accommodated himself to their vices, and did not offend them by praying. The second missionary ship touched at Tongataboo, and brought him off, and it is worthy of remark, say the directors, that his knowledge of a chief who had taken refuge at the Horne Islands, was the means of saving the captain and a boat's crew from being cut off while bartering with the natives.

Thus terminated the missions to the Marquesas, and to the Friendly Islands. That which was established

at Taheite, still exists. But before its proceedings are related, it will be convenient to describe the state of the island at the time of its establishment, for which these transactions afford ample and curious materials.

In the first article of their religion, there is something too remarkable to be received without suspicion. "Three deities," say the missionaries, "are held supreme, standing in a height of celestial dignity, that no other can approach unto; and what is more extraordinary, the names are personal appellations. 1. *Tāne, te Medōa*, the Father; 2. *Oromatow, 'Tooa tee te Myde*, God in the Sun; 3. *Tarōa, Mānnoo te Hooa*, the Bird, the Spirit." Do you believe, said Wesley to the Chickasaws, that there is but One in the clear sky? They answered, we believe that there are Two with him—Three in all. When Wesley thus finds the Trinity among the savages of North America, and these missionaries find it in Taheite, are such discoveries to be considered as affording any support to the doctrine, or as rendering the witnesses suspicious? There is more reason to impeach their judgment than their veracity. They would not fabricate such a resemblance; for even if they were less sincere than they must fully be admitted to be, none of them conceive the doctrine needs any such support; nor do they ever attempt to build up religion upon historical testimony; all fanatics go a surer way to work. But they would fancy they had discovered it. The very circumstance of their implicit faith would make them imagine resemblances, where there was no similitude; accommodate to, and explain by, their own preconceived notions, things which they imperfectly comprehended; and propound questions to which savages assent, because, though they do not understand what is asked, they perceive that assent will be agreeable; a fertile source of error, of which the

history of America affords abundant instances. There are few superstitions without some mythological bird. The Greeks and Romans had their harpies, and their Jupiter his eagle. The Mahommedans their Simorg, and their Celestial Cock, whose morning voice of adoration, awakens all the Chanticleers of earth. The followers of Zerdusht their Bird of Bahman, who wars upon the spirits of evil. The Japanese their Foo. Thus, also, the people of Taheite, believe that their *morais* and burial places, are frequented by a sacred bird, who feeds on the sacrifices, and in whom the Eatooa descends when the priest invokes him. They believe that the soul as soon as it quits the body, is swallowed by the bird, and purified by being digested through him. What more likely, than that the missionaries, hearing of this Eatooa bird, and full, as it appears they were, of Mr. Maurice's speculations upon the Trimourtee, should have hastily concluded that they had found the Trinity in Taheite?

Their curious Theogony was developed, in a conversation between Manne-Manne, the old high priest, and Taaba Orero, who is said to have been the oracle and orator of the country for tradition. According to them in the beginning, *Tāne* took *Tarōa* and begat *Auye*, fresh water; *Atye*, the sea; *Awa*, the water spout; *Matāi*, the wind; *Arye*, the sky; and *Pō*, the night; then, *Mahanna*, the sun, in the shape of a man, called *Oerōa Tabōoa*; when he was born, all his brethren and sisters turned to earth; only a daughter was left, by name *Townoo*, she conceived by *Oerōa Tabōoa*, brought forth the Thirteen Months, and then returned

to earth. The father of the months then embraced a rock, which brought forth a son, after which the rock returned to its original state, and *Oerōa Tabōoa* himself died, and returned to dust. Their son embraced the sand of the sea, which brought forth *Tee* and *Okeera*, a son and daughter, then he also returned to the earth; *Tee* took his sister to wife, she brought forth a daughter, *Okeera*, *Reene*, *Moonoa*; then she fell sick, and entreated her brother husband to cure her, saying she would in like manner restore him to health, if ever he needed healing, and thus they might live for ever; but *Tee* chose to let her die, and then took his daughter to wife; she bore him three sons, *Ora*, *Vanoo*, *Tytory*, and three daughters, *Hennatoomorrooro*, *Henaroa*, *Noowya*. The father and mother dying, these brothers said, let us take our sisters to wife, and become many. So men began to multiply upon the earth.

Mixed as this is with fable, it is in the main physical allegory; proof sufficient that the Taheiteans have degenerated since it was framed, or that they received it from a people farther advanced in knowledge than themselves. It is remarkable that it bears no resemblance to the superstitious faith of Tongataboo. The chiefs in Taheite, are a taller race than the people; apparently, therefore, as in Poland and Circassia, a different race. In Tongataboo this is not the case. It may be, then, that the Friendly Islanders retain their own superstitions, while in Taheite the conquerors have imposed their creed upon the earlier inhabitants of the island. The language of both groupes is of Malay origin. But the Malays are only known to us as Ma-

* It has been said, that the priests have a peculiar language. According to the missionaries this is a mistake, and the obscurity arises merely from their manner of utterance. Yet we believe Omai asserted, that it was a peculiar language; that he himself could repeat some of their language, though he did not understand it; and that some words of it were taken down, from his pronunciation, by one of captain Cook's companions, to whom the publick are indebted for a most able History of the Discoveries in the Pacifick.

hommedans. Of their earlier faith we know too little, to trace out any vestiges here.

Their higher gods they denominate *Pwhanoo Po*, born of Night. Thus, like the Greeks, making night elder than all things, and referring the origin of their deities to darkness. Like the Greeks, also, they regard the spirits of their ancestors, as exalted into divinities, or *Eatooas*, who are to be supplicated by prayers and sacrifices, a mode of faith so natural, as to have been almost universal. A spirit thus exalted, becomes the *Tee*, or tutelar angel of his family. They believe, that in dreams, the soul leaves the body under the care of its *Tee*, and roams at large through the world of spirits. This, too, is a notion, which is to be found in all mythologies, and to which some passages in our own Scriptures seem to refer. It was strikingly applied by poor Mydo, a Taheitean lad who was brought to England in one of our South Sea whalers, and happily fell into the hands of the Moravians, among whom he died. He said to these kind protectors one morning: "You told me that my soul could not die, and I have been thinking about it. Last night my body lay on that bed, but I knew nothing of it, for my soul was very far off. My soul was in Taheite. I am sure I saw my mother and my friends, and I saw the trees and dwellings as I left them. I spoke to the people, and they spoke to me, and yet my body was lying still in this room all the while. In the morning I was come again into my body, and was at Mirfield, and Taheite was a great many miles off. Now I understand what you say about my body being put into the earth, and my soul being somewhere else, and I wish to know where it will be then, when it can no more return to my body."

The parts of a fabulous creed are rarely coherent. Thus, notwithstanding the more orthodox history, one of the missionaries was told, when he took occasion from the beautiful

scene around him; to discourse of the Creator, that the God of *Pretane* made all things there, but not at Taheite; that one of their Gods reached up and stuck the stars in the sky, and that *Mawwā*, a being of enormous strength, holds the sun with ropes, so that he may not go faster than he pleases. They believe, that stars are the children of the sun and moon; and that when these greater bodies are eclipsed, they are exercising the power of generation. Their system of religion is better understood at Ulitea, in which island, the missionaries say, it seems to be regularly taught.

Human sacrifices are frequent. When the young king is first invested with the *maro oora*, or red sash of royalty (which is made of net work, and thrummed with red and yellow feathers) the chief of every district in his dominions presents to him one, two, or three, human victims, according to the size of the district. These unhappy persons are knocked on the head, the priest plucks out an eye from each and offers it to the king upon a plantain leaf. This bloody ceremony is typical; the head being sacred, and the eye its most precious part, that part is offered to the king as the head and eye of the people; and during the oblation he holds his mouth open, as if to receive the additional wisdom and vigilance which the sacrifice imparts. Sometimes the bodies are cut in pieces and distributed among the people. Sometimes they are thrown into a pit within the *morai* and covered with stones. From the number of pits in the great *morai* of Opare, where prisoners taken in war are sacrificed, and from the expressions of the guides, Jefferson, the missionary, inferred that many hundreds had been put to death there. These sacrifices are performed at the end of every war in which any person has been killed, and pieces taken from the hand or foot, or some of the victim's hair, are sent round to every district, in token of the king's friend-

ship. But even the slightest occasion suffices. Pomarre, the father of the present king, dreamt one night that his god told him, he must sacrifice a man to him, or he should be angry. He arose, laid hands on the first person suitable to his purpose that he found, and murdered him without hesitation.

The priests keep the people in great fear. If we deny Manne-Manne any thing, said they, he will pray to the Eatooa, and we shall die. On another occasion, they expressed their fear of saying much in censure of one of their chiefs, lest the gods whom he kept in his house, should come and kill them when they were asleep. One of the jugglers told the missionaries he had several *Tees*, or spirits, whom he could send where he pleased, as instruments of death, yea, even make them set fire to trees at his command. The mode of enchantment, whereby they pretend to discover a thief, is worthy of notice. A pit is made and filled with water; and the priest holding a young plantain tree in his right hand, utters his invocations over the pit, till the image of the thief is reflected in the water. How this trick is performed, is not explained; but it is remarkable that a like mode of divination is mentioned in the old romance of Horn Child and Maiden Rinnild. "There is such a mystery of iniquity," say the missionaries, "in the execrations used by the natives, that the wisdom which is from beneath is very manifest by them; as we get more acquainted with their diabolical practices, it is demonstrated, that they are very deep in the mysteries of Satan's kingdom." Poor men! A few lessons from M. Ingleby, who styles himself the emperour of conjurors, would have enabled them to foil these magicians at their own weapons.

The juggler and the physician are usually the same among savages. These people are raised above the savage state; but their physick, such as it is, is still one of the secrets of

the priesthood. This necessarily follows from their notion of diseases. Wherever disease is imputed to the immediate action of supernatural power, exorcism must be the remedy. It was said of Pomarre, when he was very ill, that the god had entered into his belly, and was rending his inside to pieces. He took the missionaries' physick, and appeared then for the first time, to have faith in the efficacy of their prayers. They are cruel to their sick. The sight of suffering, is, at all times, painful; and when barbarians have no hope of relieving it, they oftentimes abandon the sufferer, or more mercifully put him to death. The brethren mention in one of their latest accounts, that a young man had been buried alive; with circumstances of great barbarity. Old age is treated with neglect and the utmost disrespect. It is their common phrase to call any thing refuse "old man." This unfeeling and unnatural part of their character, perhaps, originates in the strange custom of infant succession to the throne.

Vancouver was present at the funeral of a chief. The officiating priest delivered a speech which seemed to be an expostulation with the Eatooa; the trees and plants, he said, remained and were flourishing, and yet Matooara was suffered to die! They say of the dead person that he is *harra fo*, gone to the night. Every soul they believe is eaten as soon as it leaves the body by the Eatooa bird, or by one of the gods; it passes through him, and is purified in the process. How would it have delighted Swedenborg to have the main article of his own mythology acknowledged here! Then it is raised to life, and washed, and becomes a god, never more to be liable to suffering. The new god succeeds to the privilege of eating other souls, as he himself had been eaten, and if the parent dies before his children it is his privilege to deify them by this new species of gestation and second birth. Little.

however, as they seem to feel for the sick and the dying, they have some customs respecting the dead which must have originated in strong affection. The body of a chief who died soon after the missionaries were left in Taheite was enbowelled and anointed, and exposed to the sun to be dried; and every night the widow lay beside the corpse. The hair of the dead is preserved by their relatives, and they make it into a head dress, called *tamou*, which the women wear at their *heivas*, or dances, and which is held in the highest estimation. The nails also of the departed are regarded as precious relicks, and worn in mourning. At a marriage where some of the missionaries were present, an altar was covered with the cloth which had served as a pall for the tomb of the bride's father; and his skull, which according to custom had been preserved by the widow, and anointed with cocoa nut oil, was produced and presented to the daughter and her bridegroom.

The privileges of the royal family are in the spirit of Asiatick despotism; whatever place they enter is made sacred by their presence, and no persons except their domesticks may enter afterwards. They are carried every where on men's shoulders, and, however steep or dangerous the way, they must not alight unless it be within their own domains, for whatever a royal foot touches, becomes sacred ground. They are said to sit gracefully, and, when travelling, go usually upon the trot. Frequently at these times, they amuse themselves with finger hunting the heads of the bearers; and it is the peculiar privilege of the queen that she alone, of all women, may eat what she catches there. Wretched as this mode of conveyance is, the least commodious and the meanest that ever pride has invented, it is called *flying*! The court of Constantinople, itself, did not exceed that of Taheite, in its language of adulation. The house of the king is

called the *Clouds of Heaven*, his double canoe, the *Rainbow*, his torch *Lightning*, and the drum which is beat for his amusement *Thunder*. The king's dignity does not permit him to feed himself. "We were surprised," say the missionaries, "to see so stout a man, perhaps the largest in the whole island, fed like a cuckoo." All persons must uncover the breast and shoulders before him and his family, and even when they pass his palace. Two pillars called *Tees*, like the household gods, are erected on each side at about fourscore yards from the house, and whoever passed the space between them without observing this custom, would certainly be punished with death. One of the missionaries having a child born a few weeks before he set out on the mission, christened him Otoo, in compliment to the king whom he was going to convert; on his arrival he found that word had been made so sacred by royal appropriation that every word into which it entered in composition was prohibited, and if little Otoo had not luckily been provided with another Christian name, he must have gone without one as long as he remained in Taheite.

The system of society is feudal. The chiefs of every district are subject to the sovereign, and liable to be called upon for service. They on their part have under them the *Towhas*, who are their younger brothers, or near kindred, or *tayas*, that is to say, chosen friends, and the *ratirras*, or gentlemen, who have one portion to the Towha's three. Each of these ranks has the power of laying a prohibition on any thing which his own land produces, a privilege sometimes abused, but generally exercised for the sake of providing abundance for a feast, or preventing future scarcity after a great consumption. These are the privileged orders: below these are the *manahoune*, who cultivate the land, and do any service which their lords require. They are not, however,

serfs, for they may change lords, and remove to another district when they please. Some of these are considered *rāa*, or hallowed; others as unclean. It is to be regretted that the missionaries have given no farther explanation upon this remains of the system of casts. It is curious that the districts are subdivided into parishes, which are called *matteynas*. The *matteyna* is what may be called the manor house, being "distinguished, either by a degree of rank in its ancient or present owner, or by a portion of land attached to it, or, sometimes, on account of its central situation to a few other houses." The *matteyna* sets up a *Tee*, or image at the *morai*, thereby setting it apart as its parish place of worship; and the other houses in the department claim the same liberty of worshipping there. These houses are called *Tees*, household gods, standing for houses, probably as *Lares* among the Latins, and hearths in our own language. There are ten of these to a *matteyna*.

When Taheite was rediscovered in our fathers' days, it became the admiration and envy of Europe. The philosophists who placed happiness in the indulgence of sensual appetite, and freedom in the absence of legal and moral restraints, were loud in their praises of this "New Cythera;" and even men of healthier intellect, and sounder principles, regarded these islanders as singularly favoured by Providence, because their food was produced spontaneously, and they had no other business in life than to enjoy existence. But now that they are better known, it appears, indisputably, that their iniquities exceed those of any other people, ancient or modern, civilized or savage; and that human nature never has been exhibited in such utter depravity as by the inhabitants of these terrestrial Paradises! Here has been found the atrocious society of the *Arrecoys*, and here the *Mawhoos*, whose mode of life proves that the most shocking and least believable

charges made by the Spanish discoverers against the Indians whom they extirpated, are no longer lightly to be rejected as too monstrous for belief. Crimes not to be named are habitually committed without shame; and, as if to show to what loathsomeness of pollution a depraved imagination will have recourse when palled with all ordinary abominations, a society was formed both in Taheite and Eimeo, who, in their meetings, were to eat human ordure, as the seal and sacrament of their association! This fraternity, however, was suppressed. That which was supposed to be their blessing has been their curse; it is in their exemption from labour that the efficient cause of this unparalleled wickedness is to be found. When the CREATOR decreed that in the sweat of his brow must man eat bread, it may have been the punishment of more perfect beings, but to fallen man, the punishment became a blessing: a divine ordinance, necessary for the health of soul, as well as body, while man continues to be the imperfect being that we behold him.

The intercourse which the Taheiteans had had with the English before the arrival of the Duff, had produced great effects. Perceiving the great superiority of European tools, they trusted to the chance supplies which might arrive, and laid aside the use of their own. "I inquired," says a missionary, "for a stone hatchet, which will soon be a curiosity to themselves; but they had none. I asked them how long it took them to build a canoe with iron tools; they answered about one moon. I then asked them how long they formerly were in doing it with their stone hatchets; at this they laughed heartily, and counted ten moons." So sensible are they of the value of iron, that the ring of an anchor, which Bougainville had lost, was hoarded for ten years by Pomarre, and when a ship arrived at last, he took it to be made into adzes.

When the missionaries erected their forge, this old king caught the blacksmith in his arms, all grim and dirty as he was, and joined noses with him to express his joy. "So important," says captain Vancouver, "are the various European implements and other commodities now become to the happiness and comfort of these islanders, that I cannot avoid reflecting with captain Cook, on the very deplorable condition to which these good people, on a certainty, must be reduced, should their communication with Europeans be ever at an end. The knowledge they have now acquired of the superiority, and the supply with which they have been furnished of the more useful implements, have rendered these, and other European commodities, not only essentially necessary to their common comforts, but have made them regardless of their former tools and manufactures, which are now growing fast out of use, and, I may add, equally fast out of remembrance. Of this we had convincing proof in the few of their bone or stone tools or utensils that were seen amongst them. Those offered for sale, were of rude workmanship and of an inferior kind, solely intended for our market, to be purchased by way of curiosity. I am, likewise, well convinced that by a very small addition to their present stock of European cloth, the culture of their cloth plant, which now seems much neglected, will be entirely disregarded, and they will rely upon the precarious supply which may be obtained from accidental visitors, for this, and many other of the most important requisites of social life."

"I paid our host," says Mr. Wilson, "with a draft on the captain for a pair of scissors, and as they have no doubt of the specified value of the paper, and have learnt how to

negotiate the notes, he seemed quite rich. What a commencement of civilisation!" These were, indeed, commencements of civilisation, but the good to which they might so easily have led, was impeded by grievous obstacles. Diseases of every kind were raging among them. The most destructive is that dreadful malady which seems destined, as an appropriate punishment and consequence of their vices, to exterminate this most sinful and most wretched people. When the missionaries arrived it was supposed that a fourth part of the whole population was infected. It appears as if this disease acquired new virulence when communicated to a new race. "Many most miserable objects," say the brethren, "presented themselves, with foul and horrid ulcers, carious bones, loss of limbs, and in the last stage of consumption. Many are separated from their families in a shed or outhouse, nor suffered to touch provisions of any kind but what are brought them; their dearest friends and relatives shun them, they are not permitted to bathe near any person in the river, and though they are not left to starve, they are abandoned to rot alive." Another loathsome malady, but of their own home-growth, is that which the immoderate use of *yava* produces: the eyes become blood-shot and sore, the skin is covered with a thick scurf, and the soles of the feet crack; yet they regard this as an honourable distinction, calling it the *yava*-skin rather than a disease. It also renders them liable to violent fits. Having really suffered much from their intercourse with Europeans, they impute to them all their sufferings, and believe that all their mortal diseases have been brought by the ships. Cook they say brought the intermitting fever and the crooked* backs, Vancouver the dysentery;

* The crooked-back, according to the missionaries, is the effect of a disease called *hotuthe* (which, however, they have not explained) and the natives say that when the back breaks, the person recovers.

Bligh the scrophula; the Spaniards in their feeble mission,* a large swelling in the throat, which generally proves fatal: They even fancy that a ship in passing by the island has sent them a disease.

Among these people eighteen methodist missionaries were left, of whom five were married men. "Lord," said one of them in his journal, "thou hast set me in a heathen land, but a land, if I may so speak, flowing with milk and honey. O put more grace and gratitude into my poor cold heart, and grant that *I may never with Jesurun grow fat and kick!*"† But the very day after the Duff departed they were seized with a panick. Edea, the king's mother, had been overheard talking of their property, and the fitness of taking it away. This alarm subsided. It is indeed probable, as the queen said, that her conversation, had been misunderstood. Three months passed away, and the hurry of their first occupations being over, they then began to deliberate concerning their future proceedings; for they had sailed from England, landed upon the island, and been left there without having determined upon any thing, except one and twenty articles of faith. The first question propounded was: "Will it be proper for us, as missionaries to the heathen, to attempt the abolition of the horrid custom of murdering infants? and if so, what means should be adopted for the accomplishment of such an end?" Little discussion could be necessary on such a question, and exhortation was the only means in their power; they agreed, however, as an inducement to the Arreos to spare their children, to take them under their care, and instruct them

in European arts. The next question was, "How was the society to act should an attack be made upon them by the natives?" One asked in reply if it was not their duty to give up themselves and all that they possessed to the enemy? Another answered "were it not for his feelings for the women and children he should not hesitate a single moment!" But being eighteen in number, and well provided with muskets, they resolved upon resistance in case of attack. A more difficult question remained, "If any brother should find himself disposed to marry one of the native women, would it be thought by the society an improper act?" This, it may be remembered, had been permitted at Tongataboo. Here, however, "reference was had to the word of God, by which it was proved to be an unlawful action; for any brother to marry a native woman in her present state, an idolatress. It was replied, it ought to be considered, that if a native was not taken in her present condition, there was no alternative, but to remain single, and exposed to all the dreadful temptations with which they were surrounded. To this it was answered, "God changeth not his mode of government for the accommodation of his creatures, and whatever he calls us to, we ought to look to him for strength to endure."

Things went on smoothly for about four months after these points were settled. Then four of the missionaries were knocked down and robbed of their clothes. This alarmed them so greatly, that eleven of them abandoned the mission and fled to Botany Bay, in a trading vessel which happened to be in the harbour. The brethren who remained wrote to the directors with wiser

* An account of this mission is printed with the *Descripcion Historial de la Provincia y Archipiélago de Chiloe, &c. por el P. F. Pedro Gonzales de Aguiros*. Madrid, 1791. It was sent from Peru in 1774, and two missionaries were left on the island, who remained there only a few months, and have communicated nothing worthy of notice in their journal.

† The Directors have transcribed this passage from the journals, "because," they say, "others will feel it with sensations of delight as we do."

views than they had before entertained. "Experience," said they, "has taught us, the more we are encumbered about worldly things, the less concern we have for the conversion of the heathen. Taheite affords food and raiment suitable to its climate, and sufficient to answer the great end of Providence, in granting us these blessings, viz. to cover our nakedness, and to sustain for a while our earthly, perishing tabernacles; and having those things, we hope the Lord will teach us to be content. We think it needful to inform the Directors of the society, that it appears to us at present a reenforcing this island with a body of missionaries, consisting of men, women, and children, and furnished after the manner of ourselves, when we quitted our native country in the ship Duff, would nothing forward the work of God on Taheite, or the adjacent islands. But if four or six Christian men, void of worldly encumbrances, will be willing to hazard their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the salvation of the heathen, and led by the Eternal Spirit, forsake all and follow us, we shall glory, if spared, to give them the right hand of Christian, brotherly fellowship."

The forge, for their blacksmith had left them, was taken possession of by a native who had learnt to work at it, and one of his first jobs was to make an iron lance-head, armed with barbs. The fears of the brethren for their personal safety abated. It became manifest that the natives got more by letting them remain in peace, than by plundering them. They submitted to see some of their property pilfered, and came to the only resolution consistent with their circumstances and their calling, "through the grace of God not to intermeddle with arms either for offence or defence." Not many months after the departure of their comrades, Lewis addressed a letter

to his brethren, informing them, that after a long and great conflict of mind, it was his fixed determination, to take one of the natives to wife, and abide faithfully towards her until death. Evil reports which they had heard, and something which they had seen, had prepared them for this, falling off, and Mr. Lewis was consequently disowned by the church of Christ, residing on Point Venus. This unfortunate man was one of the best educated and most useful members of the mission. He understood Hebrew, had learnt the art of printing, and had attended the hospitals. Even in Taheite, there are women of good feelings; for human nature can never, any where, nor under any circumstances, be so utterly perverted, but that some individuals are to be found, in whom a shadow of the likeness of their Creator, is still discernible. That sad history of the *Bounty* mutineers, affords one melancholy instance. A midshipman, by name Stewart, having made himself guilty in the sudden burst of mutiny, took up his abode on the island, and lived with the daughter of a chief, who had born him a beautiful girl, when the *Pandora* arrived, and he was seized and laid in irons. She followed him with her infant to the ship. The officers who witnessed the scene which ensued could scarcely bear to behold it, and Stewart besought them not to let her see him again. So she was separated from him by force and sent ashore. In the course of two months she pined away,* and died—literally of a broken heart. He, happily for himself, perished in the wreck of the *Pandora*. The orphan has been bred up by the missionaries. It was not, however, Lewis's fortune, to meet with a wife like this! He continued to live with her about sixteen months, attending the church service of the missionaries, though cut off from communion with them, and performing the private

* A poem of great merit upon this melancholy story, appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, and was republished in the *Select Reviews*, &c. vol. II. p. 139.

devotions with piety, which could not have been feigned: At the end of that time he was murdered. The woman with whom he cohabited, grew tired of him; she had formed a connexion with another man; his presence was an interruption to them; and his property a temptation.

This loss was made up to the society by the return of Henry and his family from Botany Bay. Shortly after brother Broomhall fell into a very dreadful "snare of Satan." What share Satan may have had in the business we shall not pretend to decide, but certainly it may be considered as one of the strange freaks of the human mind that a man who had voluntarily embarked on such an errand, and continued so long in such a calling, should of a sudden fall in metaphysicals, and by a few miserable sophisms, syllogize himself out of all hopes of a hereafter! "What if the soul should be mortal," was the doubt which started into his head. He turned to Turretine *De Immortalitate Animæ*, and referred to the question *An anima ex intrinseca sua constitutione sit immortalis?* But Turretine and Mr. Broomhall differed in their conclusions, for thus the latter argued: the soul exists, consequently it has the property of extension, for what is not extended is no where, and what is no where has no existence. Now extension is the very essence of matter, the soul therefore is material; all matter leads to dissolution, it follows therefore that the soul is mortal. This was the precious logic by which Mr. Broomhall convinced himself that because the soul exists now, it must cease to exist hereafter.

Meantime the directors of the society in England, encouraged by the easy manner in which the Duff had disposed of her first cargo, sent her off with a second. Twenty nine adventurers embarked, of whom more than a third part were married men. Nine chose Tongataboo for their station, six preferred Taheite,

five were for the Marquesas, five for the Navigator's Islands, two for the Fejees, and two did not chose to determine till they came to the scene of action. The Duff, however, was captured by a French privateer off Cape Frio, and carried into Monte Video. Not deterred by this disaster, the directors despatched another ship, which had better fortune; but before her departure news from Tongataboo arrived, and from the brethren who had fled from Taheite, and the spirit of adventuring was checked. Six only of the twenty nine brethren (who had all returned after their capture) had perseverance enough to re-embark, and one of these deserted at Botany Bay. Six new adventurers were found, one of whom died upon the passage, and Shelley, who had escaped from Tongataboo, was still zealous enough, notwithstanding the perils and sufferings which he had undergone, to devote himself once more to the savages of Polynesia. They quarrelled with one of their party upon the voyage, and he was in consequence rejected at Taheite, and sent back in the ship, but he stopt at the Cape of Good Hope on his return, and it is worthy of remark that he has there proved one of the most able, active, and useful of the missionaries. The last advices which were received announce the death of Jefferson, who had been chairman of the society since its first establishment on the island, a man for his steadiness and true piety (however fantastick it may some times have been in its outward and visible forms) greatly to be respected and regretted.

They had only been a few days on the islands when old Manne-Manne observed that the Missionaries gave them plenty of the word of God, but not of many other things. How is it, said the natives, that Cook, Clarke, Vancouver, Bligh, and others, that have been here, never told us any thing of what you tell us concerning Jesus Christ?

The missionaries answered they knew less of the language of the country than we do, and though they knew the name of Jesus Christ, yet they knew not his customs, and did not hold them. It was the sensible remark of a boy "that the English sent the Duff last, and if they had sent the gospel by the first ship our feather gods would have been thrown away long ago." It cannot, indeed, be doubted that the total silence of former visitors upon the subject of Christianity, the complacency with which they assisted at idolatrous ceremonies, and the habits of licentious intercourse to which they abandoned themselves, must greatly have prejudiced the natives against any lessons of religion or morality from the English. A remembrance too of the grievous evils which we have really brought upon them, and of those which they unjustly impute to us, operate as another obstacle. Bodily afflictions, say the Missionaries, instead of inclining them to come and hear when invited, irritate them against the gospel, and they frequently address us in some such words as these: "You tell us of salvation, and behold we are dying!" If they are told it is the salvation of their souls which they are called upon to accept, not that of their bodies from sickness and death in this world, they still misconceive, or they sometimes say: "We want no other salvation than to live in this world." They call upon the missionaries to look upon the poor wretches who are rotting alive, and ask if their preaching can bale them! When the brethren tell them to hear the word of God and be saved, they laugh and ridicule the preacher, telling him they have heard and are not saved, but continue dying. The havoc is indeed horrible. "Stout men," says the journalist, "are cut down in a few months; women and children share the like fate. We have told them repeatedly it is owing to the wickedness of their women in prostituting

themselves to the sailors that come here. They understand what we say, and assent to the truth of it; but their hearts are so set upon covetousness, that the appearance of a vessel effaces all remembrance of the evils they have suffered and are suffering, and they burn with desire to obtain something, if it is but a rag. This induces husbands to prostitute their wives, and parents their children." The promiscuous intercourse to which they are accustomed more like beasts than human beings, makes the evil almost universal, and the consequent mortality is dreadful beyond all former example. Cook unquestionably overrated the population of the island, when he supposed it to be 200,000. In 1797, Mr. Wilson computed it upon apparently good grounds, at only 16,000, and in six years they were reduced to less than half that number. No disease which is not pestilential, can account for so rapid a diminution of the human species; but, while the present generation is wasting away, their detestable practices are cutting off the future. No where has child murder been so generally practised. If any of the nobles of either sex, connect themselves with persons below their rank, the children of that connexion are invariably destroyed. Among the lower classes, it is not uncommon for a woman to destroy her three first infants. Females are far more frequently destroyed than boys; hence women are so scarce, that they who are not, in some degree, wealthy, cannot purchase wives; and being courted in proportion to their scarcity, they are here as inconstant as the worst libellers of the sex have ever delighted to represent them. They often change husbands, and either procure abortion, or murder the new born babe, that they may be without incumbrances! These practices, the Arreoyo, the Mawhoos, and their other unutterable abominations, are rapidly rooting out the race. The inhabitants of this group cannot long have been in this state

of utter depravity, or they must have inevitably been exterminated.

On the first arrival, the missionaries noticed the inattention of the natives to whatever exceeded the ordinary scope of their ideas. They listened with little interest to stories concerning Europe; but whoever began to tell of the Marquesas, or of Tongataboo, had presently an eager audience about him. How, then, was it to be expected, that men, caring so little for what was in the slightest degree, above their comprehension, should at once attend to the mysteries of Christianity!

Some have told us, say the journalists, they never knew before that the Son of God is the atonement for sin; they always thought it was hogs. And sometimes when the preacher asks who is the true atonement, they reply hogs and pearls. When they are told that the God of the English is the God of the whole world, and that he gives them their hogs, their cocoas, and their bread-fruit, they flatly deny it, saying, they had all these things long before they ever heard of him. Otoo sent one day for Mr. Turnbull (who has published a very valuable account of his adventures in this part of the world) to ask him whether all the missionaries preached was true. "I replied," says he, "in the affirmative, that it was strictly so, according to my own belief, and that of all the wiser and better part of my countrymen. He demanded of me where Jehovah lived; I pointed to the Heavens; he said he did not believe it. His brother was, if possible, still worse. Edea was looking on with a kind of haughty and disdainful indifference. It was all *havery* or falsehood, they said; they would not believe unless they could see. We could bring down the sun and moon by means of our quadrant. Why could we not bring down our Saviour by similar means?" The brethren complain, that they find it impossible to make them sensible of their souls' value, or indeed what their souls are. "When," say they,

"we endeavour to speak to them about the *hidden man of the heart*, its nature, qualities, defilements, exposure to God's wrath, and the way how to escape the same, they seldom fail to laugh, and treat it as an idle tale." Had they talked about the *hidden man of the bowels*, they might have been understood; for the Tahitians believe the bowels to be the immediate seat of life and sensation, and all figurative language therefore, which refers to the head as the seat of thought, or the heart as the seat of the affections, is to them unintelligible.

If Christianity be true, it is not possible that any state of society, nor any established superstition, can render a people utterly incapable of receiving it. There are but two peaceable methods of conversion, by influencing the feelings and imagination; or by persuading the understanding. Unfortunately it happens, that of all forms of Christianity, that of the methodists is the least attractive, and the most irrational. It must also be acknowledged, that Protestantism wants many of the most effectual implements of conversion; precisely in proportion as it is purer than popery, is it less adapted to impress the gross and uncultivated mind of a heathen. But beyond all doubt, the manner in which images are regarded in catholic countries, is perfect idolatry; and of a grosser kind, than that of the classical pagans. We may envy the catholics their crucifix and their Madonna, but we dare not, even for good purposes, introduce an error, which it would be so difficult to remove.

Great good, however, may yet be done, if the views of the directors in England become as rational as those of the missionaries are grown. "Our missionary labours," thus they write, "are contracted and languid; difficulties without, and discouragements within, weaken our hands. We formerly wrote for a body of missionaries with a director; we now

are of opinion that it would be better if the far greater part of them were mechanicks, and such mechanicks as would be able to turn the natural productions of the island to profit, or cultivate such other things as may be rendered profitable. The inhabitants are so excessively attached to their idolatrous and barbarous customs, that to us it appears as if it would be both a long and a slow work to evangelize them. We apprehend that we, as well as many in England, have been heretofore very much mistaken in our ideas of planting the gospel in the Society Islands. Disappointments and difficulties, now often met with, and formerly not much thought of, have cooled our once too sanguine spirit, and taught us to be more humble in our expectations." In a former letter they say: "We are afraid of colonizing, lest it should prove, in time, destructive to the liberty, or lives and property of the natives. Some of the islanders themselves have expressed a suspicion, that if a large body of foreigners should come and settle among them, they would be turned out of their possessions, and driven to the mountains." It is, however, only by colonisation that these countries can be civilized, and that it is our interest, and the interest of the whole commercial world, that they should be civilized, will presently appear. One important step has already been taken. Shelly, who has left the mission, has built a schooner at Taheite, and opened a direct trade with Botany Bay. If the Missionary Society would send out a body of men capable of instructing the Taheiteans in the useful arts of life, and some of them well versed in medicine, they would be well received; for abundant proofs have occurred that these islanders, however deaf to the voice of the preacher, are not only susceptible, but even desirous of improvement. Old Pomarre, when the Duff arrived, particularly regretted their want of ships, and of knowledge how to con-

duct them to foreign countries. They were able, he said, to go no further than Ulietea or Huaheine, and that at the risk of being driven they knew not whither, to perish; whereas, we could sail for many moons, and in the darkest nights and strongest gales, and, after all, could come exactly to Taheite. Captain Wilson wisely replied to this, that we also were once in the same state, and knew nothing; but that good men brought the speaking paper into our country, and taught us to understand it; by means of which, we learnt to know the true God; to build and conduct ships; and to make axes, knives, scissars, and the various things which he saw we possessed. According to their account, we have imported the breed of fleas among them, which are become a grievous nuisance, and will continue to be so till the natives live in floored houses, and have learned domestick as well as personal cleanliness. The present effect of this nuisance is a great demand for bedsteads; the carpenter and joiner would find willing pupils among them. They are now beginning to affect European fashions. "Our neighbours," says the journalist, "would give almost any price for an old black coat, or blue coat and shirt: and no man thinks he can go before the king with any appearance of consequence on a publick occasion, except he has a musket, coat and shirt, or at least, a coat to accompany his musket." But there are better symptoms than these. The missionaries on their arrival judged very unfavourably of young Otoo, the present Pomarre. This king, however, after awhile, discovered his desire of improvement in a singular manner. He was exceedingly solicitous that brother Lewis should teach him Hebrew. The whimsical fancy soon past away. His next desire was, that a still might be sent him. Some Sandwich islanders, it was supposed, had told him its use, and instigated him

to ask for one. One of these islanders who had been in England, talked to the king with more effect, than the missionaries had done. His mind was manifestly much enlarged by what he heard from this man; and he began to spare time enough from his sports to learn to make the letters of the English alphabet, to know their names, and to put them together, so as to form words, and short sentences. "Still," says the journalist, "he is extremely wild and unsteady, and appears deeply attached to his country's idolatry and superstition. Pomarre, however, had in him deeper thoughts and more ardent desires of improvement, than the missionaries suspected. Finding the inconvenience of the privilege which appropriated to himself every place wherein he entered, he abrogated it in favour of the mission house, and there he now spends most part of his time, generally amusing himself with writing. Many of the higher orders are acquiring the same art after their king's example. His own language he writes with perfect facility; and has written in it a letter to the directors, which the brethren translated. He then copied the translation, and a fac-simile of the translated letter, has been published in the nineteenth number of these Transactions. It is written in a good, legible hand; very few English gentlemen write so well.

[This letter was published in the *Select Reviews*, &c. vol. I. p. 417.]

Pomarre has also promised the missionaries to abolish infanticide and human sacrifices. In these promises he may or may not be sincere. The people sometimes scoffingly ask if he or any of his family, have cast away Oro, saying, when they hear the word of Jehovah, then will we. But of his desire of improving himself and his people, this letter is an unequivocal and extraordinary proof; and if the society second his wishes in the way which he suggests, by sending out a colony strong enough to protect themselves, and not so nu-

merous as to excite jealousy, there can be little doubt that the remnant of these islanders may soon become a civilized people. Pomarre is now acknowledged as king in most of the neighbouring islands. Had he with him a body of colonists, the stability of his government would be secured; and it would be in his power to settle the succession, so as that the evils which he apprehends after his death, might be effectually prevented. Customs so hostile to human happiness, as those of Taheite, are easily rooted out, whenever the governours are disposed to abolish them. Not long after the conquest of Mexico, a Spaniard observed one of the Mexicans to be remarkably punctual in his attendance at mass, and he asked him how it was that he could so thoroughly have forsaken the faith in which he was bred up. He replied, the religion of our fathers was so bloody and so cruel, and burthened us so grievously, that in order to rid ourselves of such a yoke, we should gladly have received not merely your law, which is so good and holy a one, but any other whatsoever. No nations in the new world, says Herrera, have received the gospel better than those who laboured under the greatest burthen of diabolical ceremonies; for the insufferable yoke of the laws of the devil had wearied them, and that of Christ, therefore, appeared to them just and easy; and the difficulty of believing the high mysteries of our faith was facilitated; because the devil had taught them to believe things still more incredible. This is not the less true because it is expressed in mythological language, and it will prove as true in Asia, as it has done in America. When the English system of marriage was explained by captain Wilson to a party of Taheiteans, Manne-Manne, the old priest, did not like it, and said, that such was not their custom; but all the women who were present, approved it highly, and said it was very good. When the missionaries have sometimes endeavour-

ed to prevent the murder of an infant, the mother would have spared it, had she been permitted. Against the custom of human sacrifice, all men, except the priests, and the chiefs, whom they may happen to influence, will readily revolt, because none can tell whether the lot may not fall upon himself. In confirmation of this, Mr. Turnbull affirms, that the practice is as much abhorred by the common people, as it is upheld by the chiefs. A native once confessed to the missionaries, that the gods of Taheite were bad, because they ate men and hogs, and bread fruit, which the god of *Pre-tane* did not; he, he said, was "*a good fellow.*" This piece of English he had picked up; and strangely as he expressed himself, what he said explains the principle upon which the Polynesians are to be converted.

To us, who have a rising colony in New Holland, it is becoming an object of more importance than may, perhaps, immediately be perceived, that the benevolent attempts of the Missionary Society should be successful. Our settlement at Botany Bay, is producing great and unforeseen effects throughout the whole of Polynesia. Those seas are now frequented by our own whalers and adventure ships, and still more by Americans. These vessels usually take in convicts at Port Jackson, who have either served out their allotted time, or obtained leave to go on board, or escaped there; and these men (as has been seen in the history of the Tongataboo mission) get on shore at some or other of the islands, where they communicate to the natives new means of mischief. From their superiour knowledge, they immediately obtain power, and are taken into favour with the chiefs, or become chiefs themselves. Meantime the Americans (too many of whose merchants, like the Dutch of old, will do any thing for profit) supply them with muskets and with gunpowder; the only articles for which provisions are now to be ob-

tained. So daring are they become in the use of these weapons, and so desperately bent upon obtaining more, that not a ship can touch upon these once hospitable shores, without imminent danger of being cut off; and not a few have been surprised and their whole crews massacred. The ill treatment which the islanders have received from the traders, and the frauds practised upon them, especially by the atrocious trick of selling them bad guns, provoke them to take indiscriminate vengeance; and the convicts usually plan their schemes, and take the lead in executing them. In every island which the American and other ships have touched at, this tremendous change is going on. The number of desperadoes is continually increasing among them. The natives themselves, enter on board the ships and learn the art of navigation; and in less than half a century, these seas will be infested by pirates, not less cruel, and far more formidable, than the Malays of India, or the Algerines. What a revolution! The criminals whom we have cast out from our own country, are becoming apostles of mischief, throughout all Polynesia.

Hence, then, the importance of securing a station here, and erecting the Society Islands as soon as possible, into a civilized nation, able to suppress their neighbours. There are better prospects from the Sandwich islanders. These people, who were, when we discovered them, far more ingenious than those of the other groups, are making a rapid progress. No greater man has ever appeared among an uncultivated race than their king Tamahama; even our own Alfred was not more superiour to all those by whom he was surrounded. He amused captain Vancouver by making a cession of Owbyhee to Great Britain, and letting him take formal possession. In turn for which, Vancouver laid down the keel and prepared the frame work of his first man of war.

The length of its keel was thirty-six feet, the extreme breadth of the vessel nine and a quarter; her name was to be the *Britannia*. "She was intended," says he, "as a protection to the royal person of Tamahama, and I believe few circumstances in his life ever afforded him more solid satisfaction." His satisfaction was far more solid than captain Vancouver perceived. Ten years afterwards, when Mr. Turnbull was at Owwhyhee, he had upwards of twenty vessels of different sizes, from twenty-five to fifty tons, some of them copper bottomed. Then he was in want of naval stores; but that want no longer exists. One of his vessels is now seventy tons. He has a fortification round his house, mounted with ten guns, and a guard of about two hundred native soldiers, well disciplined in the use of firearms, who do regular duty, night and day. He has above two thousand stand of arms, and more than twelve thousand dollars, with other valuable articles in proportion, which he has collected in regular trade, and deposited in store houses. His people, seconding the projects of their king with equal zeal, frequently make voyages to the N. W. coast of America, in which they learn the art of navigation, and at the same time acquire property, of which they fully understand the value. Sandwich islanders are now to be found in most of the South Sea traders. There, also, they learn English, which will probably, ere long, be so blended with their language, as to form a new one. They confidently expect to open a direct trade with China, in vessels of their own construction, and navigated by their own people. These islands produce pearls, pearl oyster shell, and sandal wood, all articles of great value in the China market.

Tamahama's views are not confined to commerce; this is not to be

expected, hardly, perhaps, considering the present state of Polynesia, to be wished. He must be a conqueror also, and the further he can extend his conquests the more beneficial it will be, if he can only secure his dominion upon such a basis as that it shall not be overthrown by his death. Two Englishmen who were cast, by misfortune, upon his shores, are his chief counsellors. They are, by the account of all who have visited Owwhyhee, men of good character. Here then is a place where missionaries might most usefully be employed, not in explaining creeds, preaching the mysterious points of faith, and teaching catechisms, but in opening schools under the immediate patronage of a king enlightened enough to perceive the advantages which his subjects would derive from such instruction. He, perhaps, is too thorough a statesman to be very susceptible of religion; for they whose hearts are set so intently upon worldly things have little room for hopes of Heaven and thoughts of a hereafter. But it may be possible to make him perceive that no religion is so useful for states as the Christian, which so well inculcates the duties of order and obedience. If, however, Tamahama believes too sincerely in his country's mythology, or fears the influence of the priests too much, for him to encourage the progress of a new faith, it cannot be doubted that he would willingly see his subjects instructed in the rudiments of civilization: they may be taught to write and read, and that done, the bible may be introduced among them. It will do its own work in time. Much might be said upon this part of so important and interesting a subject, but we shall have other opportunities in treating of the other protestant missions, and this has led us beyond our usual limits.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

LIFE OF FLORIAN.

JEAN-PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN, was born in 1755, at the castle of Florian, in the Lower Cevennes, at some distance from Anduza and Saint Hypolite. Although these particulars were not known to us, it would be easy to supply them. In fact, we read them at the opening of his Pastoral of Estelle: "I wish to celebrate my native land—to describe those delightful climates where the green olive, the vermilioned mulberry, the gilded grape, grow up together beneath an azure sky:—where, upon smiling hills, sprinkled with violets and daffodils, bound numerous flocks and herds:—where a sprightly, yet a feeling people, laborious, but yet cheerful, escape from want, by toil, and from vice by cheerfulness." And a few lines lower; "On the borders of the Gardon, at the foot of the lofty mountains of Cevennes, between the town of Anduza, and the village of Massanne, lies a valley, where nature seems to have collected all her treasures."

The castle in which Florian was born, was built by his grandfather, a counsellor of the Chamber of Accounts at Montpellier, who ruined himself by building a superb mansion on a very small estate, and who, when he died, left two sons, and many debts. From the second son, Florian derived his birth. It appears that his grandfather had conceived a great affection for his grandson; and it afforded him real pleasure to see him grow up under his own eye. Sensible to this tenderness, and penetrated both with

respect and love, the young Florian joyfully accompanied him in his rural excursions, and procured to the old man a satisfaction, with which he was highly flattered—that of admiring his plantations. Hence arose that respect and veneration which Florian always evinced for old age; and that pleasing melancholy which he contracted a habit of, although he was naturally of a gay and lively disposition.

One of the causes which contributed to instil into Florian's heart that pleasing melancholy which constitutes the powerful charm of his writings, was his having, from his childhood, to bewail a tender mother whom he had never the happiness to know, and who was highly deserving of the regret which he experienced for her. The idea, that he never enjoyed the presence, the caresses, and the fostering cares of her who gave him birth, was to Florian, ever a source of painful recollection; it was almost foremost in his thoughts; and, in the course of time, the more he obtained success, the more did he regret his mother could not share his feelings. He well knew that no person would have been more sensible. His father, a worthy honest man, was more intent on the cultivation of his land than on his understanding. His mother, on the contrary, naturally intelligent, had always enjoyed the pleasure derived from letters. It was from her that Florian believed he inherited his literary talents. From the description given him, by those who had known, he had a portrait of

her painted, for which he always showed the most profound veneration.

After the death of his grandfather, young Florian was sent to a school at St. Hypolite. He learned but little there; but his natural genius and his witty sallies were soon remarked; and the favourable reports which his relations received of his happy dispositions, determined them to give him an education capable of assisting his talents.

His father's elder brother had married the niece of Voltaire. That great man was spoken to in behalf of young Florain, and was informed of the rising genius he displayed. Voltaire was anxious to see him. Florain was sent to him, and his first introduction into the world was at Ferney.

Voltaire was singularly amused with his gayety, his gentleness of manners, his lively repartees, and conceived a great friendship for him. This is evident from his letters to Floriannet, the friendly familiar name he gave him; indeed it was said, and even mentioned in some of the periodical works of the day, that he was his near relation; but he was no other way allied to him than as the nephew of the man who had married his niece.

From Ferney, Florian went to Paris, where they procured him several masters to cultivate and improve his rising talents. He passed some years there; and during that period made several journeys to Hornoy, a country seat of his aunt's, in Picardy. Destined from that time for the profession of arms, he thought it his duty to adopt the spirit of it: all his sports savoured of combats. The perusal of some old romances, on the subject of knight errantry, heated his imagination; and the prowess of the knights and deeds of chivalry became so much to his taste, that having then, for the first time, read Don Quixotte, which he afterwards translated, far from deriving plea-

sure from the work, he was almost disgusted with it. He looked upon Michael Cervantes as an absurd, impertinent blockhead, for having dared to attack, with the arms of ridicule, heroes who were the objects of his admiration.

As his family was not rich, in the year 1768, he entered into the service of the Duke de Penthièvre, as his page. His friends hoped, by this means, he would be enabled to finish his education, and, in the end, might obtain some honourable employment; but the education of pages was not the most excellent, and, without the resources which he had within himself, would have availed him little.

The duke, who attended to his own household, and who possessed a sound judgment, soon distinguished him from among his companions. His frankness, his pleasantries, and jokes, always within the strictest bounds of decency, and his lively witticisms, frequently amused that virtuous personage, who, spite of his wealth, of his goodness, and benevolence, was, of all men in France, perhaps, one who was less happy.

It was during the period that young Florian was page (he was then about fifteen) that he composed the first lines which came from his pen. The occasion which gave rise to them, and the subject he chose out of preference, equally contributed to give an idea of his character, which, as I have already said, was a *melange* of mirth and melancholy.—The conversation one day at the duke's, was rather grave, and turned upon religious discourses and sermons. Florian suddenly engaged in it, and maintained, that a sermon was by no means difficult to compose; and added, that he thought he was capable of composing one if it was necessary. The prince took him at his word, and betted a wager of fifty louis that he would not succeed. The curate of St. Eustache, who was present, was to be the judge. Florian immediately set to

work and, in the course of a few days, produced the fruits of his labour.

The astonishment of the prince and the curate was extreme, to hear a youth recite a sermon upon death, which was worthy of being submitted to the publick eye. The *first* agreed that he had lost his wager, adding, that he experienced much real pleasure in having lost it: and immediately paid down the amount. The other, the curate, got possession of the sermon, took it away, and preached it at his parish church.

When Florian had fulfilled the duties of a page, which only continued till a certain age, he was a long time doubtful what line of life he should adopt, and his relations partook of his uncertainty. Some advised him to solicit a place of gentleman of honour in the prince's household, as that place offered a certain and quiet life; others (and his father was of the number) wished that he should pursue the career of arms. As he had not entirely lost all his ideas of chivalry, he inclined strongly to that side. The "pomp and pageantry of war" appeared to him in a more seducing light than all the advantages of the sedentary life they wished him to adopt; and he remarked pleasantly enough, on the subject of the place of gentleman to the prince, which had been solicited for and offered to him, "I have been too long a footman, to become a valet de chambre."

He, therefore, chose the service, and entered into what was then called the corps of royal artillery. He went to Bapaume, where the military college was. He applied himself to the study of mathematicks, and succeeded, as he possessed an aptness at every branch of learning. But the science of calculation was by no means analogous with the turn of his mind; he soon discovered it had no attractions for him. Born with a lively, brilliant imagination, Florian conceived that the science of calculation served but to restrain its

flights; and he, consequently forgot it almost as soon as he had learned it.

The academy at Bapaume, where Florian then was, was composed of young men, who, almost all, possessed considerable talents, but, with whom, reason was a very rare guest. We should suppose that they were occupied with their different studies, since many clever persons have come from it; but we may pretty well judge what must be the life of a great number of young men, hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, and yielding to all the extravagancies of their fancies. Nothing could keep them in restraint; one quarrel gave rise to another, and these daily disputes always ended in duels. Florian was wounded several times. At length, the want of discipline in the pupils became so great, that they were obliged to suppress the establishment. Who could have ever supposed that from such a school should come the author of *Estelle* and *Galatea*?

Much about this time Florian obtained a troop of cavalry in the regiment of Penthievre, then in garrison at Maubeuge. Soon after his arrival in that city, he became so violently enamoured with a canoness, as amiable as she was virtuous, that he absolutely wished to marry her. His friends and relations wished to dissuade him from a match which was no way suitable to his years or his fortune, and they at last succeeded.

His family, from whom he had but little to expect, resolved to attach him to a man of power and interest, by procuring for him, notwithstanding his opposition, the place which he had before refused. But Florian wished to serve, and the prince did not wish any gentleman to be employed about his person who was attached to the service. Anxious, however, to fix the wavering resolution of a man whose society he loved, he even began to smoothe the difficulties which might interfere

with the inclinations of Florian. It was agreed, then, that he should retire upon half pay; that his rank should still continue; and that he should be wholly at liberty to remain in his new situation. He settled, therefore at Paris. And this sedentary life, which he had so great a dread of, contributed not a little to his launching into the career of letters.

It was then, in fact, that in order to remove the *ennui* which sometimes seized him, and of which he said himself he was too susceptible, he began to write. The fondness which he always had for the Spanish language, revived. He applied himself to the study of it, and formed the plan of translating into French, every Spanish work which might appear to please the general taste of the people. After a long hesitation, divided in his opinions on several authors, he made choice of Cervantes; and, finding his *Galatea* possessed of much interest, spite of its imperfections, he resolved to set about it. The happy alterations which he made in that poem; the entire scenes he has added to it: the rustick fete; the story of the doves; the farewell to Elicio's dog; the last canto entirely, which he thought necessary to finish the poem which Cervantes never finished; the elegant and delicate stanzas, which he has scattered through the work; all contributed to the success of *Galatea*, which determined Florian to give himself up entirely to this species of composition, the pastoral romance, so long fallen into absolute discredit.

He published *Estelle*, and obtained fresh success, the glory of which, was exclusively his own. *Estelle*, in fact, was solely his own invention, and pleased as much as *Galatea*. There are those who even prefer it to the latter. But the greatest number regard *Estelle* and *Galatea*, as two sisters equally amiable, and between whom it is difficult to make a choice.

It is needless to speak of his other

works; they are in the hands of almost every person. The custom he had contracted of studying and writing, had become in him a real want: he never passed a day without this kind of labour, and he frequently toiled from morning till night.

"Try to write fables," said the duke de Penthievre one day to him. Florian followed his advice. He wrote fables. Many years passed away before he published any of them, and only gave them to the world three or four years before his death. This collection, the most perfect which has appeared since *La Fontaine*, is, of all Florian's works, that which posterity will admire the most. At the head of this work he had his portrait engraved.

Few authors were admitted at so early an age, into the French Academy. He was only thirty three the day he was appointed a member. But he did not look upon this place as a place of idleness, or as a privilege for doing nothing. His new title, far from diminishing, increased his love of toil; and, if a premature death had not stopped him in his career, he had planned what was sufficient to have kept him employed for many years.

Amongst his projects, was that of writing the lives of eminent and illustrious characters of modern history, and comparing them with each other, after the manner of Plutarch. He waited, he said, to undertake these different works till the fire of his imagination should be cooled. "That," said he, "shall be the employment of my latter years."

The affection which he had conceived for Spain, and the Spanish people, was not exclusive; there was another people who shared it; one would not easily guess who—it was the Jews. He had a perfect knowledge of their history, and frequently applied it most happily. He had always a strong desire to compose a Jewish work; and he wrote one in four books, which form a neat, small volume, about the size of his *Galatea*:

it is entitled *Eliezer and Nephtali*. It is entirely a work of imagination, but possesses most lively interest. At the very moment I am now writing, a search is making for this precious manuscript, which cannot be found among the author's papers.* Nothing shall be neglected to discover it, and to hasten the period when the public may enjoy this interesting production.

The last work of Florian, is his translation of *Don Quixotte*. He worked at it, he said, in order to rest and unbend his mind, and to prove to Cervantes, that he had entirely forgotten the aversion he conceived against him in his youth. When a friend observed to him, that *Don Quixotte* had been read by all the world: that the passion he attacked not being now the fashion, would excite but little interest; he replied, that Cervantes being the best writer that Spain ever had, he should be better known. That those who had only read the translation of *Fil-laude Saint Martin*, knew him not at all; and that he hoped they would read his, which, on the whole, was only a free translation. As few writers have been more read than Florian, we trust his hopes will not be deceived. His translation will be brought forward with all possible despatch.†

The "private life of Florian," like the generality of men of letters, affords no incidents of any striking nature; he wrote it himself. It must have been interesting, for he related every thing in a pleasing manner, and knew how to stamp a value even upon trifles; but, this *Life* most probably was destroyed, and there is only one person to whom it was ever read.

Those who are not intimately acquainted with him, can form no idea of the difference between Florian in

company, and Florian in his study. When he found himself in a society of persons who were known to him, and amongst whom he was perfectly at ease, he yielded to the charms of conversation; and there was none more lively, more agreeable, more entertaining, than his own. When his spirits were a little elevated, he would make the melancholy laugh; on the other hand, where he was unacquainted with those present, or had no intimate acquaintance with them, he always appeared grave and serious. But even this very gravity, with those who knew him well, formed a singular contrast with his natural gaiety.

Such was Florian. Such was the man, amiable in his conduct as in his writings; dividing his time equally between friendship and study; ever ready to oblige; incapable of giving a denial; a stranger to every species of animosity. He retired to Seaux at the commencement of the revolution; and, solely employed in his solitude in literary pursuits, could it be supposed that envy would disturb the tranquillity of his days? would tear him from his peaceful thickets, and drag him to a prison? He had so little an idea of it, that his arrest came upon him like a thunderbolt. He felt uneasy when they said to him: "You are not at liberty;" and from that moment, felt that this trait of men's injustice, would conduct him to the tomb.

Posterity will with difficulty credit, that the author of *Estelle and Galatea*, living in rural retirement, surrounded by his books, should have given sufficient cause for his being hurried to a prison.

Amongst those various features which historians will cite, in order to characterize the epoch of the revolutionary regime, they will not fail

* Since the above was written, the MS. has been discovered, and printed at Paris. It is a beautiful tale, and, if possible, surpasses the *Death of Abel*.

† Florian's *Don Quixotte* has since appeared from the stereotype of Didot, at Paris. It is in six neat volumes, with twenty four plates, exquisite, though small. It is about to be translated into English.

to remember the arrest of Florian. There is something so very strange in it, and the consequences were so deadly, that it may not be unpleasing to detail the incidents. I find them stated in the rough copy of a memorial or petition, in the shape of a letter, which Florian wrote in prison to one of the deputies of his acquaintance. When I read it, I could scarcely check my tears. Those who will read it after me, will shed some too, if they are not quite destitute of feeling. I well know that many people will blame Florian, for not having evinced more firmness, and suffering himself, in some measure, to be overwhelmed and weighed down by the weight of the injustice; but if weakness of character is a fault, it is not always a crime. It springs from sensibility, and claims indulgence.

THE LETTER.

"*Citizen Representative,*

"You cherish, you cultivate, let-
ters; but liberty and your country,
still more. You require that the arts,
to whom you were a friend from in-
fancy, should be made useful to the
cause of the people, for whom you
wish to die. 'Tis on that title alone
I address you.

"Meditating for a long time back,
on amending the ancient history for
a national education, I acquainted
the committee of Publick Safety, of
my intentions, by a memorial I ad-
dressed to them. I spoke of myself,
in a moment, when a timid man, who
had the slightest reproach to charge
himself with, would have been only
anxious that he should be forgotten.
Calm and tranquil as to this step, I
laboured on in my retirement, and
had already finished several articles
upon Egypt, when a sudden order
of the committee of Publick Safety,
caused me to be put under a state of
arrest, in the prison of Port Libre. I
have now continued twenty days; to

say nothing of the long nights,
which differ only from the days
from the want of light, without
books, almost without paper—in the
midst of six hundred persons—in
vain calling to my assistance the
imagination I formerly possessed,
and finding nothing in its place but
sorrow and dejection.

"I wish, however, to be employed
—I have conceived the plan of a
work* which I think useful to the
publick morals. Even in my prison,
I have celebrated the hero of liber-
ty. I send you my first book: I ask
your opinion of it.

"If you are not of opinion that the
poem may strengthen, in the breasts
of the youthful part of the French
nation, the love of the republick,
and the respect for simple manners,
do not answer me: let me die here.
The alteration in my state of health
gives me hopes, that will soon be
the case.

"If your civism and your taste,
abstracted from all interest for me,
persuade you that my work should
be finished, speak to your colleagues
members of the committee of Pub-
lick Safety, and say to them—

"Of what can that man be guilty
who dreaded being shut up in the
Bastille for the first verses which he
wrote in the '*Vassal of Mount Ju-
ra*?'—who wrote before the Revolu-
tion, the eleventh book of *Numa*?—
and who since the Revolution, free,
unencumbered, without other for-
tune than his talents, which he
could transport to any clime, has
not, for an instant, quitted his coun-
try; commanded three years in the
National Guards; written many
books; and, in his collection of Fa-
bles, printed that of the *Monkeys and
the Leopard*?

"Can a writer of fables, a simple
shepherd, he who sang the loves of
Galatea and Estelle, can he be guilty
of a crime? The Lyre of Phœdra—
the Pipe of Gessner—too soft, no

* His poem of William Tell.

doubt, in the midst of warlike sounds, can they be displeasing to those who wish to establish freedom on the basis of morality? The linnet which warbled forth its notes near the Iernian Marsh, when Hercules engaged the Hydra, excited not the hero's wrath; nay, perhaps, when the victory was gained, he listened to it with the greater pleasure.'

"To these few words do I now, and shall reduce my sole defence. If they believe me guilty, let them judge me; but, if I am innocent, let them restore me to my liberty, to my writings, to my works now ready for the press, and which my confinement has prevented my putting the finishing hand to. Let them restore me to my pure and harmless life, and the desire of being still useful to my country."

It was thus that the mild and soothing voice of Florian, sought to strike the ears of those odious tyrants, who then held France in base subjection. The *ninth of Thermidor*, hastened the effect of the solicitations of Florian and his friends. He left the prison some time after that memorable day; and he hastened to leave Paris, to go and live quietly in the country. His chief object was to breathe a purer air, and make himself be forgotten. He had imbibed a degree of melancholy which rendered solitude more dear to him than ever. Whether it was that the idea of the injustice he had experienced, had preyed upon his mind so as to affect his health; whether it was that

the foul air and coarse food of the prison left the seeds of a dangerous malady; it was not long before he took to his bed, from which he never arose.

The tenour of Florian's life indicated a long career. His temperance and sobriety, gave hopes, that he would be a long time preserved to Friendship and to Letters. Although rather below the middle size, he was strongly made. His face was not handsome; but the serenity, the gayety which shone in it; his full black eyes, sparkling with fire, which gave an expression of animation to the *toute ensemble* of his countenance, rendered it striking and agreeable. He died at Seaux, in a small apartment which he occupied, at the Orangery, before he reached his fortieth year.

At any other time, the death of the author of *Estelle*, *Galatea*, *Numa*, *Gonzalvo*, and *William Tell*, would have been ranked amongst the most particular occurrences of the day. Poets would have written elegies upon his untimely fate; and the literary societies would have resounded with his eulogies, and bewailed the loss which learning had sustained. But, at the period when Florian died, men were wholly occupied with politicks and grief. Each had some personal tears to shed to the memory of murdered friends or kinsmen; and the death of Florian, scarcely noticed in a few of the journals of the day, was, with them, forgotten.

Causes of the Overthrow of the Spanish Monarchy. By the Rev. Joseph Townsend, M. A. Author of Travels in Spain.

THE events which have recently occurred in Spain have excited universal astonishment. Every one is solicitous to trace their progress, and to ascertain the cause, which has produced them. A mighty empire overthrown in the space of a few days, and the reigning family

carried captive by foreigners without resistance from the natives; are such events as are unparalleled in history.

What cause then can be assigned which is adequate to such effects? The cause is obvious:—bad government. This has ruined, in succes-

sion, all the mighty empires which have existed in the world, and will continue to do so till the end of time.

When a territory of contracted limits has been overrun by some powerful nation: this implies merely a physical inability to defend itself.— But when a widely extended country, well peopled, has been suddenly subdued, we have always been able to trace this ruin to its proper cause; bad government.

In Spain a former generation saw the country in the space of three years conquered by the Moors. It was at that time ill governed, disheartened, and disarmed: but, as the new comers governed well, it required more than seven hundred years of almost incessant war to drive them out. There can be no doubt, therefore, that to bad government we must ascribe this recent revolution.

The next question which occurs to be resolved, is, how Spain came to be worse governed than the surrounding kingdoms.

This subject requires some retrospect, some short investigation.

When the intolerable abuses of the feudal system, oppressive at once to subjects and to sovereigns, required reformation, the sagacity of statesmen led them to different expedients for relief. In one point they all agreed; they humbled the proud vassals of the crown, but suffered the power of the people to increase. Such was the policy of Henry VII. Of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Ximenes, and of Richelieu. Thus far all was well. But whilst in England our parliaments maintained their power, such national assemblies were laid aside in France and Spain. Indeed France retained her provincial parliaments, but these formed a feeble barrier against the encroachments of the crown. In Spain, from the days of Charles V. the Cortes were never suffered to assemble, excepting only once at the commencement of a

reign, to proclaim the title of the successor to the throne.

One additional cause of bad government was found in Spain.

When the reigning family was changed, and Louis XVI. forced his grandson upon a reluctant people, the Bourbon family thought it expedient to assemble the grandees round the throne, where, in fact, they were prisoners of state. Thus assembled, and divested of all power, they quickly degenerated and became perfectly useless to the state.

All these circumstances have been noticed in my Spanish travels.— Whilst Charles III. was living, the government, it must be confessed, was weak, but it was not oppressive. His understanding was such as to guide him well in the choice of his ministers, and every one was satisfied of his benevolent intentions. His successor was not so highly favoured. Of his heart I can say nothing; but every thing demonstrates the deficiency of his intellectual powers. Whilst I resided at Madrid, I went every day to court, and, solicitous to form some judgment of the destined successor to the throne, I constantly attended in the circle, where he conversed with his friends and the foreign ministers after dinner. Here it was not possible to mistake his character in point of understanding. His education and his habits had no tendency to remedy this defect; for the greatest part of his time was spent in the diversions of the field, and none appeared to have been allotted to the improvements of the mind.

When he returned from hunting, and when the weather prevented his sport, his occupations were such only as were suited to infancy.

After his accession to the crown his principal amusement in the depth of winter, at Madrid, was a *Nacimiento*, or representation of the Nativity. For this purpose, in a saloon of three hundred and sixty feet long were seen a mountain,

rocks, cascades, and verdant groves, Jerusalem and Babylon, a sea coast and ships, numerous images of angels, wise men, and shepherds, with the Virgin and the infant Jesus, all curiously wrought by the best artists of Italy and Spain. These were richly clad in modern style. The jewels of gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, with which he adorned these figures, were of inestimable value, and the camels attendant on the wise men were loaded with treasures.

The whole of this saloon was lighted by hundreds of lamps, concealed from the spectators.

During the twelve days of Christmas the king always spent his nights in this saloon. And here the grandees, ambassadours, ministers of state, and persons of distinction, were admitted to pay their compliments, each vying with the other in expressions of admiration at the wonders of his *Nacimiento*.

The principal artist was obliged every year to exhibit the powers of his imagination by some new plan.

When I was at Madrid I had the honour of being introduced to Sabatini, a distinguished architect, whose merit had been little noticed by the court; but this man, in the succeeding reign, having had the good fortune to give satisfaction to the sovereign, by the construction of a saloon for his *Nacimiento*, as a reward for his ingenuity he was made an admiral.

It must not, however, be imagined that Sabatini was to have the command of fleets upon the ocean. No: he was to be one of the admirals who commanded the little fleet upon the Tagus, with which the king amused himself during his vernal residence at Aranjuez.

From good authority I am informed that more than 30,000*l.* was every year expended on this childish plaything of the king.

Whilst he thus amused himself the cares of government devolved wholly

on the queen, who immediately on his accession to the throne took her seat in council by his side, attended whenever the ministers were admitted to an audience, and prior to their admission was informed of the business on which they came.

As long as Florida Blanca retained his power, his whole attention was directed to the wellbeing of the state. His virtue was rigid, his fidelity, inflexible. Intent on the improvement of the country, he allotted great sums to canals and roads; but not finding the publick revenue adequate to the demand for these important works, he suggested to the king that, for the publick good, other expedients should be resorted to; and when the dutchy of Alcudia escheated to the crown, he advised that the rents should be applied to expedite the finishing of the great canals.

His wise purposes were, however, frustrated, and this high dignity with its emoluments were given to a favourite of the court.

When I was in Spain this favourite was perfectly unknown. But soon after the death of the good old king, when a young Spaniard, a very intimate friend of mine, was about to visit England, and had taken leave of the royal family, his father, well acquainted with the secrets of the court, inquired of him if he had called on Manuel Godoy. No. Go then immediately, and ask for his protection. My friend obeyed the mandate of his father, and was most graciously received. This handsome young garde de corps was at dinner with some of the grandees, who doubtless foresaw his future greatness.

The house was his own, magnificently furnished, and the room in which he dined was decorated with the most elegant and costly trinkets. For some years this favourite of fortune was concealed from publick view; he had shone hitherto in the small circle of his friends. But now

the time arrived, when, by his sudden elevation, he was to attract the notice of the world. When Florida Blanca had requested that the revenues of the dutchy of Alcadia should be reserved for national improvements, he found himself thwarted in his purposes, and lamented to hear that this extensive territory was destined for a *Guardé de Corps*, attendant on the queen, who was to be created a grandee of Spain.

This he strenuously opposed in council, as illegal, and for a time prevailed. But finally, in spite of his remonstrances, the grant took place. To vindicate these grants the count de la Canada was employed, who had no difficulty in proving to the satisfaction of the court, that the family of Godoy was most illustrious; and, as such, justly entitled to the grandeeship in Spain. For this service he was created governour of the council of Castile, and thus the way was made plain for the triumph of the favourite. In the meantime, the people openly expressed their dissatisfaction; and on the 26th Feb. 1792, at night, the mob marked their indignation by attacking the house of the *Guarde de Corps*, which they are said to have totally demolished.

The next day, at two o'clock in the morning, count Florida Blanca received orders to depart immediately from Madrid, and to retire within the precincts of his own estate. He was, however, permitted, at his particular request, to take up his abode in a convent of monks at Ellin, a small village in Murcia, where he remained four months, at the end of which term, he was conveyed as a state prisoner to the castle of Pampluna.

Thus every obstacle having been removed, Manuel Godoy was created a grandee of the first class, and duke de la Alcadia, with a territory of about twenty thousand a year, to support his dignity. It was not thought expedient to make him the immediate successour to so intelligent a minister as Florida Blanca.

Count d'Aranda, was therefore, recalled from Paris, where he had been some years in honourable banishment, as ambassadour from the court of Spain.

On his elevation to this office of high dignity and power, his sagacity soon discovered that he was only *locum tenens* to another; and that other he endeavoured to remove. He took occasion, therefore, to extol the superiour talents of his rival, lamented the disadvantages he had laboured under in his youth, and recommended that he should travel for some years in Europe, after which he would return with such a stock of political wisdom as might qualify him for the highest employments in the state. The confidential friends of the young man were too much practised in the intrigues of courtiers to let him fall into this snare. Count d'Aranda was dismissed, and the duke of Alcadia became prime minister. Splendid honours were heaped upon his head, and every power of the state was put into his hands. He became *Sargento Mayor*, that is, inspector of the body guard, chamberlain and private secretary to the queen, commander in chief of all the forces, &c. From royal munificence he received coaches, horses, and jewels, of inestimable value; and whenever the king had a child born to him, the duke of Alcadia received some fresh token of his regard.

On one occasion, when the accoucher had delivered the queen, and was retiring, he saw displayed upon a table a quantity of gold, which filled him with astonishment because he could scarcely conceive that such a recompense was designed for him. In fact, it was not designed for him, but for the favourite, that he might participate in his sovereign's joy on this occasion. The sum was 80,000 ducats. At one of these seasons, the duke received the Cortijo, or royal farm, near Aranjuez, which I have particularly described in my travels, and which cost

the old king more than 200,000*l*. At the same time, to this was added, the best encomienda of Santiago, which required a vow of perpetual celibacy and chastity. Such gifts as these excited indignation, and the enraged multitude expressed the general sentiment in the subsequent placard, which was found on the walls of the palace at Madrid:—

*Si la Reyna tiene otro parto
Se queda sin corona Carlos quarto.*

Should the queen have another son, Charles IV. will remain without a crown. This indignation and disgust was not confined within the narrow limits of Madrid.

Whilst the duke of Alcudia displayed his omnipotence at court, every department in the state was occupied by some one of his creatures, whose chief recommendation, was attachment to his person.

For twenty years the queen had for her confessor a man of inflexible integrity, to whom, as a reward for his fidelity, was given a bishoprick, but with obligation to constant residence in his diocese. This he resigned that he might return to Madrid, where, however, he was not permitted to remain, being commanded to retire into the Asturias, his native country, that he might there enjoy tranquillity for the remainder of his days. On his retreat he was succeeded by *Muzquiz*, a confessor of distinguished talents, and much attached to the new favourite.

Acuna, a low bred ecclesiastick of neither talents nor literature, but a fortunate gambler, who occasionally lent money to Godoy, was first rewarded by a canonry of Santiago, one of the greatest dignities in Spain, and then appointed minister of grace and justice, an office which not only controls all the tribunals in the kingdom but governs the whole ecclesiastical system of the realm.

In November, 1792, the duke of Alcudia became prime minister, and

a few months after this, he took *Don Antonio Barradas* for his minister of war. This man had served with him as *garde de corps*, and became the confidential friend of Charles IV. Godoy, well aware of his influence, cultivated his friendship. Immediately on the death of Charles III. Barradas was rapidly promoted to be brigadier-general, then marshal, and knight of the order of Charles III. He received a gold key, and his wife became lady of honour to the queen. This man had acquired the friendship of the king, while prince of Asturias, by submitting with good humour when, as frequently happened, he was exposed to laughter by impertinent jokes and vulgar tricks upon his person, and by attending fairs to purchase horses for him whenever his services in the capacity of groom were wanted. By such base servility he ingratiated himself, and being a convenient person to the duke, he was amply rewarded for his fidelity to the confidence reposed in him; for without one good quality, which could recommend him to the office, he was appointed minister of war.

With such ministers as these, we must not be surprised, that Spain was unable to withstand the shock of revolutionary troops. All their armies were defeated, and the French generals were marching to Madrid.

The minister of war attributed their rapid progress, not to his own neglect, not to deficiency of men, nor to their want of spirit, but to his absolute inability to arm them. Barcelona, the Birmingham of Spain, was in the occupation of the enemy; and 50,000 stand of arms, which had been purchased in England, had been seized by the English minister, and sent to La Vendée, where they soon fell into the hands of Robespierre.

Unfortunately for the common cause, the facts were precisely as stated by the minister of war. I saw a letter from an officer in the Span-

ish army to my Spanish friend, then on a visit at my house, in which he lamented the want of arms; and the late sir Archibald Dixon informed me that he had landed, in La Vendée, 30,000 of the muskets which had been purchased by the Spanish minister in England.

In these circumstances the duke of Alcudia complained, that Spain was betrayed by her ally, and, no longer able to resist, he advised his sovereign to quit the coalition, and to make peace with France.

On this occasion splendid illuminations in every city testified the universal joy, and on the frontiers, between the contending armies, the populace, assembling, made bonfires with the implements of war.

This opportunity of acquiring popularity for the favourite was not to be neglected. The king, therefore, immediately granted him fresh honours, and, to coincide with the general sentiment of the nation, the title of the *Prince of the Peace* was fixed upon. To keep up a perpetual remembrance of this event, and to remind succeeding generations of the motives which induced the king to grant such a title to his minister, his majesty was pleased to send the subsequent mandate to the council of Castile:—

“ In consideration of the exalted qualities of Don Manuel Godoy Alvarez de Faria, Prince of the Peace, Duke of Alcudia, Grandee of Spain of the first class, Knight of the Orders of the Golden Fleece, of Charles III. of Malta, and of Santiago, Captain-General of the Royal Armies, Inspector of the Guardes de Corps, Counsellor and First Secretary of State, Chamberlain and Secretary to my beloved wife the queen, having in view the rank of his ancestors, his high employments, the distinguished services he has rendered me, the antiquity of his illustrious house, and the merit of his having established peace between this crown and the French nation; it was my pleasure, by my royal proclamation,

the 4th of this present month, to honour him with the dignity of Prince of the Peace, which title is to continue, and to be transmitted to his heirs and successors.

“ Anxious to give him a fresh proof of the satisfaction with which I regard his incessant attention to my service, it is my royal will and pleasure that his *coat of arms* shall acquire new dignity, by adding above his ducal coronet, the image of Janus, whose two faces are the symbol of his consummate wisdom in the present circumstances of publick affairs, a symbol of the prudent man, who, with native sagacity, examines the past, foresees the future, discerns the principles, causes, and connexions of things, anticipates effects, compares, with a discerning eye, times and events, penetrates the most recondite political secrets, discovers things before unknown, and reaches to the highest pinnacle of human understanding for the happiness of nations.

“ Now as Janus is the symbol of *Peace*, it is my royal will and pleasure that the bust of this false divinity shall indicate the title of the Prince of the Peace.

“ This image shall bear on its head the civic crown, with which the Romans rewarded merit to the preservers of peace.

“ It is also my royal will and pleasure that two other allegorical figures shall be added to his coat of arms, annulling, in the present case, whatever laws of heraldry appear to be contrary to this innovation. The figure on the right side shall be allegorical of Spain, whose left arm shall embrace the ducal coronet, and whose right hand shall bear a blue standard, with the arms of Castile and Leon.

“ The figure on the left side of the coat of arms, shall be a page, such as in former times, attended illustrious knights, carrying their coats of arms to the tournaments, houses of high distinction, and places of festivity. This

armour-bearer shall have upon his breast, the coat of arms of the barony of Godoy; and in his left hand a spear with a pendant, in which the different arms of the alliances of the house of Godoy, shall be represented. It is my royal will and pleasure, that the Prince of the Peace, on all publick occasions, shall be preceded by an armour-bearer, either on foot, on horseback, or in a coach. And for this office, the Prince of the Peace shall choose a person whose rank and character shall not disgrace the splendour of his arms.

"And although the supporters granted to noblemen are not hereditary, yet it is my royal will and pleasure that the supporters, which by these presents, are granted to the Prince of Peace, shall descend with his titles, and be used by his successors.—St. Ildefonso, 12th October, 1795. I, the King.

"To the Bishop Governour of the Council of Castile."

This curious proclamation I received from a Spanish friend of high connexions, in whose veracity I have the most perfect confidence.

What has been already stated, is sufficient to demonstrate, that the fond affection of the king for the Prince of the Peace, knew no limits. In the mean time, the people held him in supreme contempt. For, whilst he was thus rising to the highest pinnacle of power, they continued to paste their placards on the palace gates. Among these inscriptions was observed the following:

La Reyna lo quiere; el Rey tambien,
El Pueblo lo sufre, *arriba con el.*

The Queen is attached to him and not
less so

The King. The people submit to this:

Up with him.

An expression this, which children make use of on Good Friday, when they toss Judas in a blanket.

Not satisfied with disgusting all good subjects by such mad proceed-

ings, the royal family disgraced itself to the last degree, in the eyes of the whole nation, by going on pilgrimage to *Badajoz*, the place of Godoy's nativity.

A very intimate friend of mine was in their suite, and from him I learn, that the persons attendant on this expedition, were no fewer than 4,000, passing through a country where ten travellers could scarcely find subsistence. However, on this occasion, some little degree of modesty, some slight attention to the publick feeling, was observed, by declaring this pilgrimage was to the bones of S. Ferdinand of Seville.

We have seen this favourite rising from the condition of *Guarde de Corps*, to the highest offices of trust and power. We are next to view him as allied to royalty.

I have transiently mentioned, in my Spanish travels, that I met with the first cousin of Charles IV. at Toledo. The history of this family is most remarkable.

The Infant Don Louis, brother to Charles III. in consequence of a system observed in the royal family of Spain, as being a younger brother, was not permitted to marry, but was compelled, contrary to his inclination, to become an ecclesiastick, and that he might never think of abandoning this profession, the king, his brother, conferred on him the archbishopricks of Seville and Toledo. In order to bind him still more closely to the church, the pope created him a cardinal. But, as these dignities could not change his disposition, nor change the propensities of nature, he for a length of time, resisted being ordained a priest, and, when exalted in the church, he determined to give both his mitres and his hood in exchange for a wife. But although he repeatedly solicited permission of the king to marry, this favour was constantly denied him. Wearied at last by the restraint which this opposition imposed upon him, he assumed a resolute tone, to which the

king replied, that he should be permitted to marry, on condition, that he should not connect himself with any female who was either of the royal family, or allied to a grandee.

Don Louis, without loss of time, sent to the king a list of names of such ladies as were not prohibited; adding, that he accepted the permission with which his majesty indulged him, and that he would marry any one of those ladies whom his majesty should name. The king viewed this list with the utmost indignation, when he beheld the first name to be *Mallabriga*. For this young lady, celebrated for the beauty of her person, was daughter to a captain of infantry. In consequence of this indignation, the Infant Don Louis was banished for ever from the court, despoiled of all his honours, and deprived of authority even over his own domesticks. He obeyed in silence, wrote to the young lady, and, having received her consent to marry him, he left the palace the next day, and retired to Villaviciosa, where he had a palace, and where he resided fourteen years. Here he formed his curious cabinet of natural history, which occupied his time, and made him soon forget the society he left behind him at Toledo.

After his death, his children, a son and two little daughters, were taken from their mother and lodged in the palace of his successor, in the archbishoprick of Toledo, where I had the happiness to meet with them. The young prince appeared amiable, but had a certain degree of gloom upon his countenance, which only served to render him more interesting. He was just arrived from Villaviciosa, and was about twelve years of age. His sisters were lodged in a convent of nuns. The young prince was compelled to sign himself Mallabriga, and was not permitted to retain the name of *Bourbon*. Meek in his appearance, this youth was not destitute of spirit; and, therefore, whenever his attend-

ants at any time addressed him by the name of Mallabriga, he was apt to expostulate, and say that his name was the same with that of the kings of Spain and Naples.

He did me the honour to notice me, and was more particular in his attentions, because he was disposed to trace in me some personal resemblance to his father, and because he understood that my pursuits were the same with his.

After the death of Charles III. it was imagined that his son would have relaxed in the severity of treatment towards the children of his uncle; but his conduct was perfectly the reverse of this, being determined that this branch of his family should perish. In consequence of such a resolution, the young prince has been compelled to accept the archbishoprick of Toledo.

Who would ever have imagined, that one of these princesses should have been taken from a convent, and have been married to the prince of the peace!

This connexion, by opening views of boundless ambition, has proved his ruin, and may terminate in the extinction of that family which Louis XIV. seated on the throne.

Amidst the numerous evils which this favourite has brought upon the state, we must not overlook one service which may ultimately compensate for them all.

By immemorial custom, the king's confessor had been either a monk or an inquisitor, who, undoubtedly, were the most improper keepers of the royal conscience. When Jesuits were confessors to most of the crowned heads in Europe, every one conversant with history, well knows the political intrigues they cherished, and the persecutions they promoted.

The union of these two characters of inquisitor and confessor, by establishing an absolute dominion over the conscience of the monarch, gave the most firm support to the inquisitorial power in Spain. The

fact is certain, and the reason will be evident to those who know that confessors hold the keys of heaven and of hell.

When Charles IV. succeeded to the throne, in the very commencement of his reign, by the advice of his favourite, he issued a decree separating for ever the employments of inquisitor and confessor to the crown: and he took for his confessor an ecclesiastick, named *Camarcho*, a person universally esteemed for his moderation and his prudence.

This was a good beginning, and had the times been favourable, I have no doubt that he would have proceeded to restrain the power of that tribunal, or would have abolished it. As long as the inquisition shall remain, neither arts, manufactures, commerce, religion, nor morality, can prosper. The Moors in Spain were the principal agriculturalists, and the only manufacturers. The Jews were merchants. These were all expelled or burnt by that persecuting court. The good bishop of Oviedo, when he was lamenting the immorality which universally prevailed in Spain, comforted himself in the reflection, that his countrymen were wholly free from the charge of infidelity. I did not think it expedient to remind him that, whilst the French ran riotously after philosophick infidelity, other nations might quietly remain with all their faculties benumbed by the torpid infidelity of ignorance, and that both species were equally productive of immorality.

In Spain, the inquisition requires that all, who are come to years of discretion, shall receive the sacrament at Easter, and every person is obliged to deliver in a certificate of the place where the confession was taken, and the sacrament administered to him.

What is the consequence? Common prostitutes, at Easter, hasten from church to church, to confess, and to receive the sacrament, and

then proceed to sell these certificates to such persons, as, although immoral in their conduct, are not sufficiently impious to attend this sacred ordinance. Is it possible to conceive a more horrid profanation than such a sacramental test?

Should the present struggle between France and Spain, terminate in the restoration of the constitution to its original integrity, there can be no doubt that the Cortes will find it expedient to abolish the inquisition, and to invite foreigners, of all religious persuasions, to settle in the country.

As a friend to Spain, and a warm wisher for her prosperity, I please myself in the anticipation of her future felicity, when good government shall give security to person and to property; and, by establishing public credit, promote agricultural improvements through every part of the peninsula. Happy will it be for her, if, in the wisdom of her councils, she shall close her eyes against the false glitter of distant conquest and dominion, cultivate the arts of peace, finish her canals, give vent to her commodities, and find true wealth in the industry of her inhabitants, instead of seeking imaginary wealth in the gold and silver of Peru.

With the extensive territory, varied climates, and highly productive soil, which she commands at home, should she abandon her foreign possessions, by which she has been, is, and ever will be, enfeebled and impoverished; should she carefully avoid offensive war, and confine all her views and efforts to internal improvement, she will rapidly double and quadruple her inhabitants, she will increase in wealth, she will become invulnerable, and will enjoy uninterrupted peace.

In these circumstances, she will be resorted to, for traffick, by all the nations of the earth, and will be, in Europe, what China has been from remote antiquity in Asia.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—The preceding pages were intended as a preface to a new edition of my Spanish travels, and will be introduced if I should live to publish another edition of that work. This I, probably, shall never do, unless the times should be more favourable, in which case I shall pub-

lish, in quarto, with the numerous highly finished drawings I made in Spain; and the addition of such materials as I have since received from my Spanish friends.

I am, sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

THE late John Barlow, esq. of Rhodes, near Middleton, Lancashire, had a fine Newfoundland dog in his keeping, which, for many years, was a domestick in the family; the guardian of their property, and the constant companion of his master. The general hour of Mr. B's return in the evening, was known to *Toss*, who, on some occasions, was not permitted to accompany his master; yet as soon as the clock had struck *nine*, the anxious animal would no longer be confined, nor indulge himself on a warm hearth, but go in search of his master, and seldom failed to find, and to conduct his charge back one or two miles on the road. On week days, nothing was so gratifying to this sensible brute, as a walk with some of the family; particularly with Mr. Barlow. But, on Sundays, *Toss* knew his place, as well as the day. No artifice or temptation could then induce him to leave the house. His business was to guard the premises in the absence of the family; whether at home or abroad, by night or by day, the protection of *Toss* was considered as equal to a guard of armed men. Once, when Mrs. Barlow's maid was sent on an important errand, late in the evening, she was attacked by two brutal wretches, who might have accomplished their horrid purposes, had not *Toss* immediately seized one of the ruffians, and held him in extreme torture, till the other offered to desist from rifling the young woman, provided she would rescue his accomplice, by

calling off the dog; which she did, and so, through the courage and fidelity of her canine friend, she escaped whatever wickedness the villains had concerted.

The fondness and affection of this animal for his master, was almost unparalleled. If, in Mr. B's absence, any of the family would say: "*Toss*, your master is coming," he would immediately abandon even a delicate bone, in hopes to meet him; and if, at the time, he found himself cheated or deceived, he would growl, and show by his looks, that he was affronted. During Mr. Barlow's last sickness, the faithful creature could not be prevailed on to quit the bedside; and when he saw the coffin, which contained the remains of his beloved master, taken out of the house to be put into the hearse, his grief was inconsolable. This he manifested by howling, and by every sign of real grief. After this, *Toss* could never be so far deceived, as to be prevailed on to go and seek his master; and when told that he was coming, or desired to go and meet him, he would gently move his head, and, with a melancholy, significant look, silently reprove his deceivers. *Toss* never overcame this shock. The rest of his short and disconsolate life was spent in going the same rounds, in the neighbourhood, he had, in happier days, so frequently trod with his master; when, as it is supposed, (and as I firmly believe) grief put an end to his existence.

POETRY.

THE ORIGINAL BALLAD,

"GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME."

From which, it is presumed, Dr. Goldsmith derived the Idea of his

"Edwin and Angelina."

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of courtesy I thee pray—
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way,

"Unto the town of Walsingham,
The way is hard for to be gone,
And very crooked are those paths
For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled *thrice*,
And the way never so ill,
It were not enough for mine offence;
It is so *grevous*, and so ill.

"Thy *yeares* are young, thy face is *faire*,
Thy wits are *weake*, thy thoughts are
greene;
Time hath not given thee leave as yet
For to commit so great a *crime*!"

Yes herdsman, yes, *see* wou'dst thou say,
If thou knewest so much as I;
My wits, and *thoughts*, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I *seeme* to be,
My clothes and *sex* doe differ *faire*;
I am a woman, woe *is mee*!
Born to *greeffe*, and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill;
And though my *teares* will nought avail,
Most *dearely* I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere *colde bee*
Of *comely* mien and shape he was,
And *tenderly* he loved *me*.

When thus I *saw* he loved me well,
I grew so *proude* his *paine* to see,
That I, who did not know *myselfe*,
Though *scorne* of such a youth as *hee*.

And grew so coy, and nice to please,
As women's *lookes* are often *see*,
He might not *kisse*, nor hand forsooth,
Unless I willed him *see* to *doe*.

Thus being *wearyed* with *delays*,
To see I *pityed* not his *greeffe*,
He goes him to a *secret* place,
And there he dyed without *reliefe*.

And, for his sake these *weedes* I *weare*,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day I'll beg my bread,
To *undergoe* this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I'll fast and *praye*,
And ever will do till I *dye*:
And get me to some *secret* place,
For so did *hee*, and *see* will I.*

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
But keep my *secrets* I thee pray;
Unto the town of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.

"Now *goe* thy *wayes*, and God before,
For he must ever guide thee still;
Turn down the dale the *righte* hand *pathe*,
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well."

RESIGNATION.

[By T. Chatterton.]

1.

O GOD! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in this justice praise.
The mystick mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill,
But what th' eternal acts in right.

2.

O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.
If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy take the cause away.

* 'Twas so for me that Edwin did—
And so for him will I.

3

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
 Why dropping seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.
 But, ah! my breast is human still,
 The rising sigh, the falling tear.
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

4.

But yet with fortitude resigned,
 I'll thank th' Inflictor of the blow;

Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.
 The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirits steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my east, my sun, reveals."

Who that, recollects the dreadful fate
 of this astonishing boy, can feel less than
 an agony of sorrow, to think that these
 admirable sentiments did not ultimately
 prevail in his mind?

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

✂ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

Articles of literary intelligence inserted, by the Booksellers, in the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Hopkins & Earle, Philadelphia,
 Republished—Nubilia in Search of a Husband.

Letters and Reflections, of the Austrian Field Marshal Prince de Ligne.

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A Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government; including a View of the Taxation of the French Empire, and addressed to a Friend. By an American recently returned from Europe.

The Principles of Midwifery; including the Diseases of Women and Children. By John Burns, Lecturer of Midwifery, and Member of the faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. With Notes, by N. Chapman. M. D. Honorary Member of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, Member of the American Philosophical Society, and of the College of Physicians, Philadelphia, Lecturer on Midwifery and the diseases of Women and Children, Philadelphia, &c. &c.

By A. Finley & W. H. Hopkins, and others, Philadelphia,

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of the nature and use of logarithms; of numbers, sines, tangents, secants, and versed sines, with the manner of their formation. By George Douglas, teacher of Mathematics, author of a translation of the Elements of Euclid, and of the Art of Drawing in Perspective, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

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The works of the pious and learned Dr. Townsend will soon be published, in two octavo volumes, with a Life of the author, by Mr. Churton.

Mr. Bigland, author of Letters on History, is preparing a General History of Europe, from the Peace in 1783, to the present time.

A new edition, with improvements, of tables for Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, by Joseph de Mendoza Rioz, Esq. will shortly be published.

Miss Jane Porter, author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, has a romance in the press, under the title of The Scottish Chief.

The Rev. James Parsons has undertaken to publish the remaining Collections of the Septuagint, prepared by the late Dr. Holmes.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1810.

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.]

An Essay on Sheep, their Varieties—Account of the Merinos of Spain, France, &c. —Reflections on the best method of treating them, and raising a flock in the United States, together with Miscellaneous Remarks on Sheep and Woollen Manufactures. By Robert R. Livingston, L. L. D. President of the Society for the promotion of Useful Arts of New York, &c. &c. &c. Printed by order of the Legislature of the State of New York. New York: T. & J. Swords. 1809—Humphreys, Philadelphia.

TO the patriotick mind, few sights are more gratifying, than that of a man highly respectable for his learning, and for the political services he has rendered to his country, devoting the latter part of his life to the improvement of its agricultural and manufacturing interests. Such a character, is the author of the work now under consideration, and such are the employments of his age. Mr. Livingston has presented the publick with a very valuable work, on a subject but little attended to in the United States; and we entertain no doubt, but that a just value will be set upon his attempt to instruct the farmer and manufacturer, how to treat the invaluable Merino, and to prepare his fleece for manufacturing.

While Mr. Livingston was minister of the United States, in France, he sent over two pair of the finest Merinos he could find, which arrived in safety in the spring of 1802. In 1806, he submitted to the Society of Useful Arts in New York, two essays on the subject of Merino Sheep. They were received with a degree of attention, which exceeded his hopes—and the LEGISLATURE STEPPED FORWARD and seconded the ardour of the farmer by judicious encouragements.—“Finding him-

self frequently called upon for information, and being anxious to communicate all that his experience or inquiries had taught him upon the subject, as well as to keep alive the interest that he had happily excited in his fellow citizens, he believed that both might be effected, by the publication of a little volume, which should, in some sort, combine information with amusement; and, taken in connexion with what he had before written, serve as a kind of Shepherd's Manual; and point out to the rich and the poor, the easiest means of converting their flocks into Merinos; as well as the advantage that would accrue, both to themselves and their country, by the change.”

Mr. Livingston first gives some account of the natural history of sheep, and their varieties; which, however curious and entertaining, shall be passed over, for the purpose of dwelling longer upon the more practical parts. Upon the Merino, he remarks, that the race varies greatly in size and beauty, in different parts of Spain. It is commonly rather smaller than the middle sized sheep of America. Castile and Leon have the largest, with the finest coats. Those of Soria are small, with very fine wool. Those of Valencia,

which, like the last, do not travel, have fine wool, but of very short staple. He explains the reason for driving the sheep from one part of Spain to another, viz. for the purpose of procuring food; and gives a short detail of the *Mesta*, an abominable association, composed of rich and powerful persons, and some *Monks*, all proprietors of flocks; which, under the authority of government, made laws, and decided questions, relative to pasturage and flocks of sheep.*

After giving an account of the introduction of the Merino breed into France from Spain; the establishment of the national farm at Rambouillet; and taken a cursory view of English sheep, he notices the long woolled sheep of Mr. Custis of Virginia, and the Smith's island sheep of the same gentleman;† and then proceeds to the main subject of his work, p. 66. He remarks, with great justice and truth, that "the United States of America, appear to possess advantages in the breeding of sheep, which are unequalled by those of any part of Europe which he had seen." These he enumerates, and then observes, that the first object with the farmer must be, to adapt his breed to his soil and situation. Thus, near large towns, flesh is the object; on wet or marshy ground, with rich, luxuriant grass, large sheep, bearing combing wool, should be preferred; but for every other kind of pasture, a preference should be given to the MERINO BREED. From France, he says, the best stock may be more easily obtained; but probably, by this time, Mr. Livingston has had occasion to change his opinion; for, if we have been rightly informed, several Merino sheep which were on board one of

our publick vessels, and destined for him, were seized, and detained. It is now known too, that no Merino, upon any consideration, is allowed to leave France, without a *written permission* from the emperor Napoleon. The difficulty of obtaining this amounts almost to a prohibition; and this circumstance should teach us to prize highly, the stock of Merinos, which we already have among us.—But to return. Supposing the stock to be Merino, "ewes three years old, carrying the shortest and thickest coat, are to be selected, with the least hair on the hinder parts, and whose bellies are covered with wool. Next, provide a ram, possessing as much Merino blood as you can afford to purchase, broad in the chine and loins, deep in the carcase, straight back, ribs stout, so as to afford room for a large belly, well covered with wool, the forehead broad, eyes lively, testicles large, and if covered with wool, it will be an evidence of his taking after his sire. Let him be strong, close knit, and active. If the wool be thick, close, and greasy, full of yolk, and the breast and loins well covered with wool, you may rely upon his goodness.

"Supposing the ram to be half blooded, with the ewes described, he will give one fourth breed lambs, who will carry at least, one fourth more wool than your old stock, and this wool will not be worth less than fifty six cents per pound, if that of the ewes sold at thirty seven cents. The quality and quantity of the wool taken together, will nearly double the value of your fleeces in the first generation. Now let us see at what expense this advantage is purchased. The ram may cost \$12.

* The independent American farmer will learn with indignation, that this favoured body were authorized to compel cultivators to leave a road through their tilled lands, whatever the crop might be, of not less than ninety yards wide, for the purpose of giving a free passage to the immense Merino flocks, which traversed the country in search of food; and that proprietors of land, when they sustained damage, generally deemed it better to submit to loss, than to apply for damages; because, the expense of suit would greatly exceed any compensation they might recover.

† For an account of these the reader is referred to Mr. Custis's pamphlet.

The first year, if well kept, and not exhausted by too many ewes, five pounds of wool, worth one dollar per pound, as wool now sells; charge his keeping at one dollar and fifty cents; clear profit three dollars and fifty cents; that is thirty three per cent. on his original cost; so that instead of paying any thing for a ram which shall double the value of your stock, you have put only twelve dollars to a more advantageous interest than any other stock would have afforded. Suppose his original stock yielded him thirty six pounds, from which must be deducted the keeping, which will absorb the whole, his new stock being one fourth bred, will, in the increase and fineness of the wool, add, at least, thirty dollars more to it. Thus, for twelve dollars expended, he receives in eighteen months, when his lambs come to be shorn, thirty three additional dollars, and two fleeces from his ram, worth nine dollars more, and this all clear profit beyond the keeping of his sheep, which the old fleeces would but just have paid. But he should not stop here. The above profit upon his flock after the first year, and the price of his ram, which he should sell, will enable him to purchase a three fourth ram, say at twenty five dollars. Such a ram, with his one fourth breed ewes, will at once give him a half blood flock, and that without any expense; because he purchases him with the excess beyond what his original stock would have given him."

This is a plain statement of very plain facts; and Mr. Livingston asks with great reason: "Is there any farmer so blind to his interest as to breed any longer the common sheep of the country, when his flock may be so easily and so reasonably renovated? The intelligent American agriculturists will readily answer this question."

Mr. Livingston has found one ram sufficient for sixty or seventy ewes, and he has even known one to serve a hundred; but he thinks he was injured by it, and concludes, that

forty is the proper number. He very properly advises the farmer to provide shelter for his ewes in the winter, during lambing, and disapproves of the common practice of permitting the sheep to run about the barn door, as they will frequently be hurt by the cattle, and timid ewes be driven from their food; wethers should be kept by themselves. When his ewes appear to make bag, he feeds them with the best hay, cornstalks, turnips, cabbage, or potatoes; and once or twice in a day they have a handful of wet bran. This gives them a flush of milk when the lambs drop, for want of which many lambs are lost. When the snow lies, if not too deep, they should be led to water, and bushes of pine, cedar, or hemlock, given them. Once a week salt should be given to them. When two weeks old, mark the lambs to show the degree of blood they possess, to prevent any mistake either in selling the lambs or in breeding from them. "Should any deformed or lame lambs be found in the flock, or any killed by accident, strip off the skin from such lamb, and cover with it either a twin lamb or the lamb of a young ewe who does not appear to be a good nurse, and shutting up the ewe that has lost her lamb, she will generally take it as her own. Should she refuse, she must be held for a day or two, when she will adopt it." Early lambs are to have fine hay and bran, or any succulent food. In April or May, when the sheep refuse hay, owing to their tasting grass, potatoes, rutabaga [Swedish turnip] parsnips and carrots are to be given, or the second growth clover which had been left uneaten the preceding year; or, still better, they may be turned in on rye sown for the purpose early with a double portion of seed. In summer, horses and sheep will feed together, but not horned cattle. Sheep, he has remarked, are fond of the daisy, as a change. Mr. Livingston notices the prejudice of the people of Europe, except Eng-

land and Holland, respecting the injurious effects arising to sheep, from feeding while the dew is on the grass, and justly attributes the opinion to the shepherds who wished to abridge their labour as much as possible, by keeping up the sheep until the dew was sublimed. In England, he remarks, sheep are out night and day. In America, they feed with most avidity when the dew is on the grass.

Mr. Livingston objects to the practice of washing Merino sheep before shearing. Their fleeces are so thick as to render it impossible to cleanse them on the sheep's back. Colds and fatal purgings are often induced by the practice. Shearing is to be performed in warm and settled weather. As Merinos never shed their wool, like all other sheep, the farmer is not compelled to shear at an inconvenient season. In preparing wool for spinning, the various sorts are to be kept separate; and they should not be kept long on hand without washing, as it is liable to spoil. Numerous other remarks are made, on shearing; and on circumstances likely to affect the health of the sheep; on castrating, docking, marking and weaning lambs; all of which are highly important, and deserve the serious attention of the farmer.

On the subject of the degeneracy of the Merino breed of sheep in the United States, Mr. Livingston speaks confidently. A ram of last spring, out of an imported ewe, is not only of uncommon size and beauty, but his fleece finer than any he has seen; and is also long and abundant, having weighed nine pounds 6 ounces.* The common opinion that fine wool is only to be met with in Spain, is highly absurd. The wool of Rambouillet (the national farm of France) is finer than that imported from Spain; and Dr. Parry makes the same re-

mark of the Merino wool of England. After the fourth generation no difference is to be discerned between the fleeces of the descendants and the original stock: *"It follows then, that any farmer may, in the space of six or seven years, convert his common flock into Merinos, with this great advantage; that during the whole of his progress he is annually adding to the value of his fleeces, and selling off old sheep instead of lambs,* thus reimbursing himself for the expense of his ram, which is the only extra expense he has sustained; and he is also parting with a number of male lambs, at a higher price than he was accustomed to receive from those of his old stock. Supposing the flock to consist of fifty ewes, and fifty wethers and rams, and that thirty five are sold yearly, the clear profit will be seventy dollars upon one hundred sheep. A half blood flock will bring, in the increase of quantity and value of the fleece, one dollar and more upon each sheep† even counting the sales of lambs at the rate of common sheep. The second year, then, the purchaser of a ram will receive one hundred and seventy dollars profit, instead of seventy. When the flocks are three fourths bred, his wool will rise to eighty one cents the pound; and this will give a profit of one dollar and fifty cents per head, beyond the value of his old fleece, or one hundred and fifty dollars added to the price of sheep sold, at seventy, bringing his profit to two hundred and twenty dollars, clear of all expense. When his flock consists of seven-eighths bred sheep, his wool will rise to one dollar and twenty five cents per pound. Supposing the fleeces of his ewes and wethers, taken together, to weigh three and a half pounds, his flock will bring him, after deducting all expenses, which I rate at one dollar and fifty cents per head,

* This wool could be sold in New York, for two dollars per pound.

† "The difference of profit between the half bred and the common sheep, at Mr. Livingston's last shearing, was two dollars and six cents per head."

two dollars and seventy five cents each, exclusive of lambs, that is, two hundred and seventy five dollars, which added to the sheep sold, seventy dollars, makes a clear profit of three hundred and forty five dollars annually. When his flock are full bred, he will receive two dollars per pound for his wool, which at three and half pounds the fleece,* will give him seven dollars per head, or deducting the keeping, five and a half dollars; that is five hundred and fifty dollars, added to sheep sold, seventy, making an annual profit of six hundred and twenty dollars, instead of seventy, which his common sheep would have brought him." This statement, which on the very face of it carries conviction, would appear sufficiently encouraging to the farmer, to lose no time in changing his stock. But Mr. Livingston goes further, and says, that in the above statement, nothing is allowed for the increased value of the lambs sold, lest it should be said, that no sale may offer for them. "This, however, is an error. In a country so rapidly increasing as ours, and which does not grow one fifth of the wool necessary for its own consumption, there will be a demand for lambs for at least twenty years, at an advanced price, so that I have no hesitation in saying, that the profit upon the lambs will be more than equal to that of the wool. To state the account fairly then, the annual profit should be doubled. Provided the farmer sets out with the best stock, and takes care to breed only from good ewes, he will find demand for any number he may wish to part with." Neither will the price of wool fall. Because, "besides our own, there will be a foreign demand. This wool now sells in England at seven shillings and three pence sterling."†

Mr. Livingston then proceeds to show by a detail of the numerous

expenses attending the importation of British cloth, that they amount to but little short of cent. per cent. and asks "what an immense saving to the United States, to cultivate a breed of sheep which will furnish materials for an article on which they now pay one hundred per cent. But how much greater will be the profit, if he manufactures his wool into fine cloth for the market? I will venture to say, that cloth of ten dollars the yard, may, in this way, be made, superiour in quality to British cloth, for three dollars per yard, of seven quarters wide, and give the farmer a profit of three dollars per pound for his wool, after allowing one dollar as a commission to the shopkeepers who sell the cloth." These facts are certainly very encouraging.

"To those who are unacquainted with Spanish wool, it may be proper to mention the manner in which it should be treated, before they attempt to convert it into yarn. First, it should be carefully sorted; that on the neck, shoulders, back, and sides, is the finest; that on the rump is almost equally as fine in the full bred sheep, but not in the mixed breeds; the thighs and belly, the top of the head and forelock furnish a third sort. When sorted, it should be put into a vat, and pressed down, so as not to float when covered with water. In this state the vat should be filled with clean soft water, mixed with one third urine, and left to soak for about twelve or fifteen hours, or longer if the weather is cold. A cauldron is then put on the fire, with a portion of soft water, and to this is added two thirds of the water that covers the fleece; when it is so hot that the hand cannot bear it, the wool is to be taken in convenient parcels, and put in an open basket, moving it about gently, so as not to twist it, for the space of two or three minutes; it is then suffered to drain into the caul-

* Mr. Livingston's averaged upwards of five pounds the ewe's fleece.

† The last price quoted from London, is twenty six shillings. Superfine cloths are twelve dollars per yard in Philadelphia. Ray.

dron, so as not to carry off the water; and when the whole is washed, it must be cleansed in running water. If the water in the cauldron gets too foul, it must be thrown away, and replenished with more liquor from the vat. This mode of washing preserves in the wool a certain portion of its grease, which makes it spin easier. When washed, it may either be dried in the shade (the sun rendering it harsh, if too hot) or what is better, it may be pressed in a cider press, which dries it much quicker. When quite dry, it should be laid upon cribbles, and beaten with a brush of rods, which softens it, and takes out a great proportion of the dust and hay seeds. It is then picked carefully, not as common wool is, but by opening the flocks, which are in some measure, tied together at the ends, and taking care not to break the wool to pieces. To fit it for spinning, it should be greased with neat's foot oil, and carded with cotton cards; wool cards being too coarse; and, except the carding mill is particularly fitted for it, and perfectly clean from common wool, it will run into knots, and be spoiled if carded in it. For domestick manufactures, from Spanish wool, I would therefore recommend the carding at home by hand." From experiments, Mr. Livingston is inclined to believe, if it is carefully picked, so as to leave no hay seeds in the wool, and to open it perfectly before it is carded, that the finest thread may be made of unwashed wool. The yarn should not be washed before it is wove; the grease adds to the strength, and renders it unnecessary to size the warp, as is usually done; more allowance should, however, be made for shrinking.—Merino wool, he adds, must not be carded too much; and "the warp and the woof must be spun in contrary directions, as both open a little; and the object of fulling is to unite the ends of the wool, so as to raise the knapp. If they untwisted the same way, they would unite less

than if they met each other. This operation is effected by spinning the one with an open band, that is, a band that turns the spindle in the same direction with the wheel, the other with a cross band, which turns the spindle in a contrary direction. The woof must be spun as loose as possible, and a fourth of the weight of wool used in spinning it; for the warp one eighth will answer. Coarse wool requires but little grease.

In a "Miscellaneous Chapter," Mr. L. gives the appellative of the sheep a kind of technical language, universally adopted in England, and certainly attended with use. Some remarks follow on *gestation, lambs at a birth, choice of rams, folding, signs of health, season of lambs falling, food, use of salt*; and closes with Coolly's table of British sheep. In an appendix, he gives a short description of the diseases of sheep, which he has witnessed in New York, with their method of cure. The number is very small, but few as they are, they deserve the serious attention of the sheep farmer. He also gives the method of bleeding sheep, with a scheme by Dr. De Witt, for transmuting a flock of one hundred common ewes, and their issues, into Merino sheep. The work closes with a very interesting table of the last sheep shearing of the author, and with the profit and loss. This table has already been very generally circulated by means of the newspapers; having formed part of a publick letter, from Mr. Livingston to Dr. Bard; but was, unfortunately, very incorrectly printed. By the table as now given, it appears that the loss upon each head of common American sheep, per year, is three cents, while the gain upon the half bred ewes is two dollars; which increases in proportion to the depth of the blood, until it amounts to the large sums of \$ 17 25, 16 50, and 11 50, for the full blood.

Upon the whole, the work has afforded us the highest satisfaction, and we hope it will be universally

read by all farmers. The legislature of New York has done itself great honour by printing it at the expense of the state; and we pray that so wise an example may be followed by

all those legislatures which, although composed principally of farmers, have hitherto done but little to promote the all important cause of agriculture.

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.]

Letters supposed to have passed between M. De St. Evremond and Mr. Waller, collected and published by Doctor Langhorne. To which is prefixed, a biographical Sketch. 12mo. Coale and Thomas, Baltimore, 1809.

THE writer of the introduction to this collection, intimates the forgery of the hitherto supposed letters of lord Littleton. We are disposed to agree in this opinion. Lord Littleton never composed letters for the publick; and in these, the elaborate elegance of the style and accuracy of diction, are marks of the *time labor* too manifest to escape the most undiscerning. There seems to be no question that they were prepared for the publick eye. Yet, how happily has the author imitated those flashes of fancy and scintillations of wit, together with that loose and libertine strain of discourse for which this youthful lord was distinguished and reproached! Such is the airy and sprightly manner, and such the easy and familiar grace with which these letters are adorned, that in reading them we flatter ourselves with having gained the nearest possible approach to the character and heart of the author. We are made acquainted with the errors of his understanding and the misguided fervour of his passions. The lively interest excited in the reader has power almost sufficient to disarm the stern reproof of the critick, and to silence the more serious remonstrances of the moralist. There was a boldness of eccentricity in the manners and principles of lord Littleton, that dazzled and captivated. We are surprised to find the total absence of religious principle accompanied by powers of fascination, which can

throw a veil of elegance over the deformity of impiety. To detect and substantiate then the imposture of these letters will be to rob them of a secret and powerful charm. Yet, we feel no hesitation in saying, that should the forgery be clearly and indisputably established, they will, notwithstanding, continue to be read as patterns of lively wit and exquisite composition. To the young, these letters are peculiarly dangerous. If the Circæan smile of pleasure is of itself capable of enchanting them beyond resistance, what must be the force of its fascination when aided by the charms of genius and wit? To those in whom age and reflection have tempered the ardour of the passions, these letters will be a further confirmation of a truth they may have gleaned from a knowledge of mankind, that great elegance and refinement of mind and brilliancy of accomplishment, are often employed to disguise the darkest and most detestable principles in the heart.

The letters of St. Evremond and Waller, are avowedly the production of Dr. Langhorne. They are, therefore, ushered into the world with a less auspicious introduction. Whatever respect may be entertained for Dr. Langhorne, as a writer, few are inclined to believe that the grave translator of Plutarch possessed the fine imagination of Waller, or the sprightly wit of St. Evremond. The fascinating spell is broken at the commencement. We do not expect

to find what St. Evremond and Waller actually wrote, but what they might or perhaps would have written. Concerning the claim this kind of writing has to be ranked among the legitimate species of composition, we have some doubts. At this period of literature, the arts of writing have become so universal an accomplishment, and knowledge and information so very nearly stationary, that many have availed themselves of the stratagem of seeing a short lived fame through the medium of imposture. This spirit of falsifying has also gone forth among the regions of poetry. Macpherson, Mickle, and lord Strangford, have come into notice, under the convoy of Celtick and Portuguese colours. Having got once fairly before the publick view, they have maintained that post and supported their claim to admiration, by the high merit of their performances. The *Lusiad* of Camoens has some passages of force and majesty. But the general strain of that poem borders on a dry and inanimate simplicity. Under the rich embroidery of Mickle's fancy, however, the rudeness as well as the character of the Portuguese bard wholly disappears. Lord Strangford has ventured before the publick with more effrontery, and has impudently cited the first words of every sonnet and canzonet he has translated, and thereby invited detection. We cannot, however, regret the dissingenuousness of these two poets which, instead of bald and meagre translations, has presented us with masterly and original poems. But should the present rage for ideal translations and epistles increase, we may expect soon to be presented with complete versions of all the Icelandick and Scandinavian poets, and in reading the correspondence of two distinguished wits, who flourished before the building of the ark, be surprised to find ourselves introduced to the acquaintance of a circle of *beaux, esprits and fashionables*, who maintained the polish and eti-

quette of some antideluvian court. In this age, when the vestibule of the temple of Fame is crowded with votaries of every character and description, it may be allowed to one or two happy geniuses to deviate from the high road that leads to its entrance, to snatch a chaplet which others had not dared to contend for. But frequent departures from the customary and established modes of writing produce a vitious and corrupted taste, and have a tendency to mislead the unskilful and uninformed. They substitute a fallacious standard in place of just and approved models of composition, and withdraw the attention from beauties of a permanent lustre, to fix it on such as are false and transient.

Let us then review the letters, and see if their vindication can be established on their intrinsick merits. Besides the disadvantage of appearing as the avowed productions of Dr. Langhorne, these letters are subjected to another inconvenience, the difficulty, in one writer, of sustaining two characters, and preserving them distinct throughout a series of epistles. This not only requires a thorough conception of the force and delicacy of expression, but also strong powers of discrimination, and a lively perception of those distinctive shades of character, which are not obvious to ordinary intellects. When the author too is avowedly known, it subjects him to the appearance of egotism; for what else are those compliments which Waller and St. Evremond mutually exchange, and of which they are so lavish. This obstacle the author of Littleton's Letters (if they are a forgery) had not to encounter in his road to fame. Industrious to exhibit only one character, he has caught the very passions and sentiments of the mind whose character he designed to portray. He stood at no hazard of mingling his colouring, or of giving a homogenous tint and complexion to a double piece.

The characters of Waller and St.

Evremond, are sustained with skill and propriety. We can, in some measure, perceive their national distinctions, and can trace the gay, fantastick Frenchman in St. Evremond, and the thoughtful Englishman in Waller. About this time, too, the manners and principles of the courts began to be brought near the same standard; the same polish and elegance of behaviour, the same refinement of wit, the same contempt of religion characterized both. A recurrence, therefore, of the same ideas, and a coincidence of thought and sentiment, from more than one cause, are to be expected on both sides of this correspondence. Minds cast after the same mould, like those of Waller and St. Evremond, harmonize in all their antipathies and prepossessions. They are bound together by kindred ties, and connected by a secret and unalterable sympathy.

Edmund Waller, one of the finest poets and geniuses of his time, was born in March, 1605. The first part of his life was remarkable for a feat of gallantry in which he displayed some spirit and address. He also early embarked in politicks, not with that success, however, which might have left his character fair and unimpeached. The pusillanimity and weakness he manifested on one occasion, nothing but his shining talents as a wit could have prevented from covering his name with perpetual dishonour. He was the author of a plot in which he basely deserted and betrayed his associates. Chesterfield, speaking of his manners, says they were contemptible, and that he always spoke with a silly and disgusting grin upon his countenance. This, says he, to those who were unacquainted with Mr. Waller's endowments, gave him the air of an idiot. Concerning the cloud of infamy which obscures Waller's political character, we may observe that those who are beloved by the muses are seldom calculated to shine in the cabinet and council. Camoens wield-

ed the sword and the pen with equal success, but we have never found the politick and intriguing mind of a Mazarine united with the wit and fancy of a Cowley. There seems to be a fatal incapacity for a busy and active life attendant on all born with a highly poetical turn of mind. To repose in the shades of some sequestered forest and listen to the murmurs of its fountains; or to be rapt by the enchantment of fancy into the ideal retreats of Armida, constitute the poet's sole delight. That illusive sensibility which enables him to paint to the passions, and to rule imperiously the sympathies of the heart, is the source of those errors that mislead his understanding. Some of the highest favourites of Apollo have been the victims of shame and misfortune. Dwelling in the emporium of poetry, they are too much transported by the intoxicating *afflatus* of the god, to look down from their elevation, on humble and terrestrial objects.

Waller complimented the usurper, though he detested him in his heart, and exhausted his remaining stores of panegyrick in congratulating Charles the Second, on his restoration. Being told by that monarch that his praise of Cromwell surpassed his congratulatory address, he replied: "Poets succeed best in fiction." To this eulogium on Cromwell, St. Evremond alludes in his second letter.—

"What arts of ingenious blandishment were exerted to sooth the usurper, and to soften the idea of usurpation! I remember that the finest poet of the age lent his persuasive powers to effect these purposes. I own, I do not envy the reputation he acquired by it, when I consider that there are, in the next world, such people as *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus* and *Eacus*."

Had the easy and voluptuous Charles been endowed with the vindictive spirit of Sixtus Quintus, or of some of his predecessors, he would for ever have incapacitated the poet for future libels or panegyricks. Waller, however, escaped

with impunity, and was permitted to increase the galaxy of wits that shone around the person of that gay and facetious monarch, and truly not a more dazzling star gilded the hemisphere of his brilliant court. Waller was a great refiner of the English language, and among the first who improved the structure and cadence of its verse. He subjected its rude genius to the laws of just and harmonious metre, and evidently led the way to that style of poetical numbers, which we find developed in the versification of Dryden and Pope. For those who are anxious for a specimen of his poetical talents, we select the following lines, not more remarkable for the harmony and numerousness of the verse, than for the delicacy and propriety of the thought.

On my lady Isabella playing on the lute.

"Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch!

So unconcerned herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits
reigns?

The trembling strings about her fingers
crowd,

And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them
tremble so;

Touched by that hand, who would not
tremble too?

Here love takes stand, and, while she
charms the ear,

Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer:
Musick so softens, and disarms the mind
That not an arrow does resistance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, sur-
veyed,

His flaming Rome, and as it burned, he
played."

The heart and genius of Waller is strongly stamped upon some of these epistles. They have that pensive and melancholy cast of thought which gave so much delicacy and sweetness to his poetry. Sometimes his fancy blazes with the fire and rapture of ecstasy, as in the following:

"I never think of the glorious fate of ancient genius, without a sigh that rises from the most sensible part of my soul. You have an expression in your language, *Je meurs D'envie*, which is descriptive of it. To be carried down the current of time, my St. Evremond, undestroyed by the wrecks of two thousand years! To have our best productions, the productions of the mind, confirm and maintain their existence in the souls of surviving ages, when our ashes have been so long the sport of winds, that even the winds cannot find them. Heavens! what glory is in the hope! my soul is on fire at the prospect! The spirit of this ambition is irresistible! It is enchantment! It is magic!"

In the twenty second letter are discovered symptoms of that fatal sensibility, which diversifies the poet's life with the dreams of Elysium, or the pains of distress. Waller died on the 21st October, 1687.

Charles de St. Denis de St. Evremond, descended from an ancient and illustrious family of Lower Normandy, was born at St. Denis le Guast on the 11th of April, 1613. He early devoted his talents to the profession of arms, and served under the prince of Condé, and others, in several important campaigns. As the pursuits of war and gallantry are usually associated in Frenchmen, the softness and repose of a court-life were not more congenial to his feelings than the tumult and asperities of the camp. He could freely exchange the blandishing charms and alluring smiles of pleasure for the hardships of "grim visaged war." His character reminds us of these lines in the *Henriade*:

"De courtisans Francois tel est le caractere

La paix n'amolit point, leur valeur ordinaire

De l'ombre du repos, ils vont aux hazards;
Vils felleurs a la cours, heros aux champs
de Mars."

In these letters, however, St. Evremond appears to be more of the Sybarite than the soldier.

"When I had done with making war, I betook myself to making songs and making love. When they would no longer let me

fight in France, I sat down to write verses in *England*, and took up the *belle passion* for the sole end of inspiring and embellishing my poetry.

"If the delight I have experienced in the cultivation of a successful amour, has not been equal to that of a general after victory, neither was it attended with those painful reflections, which the very means and circumstances of conquest, must give to a mind that has the least sensibility. For my part, when I bore arms, though I never went into the field of battle without pleasure, I never quitted it without tears. A strange, ferocious kind of joy that must be, which arises from beholding the bodies of the brave, either in death or in chains.

"I found, in the refined philosophy of wit and gallantry, in the religion of love and beauty, and in the conversation and favour of the most distinguished persons of the age, materials of happiness sufficient for the whole circle of time."

When Charles II. was restored to his throne, St. Evremond, attended the embassy of the count De Soissons, to the court of that prince. Here he contracted an intimacy with some of the most conspicuous of those who figured in that gay and voluptuous court. His vivacity and accomplishments attracted admirers and gained him friends, of whose liberality and friendship he was destined soon after to avail himself. Though beloved in the army and at court, St. Evremond, not long after his return to France, became the victim of adverse fortune. He had the imprudence to draw upon himself the vengeance of the cardinal Mazarine, from whose resentments he was forced to become a fugitive and an exile. England presented an assylum from persecution, and, in the society and conversation of his former acquaintance, he found that species of solace which is the most healing charm that can be applied to the wounds of misfortune.

It was during this period of his life, that a correspondence between him and Waller is supposed to have taken place.

"In the language and memory of those few friends," Dr. Langhorne has made him to say, "I have in France, I am still *pauvre*

St. Evremond! comment malheureux! You will be happy, when I assure you, that, whatever I might once have wished, there is not one of these compassionate persons with whom I would change my station."

He died at the age of ninety, in September 1703, and was interred at Westminster abbey.

From what we have remarked in these letters, the reader may be enabled to form some judgment of their merits. We shall, therefore, dismiss them, after pointing out and citing some passages which struck us in the perusal, and which appear worthy of note. In the 6th letter, the character of *Hobbs* is described, and some observations added on the genius of his philosophy. The violent condemnation pronounced on sincerity, in the 8th letter, is justly ascribed to the man who complimented Cromwell, and afterwards made his court to Charles II.—The 12th letter of Waller is employed to reanimate his friend, and to console him on the subject of his banishment.

"To be reconciled," says he, "implicitly to every event, and to pass through life without anxiety or disappointment, is certainly a most valuable effect of philosophy. This is the object of your ambition, and this is what you will learn from me. No, no, St. Evremond, do not deceive yourself. You would not be without your anxieties; you find a charm in your disappointments that flatters your vanity, when you consider the hardships of suffering merit, and your misfortunes serve to show us how elegantly you can complain.

"Would you loose the pleasure of painting to the dutchess of Mazarine, in such delicate colours, your mutual misfortunes; would you be deprived of the honour of being a fellow sufferer with such a woman? A similarity of sufferings makes people friends."

The 14th letter commences happily:

"The charms that bound *Proteus*, and compelled him to prophecy, could not be more powerful than that you have found out to make me philosophize. For as *Proteus*, though, possibly, something more of a god, was not by your account, more volatile than myself, nothing less than the

magick in the name of Mazarine could have fixed me to the sober point of philosophy."

The 15th, 16th, and 17th letters, contain a sprightly attack and defence of the sex. In the succeeding, the character of Cowley is given with much warmth of panegyrick, and some remarks of a pleasing kind added in the poetical uses of the heathen mythology. The 20th letter announces the death of the dutchess of Mazarine. This lady, in whose praise St. Evremond was so lavish, was gifted with every attractive accomplishment. Her house was the resort of wit and elegance, and it was in her society that the unfortunate Frenchman found a refuge from all those tender remembrances which, in early life, had been impressed indelibly upon his heart. His letter breathes the deepest, and most sincere affliction; and is a specimen of that feeling mode of writing to which every bosom is made to respond. In the 24th letter St. Evremond strikes a melancholy chord:

"Oh Waller! what destruction of the human species have you and I lived to behold! What havock of our cotemporaries, of our friends! Of what miserable times, do we stand the melancholy monuments!—The storm that tore up the forest still left our solitary trunks unbroken!—To what purpose?—To drop the tears of pity and anguish on the ruins that lie beneath us!"

In the 26th letter, Waller suggests his intention of relinquishing the pursuits of poetry; and in the concluding part writes after the following manner to his friend:

"It is not many years since I attempted some poems on divine subjects; thinking those most suited to my age and condition. But I cannot boast of success, not even of satisfaction in those performances. They may be pleasing to devout minds; but there is something wanting. It is the *vis ingenii*, the vigour of imagination and expression that has failed. You will consider these frank acknowledgments as an unanswerable apology for the silence of what you call my *musæ*. Yours are of a

more elastic kind; and, like the nymphs of your country, they will dance till they die."

The criticisms on Milton's *Lycidas* displays feeling and judgment. This poem, the most beautiful perhaps of the pastoral kind which our language furnishes, Dr. Johnson speaks of with coldness and disrespect. But Johnson was insensible to the exquisite touches of pathos and tenderness. Waller bestows cold and reluctant praise on *Paradise Lost*, but speaks feelingly of *Lycidas*. The truth is, not only *Paradise Lost*, but all the minor poems of Milton were undervalued in Waller's time. Nor is it supposed that age which delighted in the quaint and affected conceits of Cowley could have relished the force and majesty of *Paradise Lost*, or the simple charms of *Lycidas*. No reader that is fond of the humorous can pass over the 33d and 40th letters. The 37th, is a letter of St. Evremond to the dutchess of Mazarine, dissuading her from a monastick life, to which are added some stanzas on the same subject. The last letter contains some sprightly remarks on monastick institutions. We do not assent to the applause given to Henry the eighth. Whilst we acknowledge the beneficial effects resulting from the abolition of monasteries in England, we cannot help detesting the tyrant who laid a rapacious hand on the property of others, and who, alike insensible to the pleadings of justice and humanity, reduced a useful and unoffending body of men from affluence to beggary. That St. Evremond was not an open and avowed infidel, we readily admit. He did not, like Voltaire, preach the dogmas of the anti-christian system, with the vehemence of a sectary. He was a philosopher and his mind was equally free from the intolerance of a bigot, or the unholy zeal of an infidel; but he was certainly at bottom, a free thinker. No blame, therefore, can attach to Dr. Langhorne, for

tincturing some of these letters with the principles of natural religion. In that addressed to the dutchess of Mazarine, there is much of the reasoning and cant of a *forte esprit*. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive, that Waller too might have been infected with principles which had become contagious from the examples of some men of shining talents, and which will always be fashionable among the inhabitants of a voluptuous court. Accordingly, in the letter on Hobbs, the utility of scepticks and infidels is suggested, not only in stimulating inquiry and promoting knowledge, but in benefiting religion and morals. Of whatever service scepticism and doubt may be to the interest of science, we are not inclined to think them equally beneficial to the cause of religion and morality. Christianity is not a theme for ingenious speculators. It is addressed to the heart, and finds in every well constituted un-

derstanding, a ready explanation of all its precepts, duties and ordinances. The refinements and doubts of reason, are as adverse to morals as the blindest and most implicit credulity. It is never safe to commit our duties to doubt and speculation. Doubt begets disobedience, and in the train of disobedience follow those vices, crimes and passions, which rend asunder the ligaments that bind society together.

On the whole, though these letters are, in some respects, inferior to those ascribed to lord Littleton, they are not unworthy of being ranked with them in the merit of composition. The wit and humour they contain, are sometimes *recherché* and overstrained, yet are there passages touched "with most excellent fancy." They abound with grave and sententious reflections on life, and are not wholly an unstructive comment on the times in which they are supposed to have been written.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Letters from an Irish Student in England, to his Father in Ireland. 2 vols. 1809.

OUR readers must not be deceived by this title page. These letters *may* be written by an Irish student; but they have never been sent to Ireland. They are home manufacture, and intended for home consumption. They contain nothing *new*. They consist of anecdotes, bon mots, scraps of information, pretended visits, factitious introductions to literary dinners, imaginary acquaintance with celebrated characters, &c. &c. gleaned from no higher source, in a majority of cases, than newspaper chit chat. Their origin is to be found in the wish of the bookseller and the writer to make a saleable commodity: their contents are such as we have described them. Yet we do not mean to deny that the book may be read with amusement, and perhaps by some with instruction. It is light and various: such a one as we would wish

to take with us into a stage coach, or to find in the parlour of an inn while waiting for dinner to be served up. We will extract one letter as a specimen of the manufacture.

"COURTS OF JUSTICE.

"After having frequently visited our courts of justice in Dublin, I need not say how disappointed I was upon viewing those of this metropolis. Every thing, except women, appears to be valued in this country for the sake of its antiquity. We, on the contrary, care but little for age; upon all occasions, where we can, giving the preference to strength, use, and ornament.

"The courts of justice at Westminster hall are very old, very shabby, and very inconvenient. You would be surprised, too, at the awful distance which is preserved between the judges and counsel, and the latter and the solicitors; whereas with us there is the greatest and most agreeable familiarity. I have heard an Irish judge,

whilst the jury were being sworn in, address an attorney from the bench, and ask him whether he was disposed to part with his pony.

"Here even the counsel speak in the rudest manner to the attorneys, as if they were really so many sharpers.

"MR. GARROW.

"If Mr. Garrow, one of the principal advocates here, were to dare to address the solicitors of our court as he does those in his own, he would convert his body into a target. This gentleman is the principal advocate. His voice is clear and silvery, and occasionally he is very eloquent. He is most celebrated for his talent for cross-examining witnesses, which he does with great dexterity; but his principal engines are an undaunted front, and a thorough contempt for the feelings of those who are placed under his lash. When I have seen a modest and respectable person, who has delivered his evidence clearly and conscientiously, forced into confusion, if not ensnared into contradiction, by the tricks and terrors of this advocate, I have blushed for my own profession, and reflected, that though the torture is abolished, a still more cruel and erring process for discovering the truth continues. I have been so disgusted with this man, that I am resolved, whatever may be the fate of my practice, I will never adopt the system he pursues: indeed, as you know, if I were, I am sure my life would not be worth one day's purchase in my own country. I am told that he has been challenged two or three times by persons whom he has treated in this manner in publick, and that he has always placed himself under the broad shield of the court.

"ANECDOTE.

"I laughed heartily the other day, at the ingenuity and presence of mind by which an English serjeant at law, celebrated for bullying and browbeating witnesses, saved himself from the indignity and corporal pain of a good flogging. He had, it appears, on the western circuit, most grossly insulted a very respectable gentleman in court, in the course of a cross-examination. The next morning, very early, the insulted party proceeded to the lodgings of the advocate, with a good horsewhip in his hand, and requested of the clerk to see his master, alleging that he had business of great importance with him. The clerk showed the gentleman into his bedroom, where he lay fast asleep, and upon his awaking was addressed by his visitor as follows:—"Sir, I am the person whom you so scandalously treated yester-

day, in court, without any reason, and I am come personally to chastise you with this horsewhip, for your insolence." "Are you, indeed?" replied the barrister, "but surely you will not strike a man in bed." "No, Sir, I pledge my honour not to do that," said the gentleman. "Then by G—d," exclaimed the serjeant, "I will lie here till doomsday." The humour of the thought disarmed the anger of the affronted gentleman, and bursting into a fit of laughing, he said, "there, sir, you may lie as long as you like; I will not molest you this time; but let me recommend you never again to hold up a person of respectability, whose only object is to tell the truth, to the derision of a court of justice;" and left the man of law to console himself.

"Mr. Garrow commenced his legal career at the Old-Bailey; and the practice of that bar is said to impart to its pleader a considerable vulgarity of style, and to render him very much a *fer-d-bras*.

"Sir Vicary Gibbs, the attorney-general, ranks next to Mr. Garrow as a pleader, whose superiour he is by many thought, in profound legal knowledge. Owing to the acerbity of sir Vicary's manner towards witnesses, he is known to the common people by the name of sir *Vinegar* Gibbs. His mode of treating witnesses is, indeed, sometimes shockingly coarse and unjustifiable.

"Mr. Dallas is, in my opinion, the most elegant orator at the bar. Unfortunately he has much withdrawn himself from its practice. His voice is exquisitely sweet; his argument solid; and his language very chaste and beautiful. To all these qualities he unites all the polite manners of a gentleman, and never degrades that character by his treatment of witnesses who are adverse to the side he is retained upon. Mr. Dallas is the only advocate who offers some indemnity for the heavy loss which the British bar sustained when Mr. Erskine, now lord Erskine, was elevated to the seals. How much do I regret that I never heard this distinguished orator before that event, in the early and habitual theatre of his great talents! I know of no other advocate much distinguished for ability in the court of King's Bench, or in any other court, except sir Samuel Romilly, in the court of Chancery, where his practice is very deservedly great. In depth of learning, and on all occasions where the subject will admit, in the effusions of genuine eloquence, this upright and excellent lawyer is unrivalled in the court of Equity. It is said of him, that, like the late Mr. Pitt, he is very fond of unbending his mind, by the perusal of novels, which

afford him so much relief in the hours of relaxation, that he has the reputation, amongst those who know him intimately, of perusing almost every novel that is published.

"The British bar is crowded with votaries for practice and distinction, hundreds of whom, in all probability, will never even have the felicity of making a half-guinea motion. Upon the whole I am much disappointed in the talent I expected to find. The best of the English pleaders would suffer by a comparison with Curran (whose elevation to the Rolls of Ireland I shall, for many reasons, regret) M'Nally, and others, whom I could name in our own country.

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"From the courts, our party paid a visit to Westminster Abbey. With all the principal features of this august and venerable pile you are doubtless well acquainted, from the numerous descriptions which have been given of them. Our St. Patrick's cathedral would cut as miserable a figure by the side of this stately and stupendous fabrick, as the monuments of doctor Smith, formerly the earl of Cork, would, if they were within range of comparison, with those of the duke of Argyle and Mrs. Nightingale. The attendant shows the visiter a great deal of trash, such as the kings and queens of England in wax-work! General Monk, in armour, resembles a great stuffed bear.

"HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

"The interior of Henry the seventh's chapel is exquisitely beautiful. The banners and helmets of the knights of the Bath conduct the mind back to the ages of chivalrous romance. The seats of the stalls are double, and upon the uppermost being raised, I was told, but not till after I had left the chapel, the most abominably obscene subjects appear well carved upon the tops of the lower seats.

"ANECDOTE.

"A very intelligent friend of mine related the following circumstance, respecting this venerable pile, but little known. Many years since, when my friend was enjoying the three days and three nights hospitality which the monks of the rich convent of Affligham, between Ghent and Brussels, extend to all strangers who are disposed to tarry under their roof; the prior ordered one of the brethren to open a large iron bound trunk, and bring him

certain parchments. Upon their being produced, he placed them in the hands of the Englishman, and observed, 'there, sir, these are the title deeds of Westminster Abbey; which belongs to us; the priors of this convent are by right the priors of that abbey; and I have no doubt but that we shall one day or another recover our rights.' In corroboration of this curious declaration of the prior of Affligham monastery, the same gentleman, who is an antiquarian, assures me, that amongst the ancient tombs in Westminster Abbey, there are two that contain the ashes of the like number of priors of that monastery.

"After inspecting the abbey, which, by the destruction of several old houses, is now finely placed before the eye of the spectator, we adjourned to a coffee house in the neighbourhood, where we dined; and afterwards proceeded to the House of Lords, in an anti-room of which we were met by lord M—, who procured us admission into the house."

Our author falls into the common and vulgar error respecting the pronunciation of Mr. Kemble. His authority for this seems to have been no higher than the witless editor of a Sunday newspaper, who occasionally prates with great solemnity about theatrical matters. The author of the present volumes, following his wise original, tells us that Mr. K. calls beard, *bird*, and virtue, *varchu*. Really, those people have most perverse auditory nerves who talk thus, or else they never heard Mr. K. pronounce these words. But our author also tells us that Mr. Kemble calls sovereign, *suvran*, and thee *the*. Wonderful errors! How would he have them called: Perhaps, if he *be really an Irish student*, he prefers the dear brogue of Ballynahinch!

There is a great deal of second-hand talk in these volumes about living celebrated characters, which seems to have been picked up at coffee-houses, the servants' hall, and from the newspapers of the day. The author has been diligent, and he deserves such praise as such diligence requires.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Vie de la Marquise de Courcelles, &c. i. e. The Life of the Marchioness de Courcelles, partly written by herself. With her Letters, and the Italian Correspondence of Gregorio L ti, relative to that Lady. 12mo. pp. 268. Paris. 1808. Price 6s. sewed.

IT is observed by the editor of this volume, in his *avant-propos*, that in the multitude of characters which have been preserved to us from the Augustan age of France, the gallery of gay ladies was still without the portrait of Madame de Courcelles; who attracted so much of the publick attention by her beauty, the charms of her wit, and the singularity of her adventures; and who, in fact, drew a historical sketch of herself. This painting has, indeed, hitherto been in the hands of a private connoisseur, from whose collection it is now first taken, for the purpose of exhibition; and it will, perhaps, be more admired for brilliancy of colouring than delicacy of touch, though the artist assures us that it is by no means flattering.

"Without being a great beauty," she says, "I am one of the most amiable creatures ever seen. There is nothing in my countenance, or my manners, which does not both please and interest. Every thing about me, even the sound of my voice, inspires love. Persons the most opposite to me in inclination and temperament, are all of one mind on this subject, and agree that no body can look at me without wishing me well.

"I am tall, have an admirable figure, and the best air possible; I have fine brown hair, which is disposed, as it ought to be, to shade my face, and relieve the handsomest complexion in the world, though it is marked by the small pox in several places. My eyes are sufficiently large, neither blue nor brown, but between those two colours, and have a particular hue of their own which is very agreeable. I never open them entirely; and, though there is no affectation in keeping them so, yet it is true that they thus gain a charm which makes my look the softest and the tenderest that can be seen. The regularity of my nose is perfect. My mouth is not the smallest in the world, but neither is it very large.

"Some censors have chosen to say that, according to the just proportions of beauty, my under lip may be called too protube-

rant; but I believe that this fault is imputed to me because no other can be found; and that I must pardon those who say that my mouth is not quite regular, when they allow, at the same time, that this defect is infinitely agreeable, and imparts a lively air to my smile, and to all the movements of my face. In short, I have a well formed mouth, admirable lips, and teeth like pearl. My forehead, my cheeks, the turn of my countenance, are all beautiful; divine hands; tolerable arms, that is to say, rather thin: but I console myself for this misfortune, by the pleasure of having the handsomest legs in the world. I sing well, though without much method. I know enough of musick, indeed, to come off pretty successfully with connoisseurs. But the greatest charm of my voice is in the softness and tenderness which it inspires. In a word, I possess all the arms of pleasure, and have never yet exerted them in vain.

"I have more wit than any body. It is natural, pleasant, playful, and capable also of great things, if I chose to apply to them. I have a good understanding, and know better than any one what I ought to do, though I scarcely ever do it."

The reader may, perhaps, deem it fortunate, that charms so powerful were not presented to the gaze of an enamoured world in those early stages of society, in which the jealousy of lovers was synonymous with the hostility of nations, and the slaughter of embattled thousands: but he is still more likely to wonder that the beautiful marchioness did not obtain some degree of influence over the civilized kingdoms of modern Europe, through the medium of Louis's gallantry. This fair creature appeared at his court at the period when his passions were most easily excited. But, though he offered his protection, and a situation near the queen's person, with the view of our heroine becoming the wife of Colbert's brother (a connexion certainly not unfavourable to the chance of a subsequent more intimate acquaintance with his majesty)

it does not appear that he ever entertained any specifick views on her person. The actual history of the lady's life is, however, sufficiently curious, even as a series of romantick adventures; and since it throws additional light on the scandalous state of manners which prevailed in the polished court of Louis the Fourteenth, we shall lay a brief abstract of it before our readers.

Marie Sidonia de Lenoncourt, having lost her father in her infancy, was addressed by numerous suitors, who were attracted by her possessions, as well as by her superiour beauty; and she was united, at the age of thirteen, to the marquis de Courcelles. She is said to have soon tasted all that could imbitter matrimony, without enjoying any of its pleasures. The celebrated Louvois endeavoured to profit by the mutual dissatisfaction of the ill assorted couple. But the marchioness found it impossible to return his ardour, though frequently pressed by her husband and his family, to adopt him as a lover. M. de Courcelles once went so far as to quarrel seriously with his wife, for declining to make the fortune of her family, by devoting her charms to the desires of a powerful minister, after the manner of madame de Humieres and other handsome wives. At length the duke de Villeroi, the marquis's first cousin, who suspected his relation of too great a familiarity with the dutchess, avenged himself by retaliation. Being, however, at this time, the professed adorer of the princess de Monaco, he was discovered in his intrigue, by her vigilance, and sacrificed his new passion to his interest with Louvois; to whom he solemnly swore that he would never again see madame de Courcelles. Our heroine then took some pains to revive the tenderness of Louvois, and succeeded. Their intimacy became excessive. But the most gratifying circumstance to the lady, consisted in the mortification of her mother-in-law and sister-in-

law, who had cruelly, and inconsistently laboured to prevent this reconciliation. M. Louvois happened to call one morning, when these three ladies were on the point of setting out together to church; and he overwhelmed with confusion, by his sarcastick irony, the enemies of his mistress. The connexion, however, soon came to an end; for Louvois detected his frail fair, in an equivocal situation, with the forgetful Villeroi, and determined to conquer his passion.

The injured husband, exasperated at an infidelity which deprived him of the benefits that he might have expected from making over the person and honour of his wife to a minister of state, resolved on a singular mode of revenge. He contrived to poison a lotion, that was used by her for washing her face; which was, in consequence, so completely scarified, that it did not recover its smoothness for nearly three months. The marchioness suspected a particular attendant of being the instrument employed for this odious purpose, and ordered her to drink the water. She refused, and was held down and gagged by footmen, who compelled her to swallow it. The result was, that she fell into convulsions, in which state the marquis saw her, and confessed his share in the attempt. His lady was in great danger, received extreme unction, and was reported to be dead.

"During this illness," says she, "M. de Courcelles was obliged, by his interest, to render me as much service and attention as should have been excited by affection. I was sixteen years old, and had not made my will. The loss of my property appeared so great a misfortune to him and his mother, that, after having exhausted all human remedies, they had recourse to God; whom, till that period, they had little known, and of whom they never once thought after I was well. But Courcelles now made a vow to go on foot to Notre Dame de Chartres, if I recovered."

What a field for reflection on the high spirit, the generosity, and the

disinterested magnanimity, of the *riche cour*!—but we have no time for animadversion; the story itself hurries us forward, and indeed supplies its own comments.

We no longer proceed, however, on the authority of our heroine, of whose lively narrative we are sorry to take leave, though it is for some time not ill supplied. After having indulged herself in *all* the pleasures of the luxurious metropolis, she was shut up in the convent of the "*filles de Sainte Marie de la Bastille*," for some striking irregularity. The dutchess of Mazarine, her fellow prisoner for a similar offence, takes pleasure in relating, in her memoirs, the tricks that were played off against the harmless nuns, by the two "*amiable recluses*," such as putting ink into their holy water, that they might black their faces; awakening them out of their first sleep, by introducing little dogs into the dormitory, pouring water into their beds, &c. The dutchess, on being restored to her family, procured permission for the marchioness to pay her a visit, and Courcelles prevailed on her to return to his home: but he soon had reason to suspect her of partiality to his friend, the marquis de Cavoy, whom he challenged and wounded: rather preposterously, we think, unless he acted as the champion of Louvois. The combatants were committed to the Conciergerie, where they lived on terms of great friendship for two years.

In the mean time, the marchioness was attended to her husband's country seat by his mother, who conceived suspicions of her becoming pregnant. Courcelles, being informed of this circumstance, instituted a process of adultery against her, and finally succeeded in proving his charge of an illicit intercourse with one of her *servants*; dissolving the marriage, and recovering large damages against her. It was thought, indeed, that her beauty and her interest might have led to a more favourable issue,

had she not imprudently escaped from prison, in company with a new admirer, Brûlart du Boulay, a captain in the Orleans regiment. With him she had the hardihood to remain sometime disguised in Paris: but at last they thought it prudent to retire to Geneva, where their affection does not appear to have been of long duration. On returning to France, she was again arrested, and imprisoned for some years; her trial being protracted by various appeals and revisions. Here the history concludes abruptly; stating that nothing farther is known respecting her, except that, *after having several adventures*, she fell in love, *sur le retour de l'âge*, with an officer, whom she married, and with whom she lived unhappily.

Some of this lady's letters, written from Geneva to *Boulay*, form a part of the volume. They were collected but not published by him, and the statement with which he accompanies them is curious:

"I have been induced to bring these letters together, for the more convenient perusal of my friends, not by the indiscretion that is common with those who think that they have quarrelled irreconcilably with the writer: but I wish to justify myself for having too faithfully, and too violently, loved the most beautiful creature in the universe, though the most treacherous and inconstant. I dreaded her eloquence too much to apply to her alone for my justification; and the declarations which I daily made, to give a just idea of her talents, satisfied me so little that I saw they would convince nobody. In this perplexity, I one day fortunately recollected that I had certain means of producing this conviction; and that what she had written was so beautiful and so polished that by showing it I should entirely answer my purpose. I had none of the scruples that often occur in taking such a resolution; because, as the letters were full of talent and almost without passion, I did not betray, in producing them, those secrets which ought never to be revealed. Such persons of both sexes, as have censured me so severely for the extent of my affection, when fame had told me so much about her, will perhaps find themselves embarrassed, when they have read these letters, and I tell them that the understand-

ing which they display was accompanied by a most lovely person, with all the proportions and the graces that nature can throw into a work which she takes delight in accomplishing."

We shall translate one of these letters, which appears to us sufficiently to announce the circumstances that produced it:

"I told you that I have seen M. de Remy a hundred times, and it is true. I did not say that it was during my disguised residence at Paris; and I think I have often repeated to you that M. de Rohan and some of his friends were the only persons whom I had seen, and that, if proofs were wanting of what I said, they might easily be adduced. But, Sir, an explanation apparently is not what you desire; where a sincere wish for a reconciliation exists, disputes are not raised on so slight a foundation: afflicting things are not written to a person so unfortunate as I am: times are not chosen as you have chosen this, and the hazard is not incurred of quarreling with the object of affection for a mere fault of memory. You, Sir, are satisfied; I enter into all your motives; and my pretended falsehood [*menterie*] joined to the publicity of your journey hither, and the necessity which I impose on you of caution in regard to my interests, are too powerful obstacles to the continuance of our intimacy. Let us here break off an engagement, which can no longer be agreeable to you, after you have conceived so bad an opinion of me; nor to me, since you have made me thus acquainted with your caprice. Had it pleased you to prolong it for some months, I should have had less reason to complain of you: but without making reproaches, from which (I solemnly protest) I expect no good consequence, I confess to you that I placed so little reliance on my own constancy, that I have some pleasure in finding you the first to violate our sworn engagement, and to liberate yourself by a cruel manœuvre of which I should have thought you were incapable. I enclose to you a letter which I had written to you yesterday, to justify my conduct up to this time. Send me nothing more hither, for I shall immediately depart. I will inform you if I stay; and, if I go, I will tell you where I shall be."

This artful letter is followed by another still more acrimonious in its

terms, and by a billet which concludes with expressing her fears that she may "lose her patience, and that *the pleasure of being always innocent* may not support her for ever against the vexation of being so often insulted." The next letter, however, asks pardon of "her *poor* Boulay for the cruel things which she had written to him, and for the pleasure which she feels in having thus discovered his sensibility to her menaces," and her *poor* Boulay, after this, becomes more enamoured and devoted than before!

The marchioness had letters of introduction to Gregorio Leti at Geneva, who received a formal requisition from the duke of Giovinazzo, the Spanish ambassadour at Turin, to state what he knew of this distinguished lady. His answer is conveyed in four pedantick letters, full of extravagant admiration; in which he compares her mouth to a pearl-fishery, her eyes to stars, and her neck to the milky way: but one passage is marked by uncommon *naïveté*. He declares that, when he was first dazzled by her charms, he "insensibly took leave of all his books and papers:" but she soon attracted the notice of magistrates, counts, marquises, and lords; who dressed in all their finery to please her, and whose gold and silver hilted swords were ever ascending and descending her staircase; "till at last," says he, "she thought no more of me; and I was obliged to resume my pen, and continue to write in my study the *life of the prudent Philip the second*."

We are in this volume unexpectedly presented with a "*notice sur la vie*" of this voluminous Gregorio; which imparts the consolatory conviction that Paris has its book-makers as well as London. But, altogether, this publication is curious and entertaining. Yet how can we recommend it to our fair readers, since it so unanswerably proclaims, "*Frailty! thy name is woman!*"

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Sultana, or the Jealous Queen. A Tragedy by William Gardiner. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Gardiner's powers in the pathetick may be judged from the following short scene, in which a female slave having fainted from terror at the threats of the dey of Algiers, a doctor is called in:

"Enter Eunuch and Jew Doctor."

"Jew.—I was coming to the Haram; what's the matter?

I am sure this is captain Hawkins' daughter. (*Aside*)

Fatima.—Only our master and young miss here

Have been having a game of romps.

Jew.—I think the play has been a little too rough. (*Holding a bottle of salts to her nose.*)

Fatima.—Doctor! you know the Turkish law esteems

Woman as a freehold, and possession makes them

Tenants for life. However, our master has been foil'd for once.

Jew.—Thank God!—(*Aside*) The colour is come to her lips,

And she breaths quick.

I'll beg you to retire, and leave her to my skill.—(*To Fatima and Eunuch.*)

Eugenia opens her eyes and screams, seeing the doctor.

Jew.—Hush, Sultana! 'tis the doctor and your friend.

Eugenia.—(*Rising*)—Villain! fell serpent hisses are softer to mine ears

Than those vile sounds.

Jew.—She has an amazing spirit, no wonder

She frighten'd the dey.—(*Aside*) Miss Hawkins!

Eugenia. (*Wildly*)—Miss Hawkins, did you say?

Tell me, good Mussulman, where you learnt that name.

Jew.—I am no Mussulman, but a friendly Jew:

And, by degrees, will inform you how I learnt your name.

Eugenia.—Good Jew, make no delay.

Jew.—Can you with fortitude hear news?

Eugenia.—Mine ears have been so accustomed to misery,

That a tale told in thunder would not alarm them.

Jew.—But mine are cheerful tidings; and joy

Will burst the heart's weak strings as fast as sorrow.

Eugenia.—Insult not affliction with imposture.

Alas! what joy is left this wounded heart! A prisoner to a barbarous tyrant,

And for ever sever'd from my friends and father!

Jew.—You have a friend nearer you than you expect.

Your father is in Algiers, and lodges in my house!

Eugenia.—(*Detritions*)—My father! O God! My father did you say?

Drive out that turban'd monster from my sight:

Here point the dagger—Eugenia's breast is open!

Old woman, take away these treach'rous jewels;

(*Throwing them away*)

I'll wear the bunch of flowers my father gave to me at Naples.

Jew.—What have I done? Poor, poor young lady!

O cruel power! to torture so much innocence.

Her father will die with grief.—(*Gives her a draught*)

In the perusal of such animated scenes as these, no wonder if the reader should exclaim in the words of the author—

"Can I refuse these tears!—

no if death closed up

These watery sockets, they would burst o'er

Till my full heart were empty."

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Die Privé, Politique, &c. i. e. The Private, Political, and Military Life of Prince Henry of Prussia, Brother of Frederick II. 8vo. pp. 351. Paris. 1809.

PRINCE Henry, of Prussia, must undoubtedly be classed among the greatest men whom the last century has produced; and he may justly be

ranked among the number of those whose memory ought always to be dear, because their lives were honourable, to mankind. As a warrior,

he has universally been considered to deserve, at least, the second place in the history of his time; and as a man, he certainly excelled the rival of his military fame. His life furnishes, therefore, a rich fund of materials for an instructive and a pleasing history. Instructive, because it throws some light on a most eventful part of the last century, with which the future historian will intimately connect the changes which render the close of that century and the commencement of the present, so memorable—and pleasing, because it is always highly gratifying to contemplate elevated stations in society, when occupied by persons of corresponding qualities of mind and heart. The biographer has, in such a case, no very difficult task to perform; fidelity and simplicity, in his account, will be sufficient to secure the reader's attention: but, if he will deserve to excite gratitude as well as approbation, he must endeavour to lay open to view the leading principles, or main springs of action, in such great characters, and not conceal the faults and weaknesses which are intimately connected with every distinguished quality.

We do not think that the French, in general, possess this comprehensive and philosophical conception of character; and it has often appeared to us that even some of their best writers skim lightly over the surface, satisfied with the motive which is most plausible at first sight. On the other hand, their style of writing is peculiarly adapted to this kind of composition, and imparts, to their delineations of persons, an animation which we have often sought in vain in similar productions of our own country. It must also be added, that they have not, as far as we have been able to inform ourselves, yet adopted the method of swelling biographical accounts by a long series of letters, many of which have but little or no connexion with the fate or character of the subject of the memoirs.

The account of the life of prince

Henry of Prussia, with which we are now to make our readers acquainted, possesses the merit of a simple, though animated style, and of a lucid, unaffected arrangement of facts.—The anonymous author also deserves credit for his evident desire of telling his story without partiality; and the great moderation which he preserves on political subjects, keeps his pages unstained by expressions of haughty contempt or of strong invective against those who have been obliged to submit to the will of a foreign conqueror. To a place among biographies of the higher class, however, this production has no claim; it manifests no great skill in the art of estimating the real value of the conduct of man; and it betrays too great a facility in passing over those parts of it which, though not the most striking in the eyes of the world at large, are yet truly characteristic, and very important to the attentive observer of human nature. We would not be too strict in our demands on the morals of princes, and would make every allowance which the disadvantages of their situation, in this respect, can claim: but, before we decide on bestowing praise or blame, we cannot help inquiring for certain qualities, even in royal personages, which often remain unnoticed by their friends, as if the possession of them could not add to their merit, nor the want of them derogate from their virtues. Praise in general terms, however, is so cheaply acquired by princes, when the question refers to private virtue, that it has lost its effect; and, rendered distrustful by experience, we entertain, perhaps unjustly, some suspicion, whenever a biographer contents himself with such comprehensive epithets of approbation. We regret so much the more that this is the case in the present memoirs, because several circumstances in the history of the prince of Prussia have a tendency to sanction such doubts. The retired petty court of Rheinsberg may certainly have been as

much the scene of dissipation and corruption, of some kind, as the more splendid court of Potsdam; and many persons, at least in this country, will be ready to suppose that the adoption of French customs and manners, the introduction of a French theatre, and the metamorphosis of domesticks into actors or musicians, neither bespoke nor contributed to purity of morals. We would, nevertheless, rather warn against, than encourage such hasty inferences, which are but too common, and rest frequently on a want of sufficient knowledge of the circumstances.

The works of Frederick II. and the various histories of his campaigns that have been published in French, have furnished the materials for the first part of these memoirs; but the author does not inform us whence he derived the rest, except that he hints once or twice at a personal knowledge of the prince, and mentions an unpublished correspondence of that personage, with several men of distinction in France, during the first period of the révolution, which fell into his hands.

We will now proceed to introduce our readers to a nearer acquaintance with the subject of this work.

Frederick Henry Louis, commonly known by the name of prince Henry of Prussia, was born January 18, 1726. Little is here said concerning the earlier years of his life and his education, probably because but little is known and still less is worth recording. Under the eyes of a father who was himself devoid of science and refinement, and despised what he did not possess or even know; prince Henry: (his favourite) was early trained to military habits: which, while they impeded his mental improvement, preserved him from the corrupting insinuations of flatterers, and the dangerous intercourse with idle caterers of effeminate amusements; since, under the first three kings of Prussia, the military life was not a life of idleness. At the age of fifteen, he lost

his father, and in his sixteenth year he made his first campaign, as a colonel, under field marshal Schwerin. After having given proofs of talents and of valour in the two Silesian wars, he carefully employed the period of peace between 1745 and 1752 in supplying the defects of his earlier education; not only by studying the theory of war, but enlarging the sphere of his mind by general information: without which, he must have easily perceived, he could not creditably occupy a place at a court which was then the theatre of genius and polite literature. Respecting the success of his exertions, his biographer remarks:

“It may be said that prince Henry was born with all those qualities, which others seldom acquire even after laborious and painful efforts. Gifted with an ardent imagination, with a mind the most correct and particularly addicted to reflection and calculation, with a firmness of temper always disposed also towards good, with a prodigious memory, and with dispositions equally happy, his progress could not fail of being rapid; and in fact, within a few years, he acquired such universal knowledge, that he would have been able to support a thesis on any subject. His curiosity, or rather that avidity for instruction which is the food of great minds, extended itself equally to the ornamental and the useful arts; and in the midst of the attention which he bestowed on all that could nourish and strengthen his intellect, he found time for acquiring the arts of musick and painting.”

In 1752, our hero married a princess of Hesse Cassel, and received from the king the small principality and castle of Rheinsberg.

Among the military exercises by which prince Henry prepared himself, during the calm of peace, for his future career, was what his biographer calls a *war of pens* between him and his elder brother Ferdinand. Supposing a war to exist between Prussia and her neighbours, they undertook the command of the respective armies *on paper*; and, by regularly exchanging two letters in a week, they informed each other of

the movements which they had chosen to make: adding to these letters the necessary plans of their marches, camps, sieges, and other operations. This military pastime, whatever may have been its immediate advantages, proves at least that the celebrity, to which these princes attained as warriors, was in a great degree the fruit of their early and assiduous attention to the military science. They were, however, soon called from imaginary to real fields of combat; and the seven years' war gave full scope to the natural talents and acquired abilities of prince Henry. Those events of that contest in which he had a share are related in the work before us, with great clearness; and, as many readers will probably think, with too much minuteness: but the praise bestowed on the prince is perfectly sanctioned by the united voice of military men, who have expressed their opinion on his conduct. In the art of defensive warfare, the author considers him as equal to Turenne and William III. and his defence of Saxony in 1758 is termed "a career in which every step affords a lesson and every example supplies a model."

Prudence and vigour are qualities seldom united in a due proportion in *one* person; and the cooperation of different individuals, respectively gifted with them in a superiour degree, has more frequently secured success in every kind of warfare. The impetuosity of Frederick II. was often wisely corrected by the cooler calculations and more careful movements of his brother; but we may also justly conclude, though the present author would probably not agree with us, that prince Henry was more useful as second in command, than he would have been as the first; and it appears to us, beyond a doubt, that, under the circumstances in which at that time Prussia was placed, Frederick was the fitter and the greater general. The prince, however, rose undoubt-

edly far above the king in the gentle and amiable traits of character, which so highly adorn the hero. The humane conduct of a hostile army, but particularly that of the commander, very soon gains the hearts of a people, and receives their willing tribute of gratitude and ready submission to unavoidable burdens. We have ourselves heard, but a few years ago, the praise of prince Henry repeated in the country in which he had long resided as an enemy; and these praises, which have descended from father to son, have contributed to cherish among them a respect for the Prussian name.

After a review of the events of the seven years' war, we find the following parallel drawn between the two brothers; in which perhaps some allowance must be made for a little partiality, from the consideration that it is particularly prince Henry in whom the author wishes his readers to feel an interest:

"Frederick, active, bold and impetuous, throwing over every object the fire of an ardent and restless imagination, was disposed to put all things to hazard, rested the fate of his dominions on that of battle, and seemed desirous of always provoking the destinies of fortune. Henry, less lively without ever being dull, characteristically wise and moderate, and at the same time resolute and determined upon principle, submitted every thing to calculation, and expected nothing from fortune, yet always enchained her in his plans. The one seemed to act by sudden illuminations, and to be guided by the influence of genius; the other never stirred but after deep reflection, and all his steps left traces of the most correct judgment and views. The former astonished and disconcerted his enemy, but often also roused and reanimated him; the latter always lulled, wearied, and deceived him. Both by the wonderful resources of their courage and their talents surmounted the greatest dangers, and could equally profit even by the fickleness of fortune: with this difference, that Frederick defied danger and precipitated himself into it, often without being aware how he should get out of it; and that Henry calculated it without fearing it, and avoided it without running from it, and managed so well that he always escaped from it. Thus it has been seen that the one,

risking more, has achieved more, but has committed errors: while the other, who has also done much, has created no source of self reproach, and has known no reverses but those of his brother, which he did not happen to share with him and to repair. If we look for their models among the celebrated generals who preceded them, we may compare Frederick to the great Condé, and Henry to Turenne. Like those two great men, they presented to the world a contrast as remarkable as it was brilliant; and it was even this difference of their qualities which produced consequences equally glorious to themselves and fortunate for their country. The methodical march of Henry would not perhaps alone have saved the Prussian monarchy, in the crisis in which she was placed by the war of seven years while the bold and often rash steps of Frederick would probably have ruined it, if he had been unsupported by the wisdom and the prudence of his brother."

Princes have often been reproached with want of gratitude: but perhaps that virtue is as common among them as among persons of far inferior rank and station. The disappointed assign the natural consequences of their own indiscreet demands, or unreasonable expectations, to the charge of their superiours; and princes are more frequently called ungrateful than others, because the imaginary or real claims on their gratitude bear a greater disproportion to their means of satisfying them. Prince Henry's complaints of the king, however, were certainly not unfounded. The haughty and hasty character of Frederick often rendered him unjust, and not seldom even cruel, to his most useful servants; and the prince frequently found his merits not acknowledged, or depreciated, and laurels snatched from his brow by him who ought to have been the readiest to bestow them: but he might probably also raise his expectations too high. The duration of the impression which this treatment made on him, and the manner in which he gave vent to his feelings, prove, at least, like many other traits in his life, that ambition was the ruling passion of his mind. He never forgave the neglect which he felt

that he had suffered, and remained insensible to the marks of respect by which, on many occasions, the king confessed and endeavoured to atone for his former injustice. Yet the brothers never suffered any discontent to interrupt their regular correspondence, which turned principally on political and philosophical subjects; and at the death of Frederick II. five hundred and eighty seven letters, forming his share of that correspondence, were delivered into the hands of prince Henry.—Where they have since been deposited, we are not informed.

After the conclusion of peace in 1763, the subject of these memoirs retired to Rheinsberg, tired of the war, and as firmly convinced as the king is well known to have been, that Prussia must seek her safety in the gradual but sure acquisition of strength through peace; and he only left his retirement to take an openly active part in public concerns, when a direct request of the king or the extraordinary situation of his country imposed on him that conduct as a duty. His biographer gives this description of the prince's residence:

"The castle of Rheinsberg, situated twelve German miles from Berlin, on the confines of Mecklenburg, is built in a square form on the borders of a lake several leagues in circumference. After having traversed immense forests of firs, or plains of the most arid sand, the traveller is astonished at meeting with so pleasing a spot, and enjoys it with double relish. He is not less agreeably surprised on rambling in the garden which border this fine lake, and the forest which terminates the perspective; in which, notwithstanding the German taste of some of the decorations with which they are overloaded, art has made very happy efforts to overcome the savage character which nature here assumes. Every where are recognised traces of the two great men who successively made this residence illustrious; and now that they have both disappeared, and as it were, Prussia itself along with them, one cannot walk through these grounds without feeling a sensation of pious recollection. Frederick inhabited them after the lamentable catastrophe of his youth; and here he waited, while cultivating science and

literature, which had already rendered him celebrated, for the moment in which he might acquire still higher renown. Over the first gate of the castle, is still to be seen this inscription, which he caused to be engraven on it: "*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti.*"—Prince Henry, in succeeding him, conferred on this place additional embellishments as well as new interest; and he was desirous of making it, not only the retreat of the sage, but even the residence of a distinguished noble. Less austere and also less engaged than Frederick, he required the enjoyment of the greatest comforts of human life, the charms of society; rarely tasted by the great, because they are reserved only for those who, like him, have delight in sharing them. He wished, therefore, to encircle himself with a small number of friends, in the midst of whom he could safely consult his inclinations and follow his taste; and who would divide his heart and his mind with the pursuits of study and acts of beneficence."

These enjoyments were disturbed by an event over which the author draws a veil. A separation took place between the prince and his consort; the work, as we are told, of a treacherous favourite, who imposed on the credulity of his patron.

The little court of Rheinsberg was distinguished by a French theatre; the representations of which the prince himself directed, and sometimes supplied by his own compositions; and the expense of which he endeavoured to lessen by an expedient before mentioned:

"He turned to profit the innate disposition of the Germans for musick; and from among the servants of his household he composed an orchestra, of which the numbers and the talents enabled him to represent the grandest operas, with an appearance, and an effect to which *costume* and decoration equally lent their aids."

When we read soon afterward that the finances of the prince were so low as to expose him to a disgraceful dependence, and to excite the compassion of the king of France, we cannot be induced, by the measure of economy just mentioned, to think that the establishment of a French theatre at Rheinsberg was an innocent whim, or an excusable weak-

ness. It appears, indeed, that even the tutors of the princes of Prussia have found the lessons of prudent economy the most difficult to impress: but those which inculcated the importance of a proper attention to religion and religious rites have often been not much more successful. Prince Henry, like his royal brother, never conformed to any ceremonies of religion, and professed contempt for the doctrines of Christianity, which he had probably never taken the trouble of justly comprehending. A passage of his epitaph, written by himself, shows, however, that he had not so mean an idea of the nature and prospects of man as the king entertained. It is said also that he often expressed his disapprobation of the open contempt with which the latter treated religion, and acknowledged the dangerous effects of such a conduct in a sovereign:—but could it escape him that he thus condemned his own levity; and that a conduct, which forms a dangerous example in a king, becomes mischievous in a prince, in proportion to the eminence of *his* station?

The death of Frederick II. [August 17, 1786] opened new and bright prospects to prince Henry's ambition. On the authority which was due to his age, experience, and relationship, he founded an expectation of attracting veneration from the new king, his nephew; and the well known inferiority of Frederick William's abilities excited the hope of a decided influence over him, and over the measures of his government. The veteran warrior, however, had still to learn, that weak minds are most jealous of their rights, and most tenacious of the appearance of independence. In proportion, therefore, to the contempt which he felt for his nephew, was the pain of his disappointment when he saw himself neglected by such a man. Count Hertzberg (in whom the author of these memoirs can no more forgive his hostility to the subject of them,

than his want of partiality to the French nation) bears, in this volume, the whole blame of the rejection of the prince's offered services. The latter now began to think seriously of leaving his country, and spending the remainder of his days in France. With the intention of making the necessary arrangements, he visited that kingdom in 1788; but the state of publick affairs created a new disappointment, and compelled him to return to Rheinsberg, with the resolution of there closing his mortal career. His views of the events, of which he was a distant, though not an indifferent spectator, appear from a passage of the above mentioned unprinted correspondence; and they show that, while he erred with innumerable others, in regard to the probable issue of an attempt to force a nation into submission to a government which it disliked, he highly disapproved the attempt itself. This disapprobation drew on him the opprobrious appellation of *democrat*! But he had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his predictions, with regard to his own country, verified, and of being requested by the king, to give his assistance in snatching the state from the abyss, to the brink of which it was then approaching. He listened to the voice of patriotism, and became the principal mediator of a peace.

On the accession of Frederick William III. the present king, prince Henry did not quit his retirement; which he continued to embellish according to his own taste, and which was endeared to him by the recollections which he, as it were, embodied every where around him by testimonies, busts, and inscriptions. Indeed, he never appears more truly great and amiable than in the repose of his old age. When, after the fire of ambition had subsided, the gentler qualities of his character obtained an ascendancy, and placed testimonies of gratitude, friendship, and philanthropy, by the side of the tro-

phies which he had acquired in the vigour of his life.

"It was thus that prince Henry passed the first five years of the new reign, dividing his time between study and the society of a few friends, surrounded by the beauties of nature, which consoled the illusions of age and of the passions, and encompassed by the still more soothing spectacle of the good which he conferred on all around him. In the midst of these peaceful pleasures, and of that tranquillity by which he prepared himself for the repose of eternity, the hand of death arrested him. He met the stroke with that philosophy which he had professed throughout life; and which, it was now evident, had not been with him, as with so many pretended free-thinkers, an empty and ostentatious boast. He had enjoyed life with moderation. He had seen himself grow old without regret; and he felt himself dying without pusillanimity."

This last event took place on the 1st of August, 1802. His remains were deposited, at his desire, in a vault under a pyramid consecrated by him to the memory of his former companions in arms, in the gardens of Rheinsberg; on which an epitaph of his own composition reminds the stranger of the vanity of earthly greatness, and expresses with candour and modesty the estimation which experience and reflection had taught him to form of himself.

In the length to which we have extended this article, we would be considered as offering a tribute of respect, which, in common with the writer of the memoirs, we have been early taught to entertain for a prince, who, with many failings and strong proofs of human weakness, yet united, in an uncommon degree, the qualities which adorn a throne, with those which embellish and promote the happiness of private life; and who contributed much to raise and support the structure which, it has since appeared, was deprived of all strength when the wisdom and valour of its founders were withdrawn. If the advice and the warnings of history were less commonly despised

than they are, posterity would derive many advantages from the records of the life and fate of such men; and if princes would look with attention into the mirror which is thus placed before their eyes, the contemplation of such examples

would teach them that, if they wish that allowance should be made for faults on account of their station in society, they ought also to fulfil the just expectations which their rank excites in the world.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Jew of Magadore, a Comick Opera, in Three Acts. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. 8vo. pp. 76. 2s. 6d. 1808.

That so copious and so various a writer as Mr. Cumberland should write with unvaried excellence, would be a singular phenomenon in the world of literature. The author of the West Indian, the Wheel of Fortune, and so many other distinguished dramas of the higher order, may slumber now and then over a comick opera, without provoking indignation, or exciting any contempt. In the performance before us we have, as in the comedy of The Jew (by the same writer) a benevolent Israelite; who, though he grudges the least indulgence to himself, readily bestows his wealth for the benefit of his fellow creatures; and, living at a seaport in the Moorish territory, purchases many of the christian captives, in order to redeem them from slavery. A more interesting story might, we think, have been raised upon this foundation. But this drama, upon the whole, is such as, with the aid of song, could

hardly fail to please in the representation. We will give a specimen of one of the songs, as no part of the dialogue would, in our opinion, appear to advantage when detached from the rest.

Zelma. "To sigh when sorrow loads the breast,
Is nature's kind relief;
To weep is almost to be blest
Amid the burst of grief."

Brig. "Sigh then sweet maid if sighs
can cheer
A heart so sad as thine;
Weep and I'll double every tear,
For all thy griefs are mine.

Duet. "If sighs can ease the loaded breast,
And tears afford relief,
We'll sigh till nature sinks to rest,
And tears exhaust our grief."

p. 47.

There are other songs written with tenderness and elegance; but it is apparent that the author has not put forth his strength in this work.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Cælia in Search of a Husband. By a Modern Antique. 8vo. 2 vols. 12s. 1809.

"I would not attempt," says this writer, "to portray a *Cælia*; neither my vanity, nor my own experience in *la belle passion*, could draw such a portrait. I would rather use my pen to trace a *natural* character. I believe the cause of *morality* to be more faithfully served in offering a possible point for our emulation, than in any ideal perfections that fancy, however sublime, could imagine." The whole of the novel before us is conducted on this principle. Cælia though displaying moral

as well as personal charms of no ordinary occurrence, is not absolutely out of nature. She acts up to the principles of religion, without any of the modern cant; with a mind perfectly feminine, she is bold enough to let reason take the lead: and, in a world of levity, she sets an example which the young of her sex in the present day would do well to imitate. To ladies and gentlemen, this Modern Antique (as the lady calls herself, if a lady it be who is the author) reads a very instructive lecture. All

the fashionable absurdities of the day are neatly satirized, and the modern London-fine-world is here drawn with exactness, and exhibited, as it ought to be, not as an object of envy, but of disgust; for life in London is, indeed, *wasted*, not *used*. Yet it is the wish of all females, educated on the present plan, to shine in this atmosphere of folly, and to display their *nakedness* (a new term for dress) "at midnight dances and the publick show."

Cœlia is introduced to the circles of fashion only to despise them. Morality and religion are made her rules, not the *usage of society*, nor the custom of the world. She distinguishes between innocent and degrading conformity, and never suffers fashion to obliterate principle. She exhibits the effects of an education truly moral and sensible, in the course of a visit to her sister, lady Townley; appears to great advantage when contrasted

with the various characters which fill the splendid drawing rooms at the west end of the town; and shows her good sense as well in the offers which she rejects, as in the choice which she ultimately adopts. Our *noblemen-coachmen*, and our *naked, pocketless, shoe-making** ladies may not be pleased with the ridicule which is here lavished on them: but they richly deserve it; and if our modern fashionables were not ashamed of being considered as *moral*, the exhibition in these pages would lead to some reformation. Cœlebs attempted too much by endeavouring to make our fine people as religious as nuns and friars; and perhaps the efforts of Cœlia to infuse into them a little common sense may equally be thrown away. Can a luxurious capital be reformed by sermons, poems, or novels?

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

POEMS, BY SIR JOHN CARR. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 228. price 10s. 6d.

WITH the proudest consciousness of our own merits, we demand the approbation of our readers when we inform them, that we have, in spite of yawning, laughing, rubbing our eyes, wriggling in our chair, and stretching, absolutely gone through the present volume. This is no mean praise. It is a conspicuous proof of our patience and our benevolence, virtues of rare growth in a critic. Of the first of these virtues no subsequent act of our own can rob us: to the last we shall perhaps forfeit the claim before we dismiss sir John Carr from our notice.

It is perfectly fair to remark, that we took up the present volume with strong prejudices against its author. These prejudices we could no more help than a man can his antipathy to a well known swindler, if he happens to be in his company. The swindler may have some virtues, but we should be slow to believe them; and sir

John Carr may have gleams of sense that occasionally illumine the vast expanse of dullness that dwells upon his mind; but we have never found them. These are things of mere possibility, and too much faith is not to be reposed in what is simply possible. We hope we are not without that candour which would have suffered us to rejoice in a discovery, yet unmade, of sir John's talents. We did not, indeed, look for them; for who looks for roses on a rock?

To this volume of poems we have every objection to make that can possibly be made to a book. It is printed with a shameful diffusion of paper and type, in order to enhance its price, and in doing which we commend the knight's policy more than his honesty. "If my volume sells for half a guinea," says he (we make sir John the interlocutor, because we really do not think that any bookseller would be simple

* Our country readers may require to be apprized, that it has lately become the ton for young ladies to be employed in making their own shoes.

enough to purchase his copyright) "why then, as I cannot hope for many purchasers: they who *do* buy shall make up for those who *do not*." Very well. Thank heaven, *we* have not to sigh over the loss of half a guinea, and we pity those who have. It is nothing less than a literary fraud to print a volume as this is printed; many of its pages containing nothing more than what the author facetiously pleases to call an epigram, of two lines! Perhaps our knight hopes to soften the reader's indignation by the display of his own face as a frontispiece. We will honestly confess that his countenance is an accurate index of what the contents of the volume *must* be.

Our next objection is, of course, to these contents. They are as various in their nature as can be engendered by vanity upon folly: by vanity that thinks itself equal to all, and folly that proves itself unequal to any. Sir John's muse is like a train of gun-powder: it takes fire at every thing. If a lady wears a muslin veil, he tells her immediately, that "little stars," meaning her eyes, were never made to shine through "misty skies," meaning her veil. [p. 64] If he sees a fool in a corner holding a broom (we do not mean to say that sir John writes with a looking glass before him) his muse tells us that his broom is "his wife, his child, his prize," [p. 33] thus ingeniously connecting, at once, matrimony and the "lucky lottery office," and conveying a delicate intimation that marriage is a prize. If a lady wears a diamond cross upon her bosom, he is so enraptured, that his muse ambles through eight lines without any meaning at all. [p. 29] Nothing can escape him. No, not even Bedlam; for the sight of its dilapidated walls reminds him of a "cracked head," and at that moment a strange, unaccountable sympathy suggested to him that his own might be prefixed to the present volume. Such and so various are the topicks of this volume: and now,

albeit scrupulous of polluting our pages with mere insipid dullness, we will exhibit a specimen or two.

How sweetly sir John warbles his elegiac strains let the following declare:—

"With horror dumb, tho' guiltless, stood
Beside his dying friend,
*The hapless wretch who made the blood
Sad from his side descend !!!*

"Give me thy hand; loved friend, adieu!"
The generous sufferer cried!
"I do forgive and bless the too;"
And having said it, died !!

And Pity, who stood trembling near,
Knew not for which to shed,
So claimed by both, her saddest tear—
The living or the dead!"

Sir John has a charming felicity in writing what he calls epigrams and impromptus. Ex. Gr.

"EPIGRAM

On the Author and Eliza frequently differing in Opinion.

To such extremes were I and BET
Perpetually driven,
We quarreled every time we met,
To kiss and be forgiven."

"EPIGRAM,

Upon seeing the dilapidated state of Bethlem Hospital.

Well with the purpose does the place agree;
For even the very house is cracked, you see."

"IMPROMPTU,

In reply to a Lady, who asked the Author what Childhood resembled.

How like is childhood to the lucid tide
That calmly wanders through the mossy dell,
Sweeps o'er the lilly by the margin's side,
And, as it kisses, murmurs out, Fare-
well!"

"EPIGRAM,

On the grave of Robespierre.
Nay, passenger, don't mourn his lot;
If he had liv'd, why you had not."

"EPIGRAM,

On winning a young Lady's Money at Cards.

How fairly Fortune all her gifts imparts;
We win your money, Ann, and you our
hearts."

"JEU D'ESPRIT,

*Upon a very pretty Woman asking the Author
his Opinion of Beauty.*

Madam! you ask what marks for beauty
pass:

Require them rather from your looking
glass!"

Our readers should be informed that *each* of these epigrams occupies a page to itself! Whether this be done as illustrative of their own emptiness; or whether, from a high and proud belief on the part of the author, that even his *own* poetry placed in juxtaposition with such bright and dazzling irradiations of wit would but obscure their glory, it is not for us to decide. Certain it is, that they stand alone: and so standing, they remind us of a pig in a flower garden; more conspicuous in their deformity from their singleness.

At p. 14, there is a story of a certain maiden called *Rebecca*, who, as was very natural to maidens, and very much like all young maidens, wished to know who her husband was to be. What did she do to find it out?—Why

"Rebecca heard the gossips say,
'Alone from dusk till midnight stay
Within the church porch drear and dark,
Upon the vigil of St. Mark,
And, lovely maiden you shall see
What youth your husband is to be."

Well, she did so. And what happened? Oh! something very horrible. What was it? Patience, and you shall hear. There was a "roguish scout," ycleped *Paul*, who slyly guessed what she was going to do at "St. Stephen's church;" so, when poor Rebecca had stood till midnight, and had undergone a reasonable quantity of "wild fears," "cold blood," "fast pulses," and had heard a sufficient number of "screech owls" and "bats," *Mister Paul* dressed like a ghost, "all so grim," did rise up from a grave

"unlucky knave," and

cried,

"Fair maiden come with me,
For I your bridegroom am to be."

Of course, no maiden would like a ghost for a husband, so she

"Sent forth a hideous shriek, and died!"

And then comes the moral, which is:

"Fright not fond youths the timed fair;"

and so ends the story of Paul and Rebecca.

We have often heard, that a poet's visions are very unlike those of common men; and it must be so; for sir John has seen, *mirabile dictu!* the sea "in a flutter." [p. 50] How pleasant it is to observe great things compared with small: and what a lively image a cockney must have of the ocean, if he has ever seen his own mother in a flutter at the unexpected arrival of a guest to dinner just as the family were sitting down to suet dumplings and sugar sauce. It is this happy art of illustrating the vast which bespeaks the true poet. But sir John abounds in these felicities of diction. At p. 2, he tries to "rear a feeling" in the mind of a nymph: at p. 5, "every bosom *thrills* colder than marble;" at p. 6, the moon is converted into a lamplighter, for she "*trims* up her waning lamp;" p. 101, the nightingale is called a "dark warbling bird;" but whether the author means to say that she warbles in the dark when the moon shines (for the first line says that this luminary "be-spangled the murmuring wave") or whether he would express a very singular, but no doubt a poetick idea, that she *sings* dark, is really beyond our comprehension. At p. 209, sir John indulges his philological erudition with the use of "*captivations*."

Thus far we have done due honour to sir John's language: let us now consider his sentiments. He wanted to picture a lady's modesty and beauty. What did he do? Read and learn:

"I looked the fragrant garden round

For what I thought would picture best.

Thy beauty and thy modesty;

A lily and a rose I found,—

With kisses on their leaves imprint,

I send the beauteous pair to thee"

N.B. These occupy a page to themselves!

He saw a fool in a cottage. It was a tempting subject, and down he sat to write as follows:—

"LINES

Written in a Cottage by the seaside (in which the author had taken Shelter during a violent Storm) upon seeing an idiotick Youth, seated in the Chimney corner, carrying a Broom.

'Twas on a night of wildest storms,
When loudly roared the raving main,—
When dark clouds showed their shapeless forms,
And hail beat hard the cottage pane,—

Tom Fool sat by the chimney side,
With open mouth and staring eyes;
A battered broom was all his pride,—
It was his wife, his child, his prize?

Alike to him if tempests howl,
Or summer beam its sweetest day;
For still is pleased the siffy soul,
And still he laughs the hours away.

Alas! I could not stop the sigh,
To see him thus so wildly stare,—
To mark, in ruins, Reason lie,
Callous alike to joy and care.

God bless thee, thoughtless soul! I cried;
Fefare thy wants but very few:
The world's hard scenes thou ne'er hast tried;
Its cares and crimes to thee are new.

The hoary hag,* who crossed thee so,
Did not unkindly vex thy brain;
Indeed she could not be thy foe,
To snatch thee thus from grief and pain.

Deceit shall never wring thy heart,
And baffled hope awake no sighs;
And true love, harshly forced to part,
Shall never swell with tears thine eyes:

Then long enjoy thy battered broom,
Poor merry fool! and laugh away,
'Till Fate shall bid thy reason bloom
In blissful scenes of brighter day."

After all, here was a subject which a mind possessing true genius, might have made something of. It is sir John's praise, that he can make nothing of any thing.

Some encomiastick lines to a young lady begin thus:

"Oh formed to prompt the smile or tear,
At once so sweet and so severe!"

p. 212.

But the following is in sir John's happiest vein of humour:

"LINES,

Written en badinage, after visiting a Paper Mill near Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the lovely Miss W—, who excels in Drawing, requesting the Author to describe the Process of making Paper, in Verse.

Reader! I do not wish to brag;
But, to display Eliza's skill,
I'd proudly be the vilest rag
That ever went to paper-mill.

Content in pieces to be cut;
Though sultry were the summer skies,
Pleased between flannel I'd be put,
And after bathed in jellied size.

Though to be squeezed and hanged I hate,
For thee, sweet girl! upon my word,
When the stout press had forced me flat,
I'd be suspended on a cord;

And then, when dried and fit for use,
Eliza! I would pray to thee,
If with thy pen thou would'st amuse,
That thou would'st deign to write on me.

Gad's bud! how pleasant it would prove
Her pretty chit-chat to convey,
Perhaps be the record of her love,
Told in some coy, enchanting way.

Or, if her pencil she would try,
On me, oh! may she still imprint
Those forms that fix th' admiring eye,
Each graceful line, each glowing tint.

Then shall I reason have to brag,
For thus, to high importance grown,
The world will see a simple rag
Become a treasure rarely known."

There is more than jest in this; and our knight has had proofs of being "cut up," both in literary and other courts. At p. 94, he presents us with a translation of a German song, from which we easily gather that he does not know the language. The following lines,

* It is generally believed by the peasants of Devonshire, that idiotcy is produced by the influence of a witch.

Und wüsten wir, wo jemand traurig läge,
Wir gäben ihm den wein,*

he translates, with spirited elegance,
which deserves admiration, thus,

If any one is mournful found,
One sip shall make him dance!!! p. 94.

We have three reasons for believing that sir John will consider us as having unfairly treated him: and heaven defend us from an action at law! These reasons are, first, his vanity; secondly, the epigraph to his volume; and, thirdly, his preface. For his vanity, all who have read

him are acquainted with that; for his epigraph, it is as follows:

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

And for his preface, it plainly shows, that he thinks the present volume something very good. It is written with rank affectation of timidity; but the cloven foot is perceptible. We, however, have done what we felt to be our duty; and we have expressed our real and unbiassed opinion of the author and his book.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

THE SONS, OR FAMILY FEUDS. A Tragick Play. In Five Acts. By T. Jones. 1809

THERE is nothing which surprises us more, in the course of our literary function, than that perpetually recurring phenomenon, an author pertinaciously writing without one qualification for composition. A man who knows nothing of painting, never attempts to present a picture to the publick; nor does he, who is ignorant of the gamut, presume to compose an air. But an author is restrained by none of these delicacies of mind. They who can, and they who cannot write, all strive

and do their best

To make as much waste paper as the rest.

Mr. Jones, who has heard, we presume, of a certain Shakspeare, thought he could write a play. It was a most unlucky thought for himself, and for us too. That it was unlucky for himself, we have little doubt he will confess when he gets in his printer's bill: and that it was unlucky for us, need not be told; for we have read his book. One specimen will suffice for a display of Mr. Jones's powers of writing tragedy. A lady, called Almira, has an incli-

nation to poison herself; so in she comes, with a cup of poison in one hand and a taper in the other, necessary, we imagine, to light the cup to her mouth. But madam Almira is far from greedy, and she is very anxious to share this delicious coffee cup of arsenick with a friend of hers called Olivia, who, however, has no partiality to such drams, and, therefore, is not to be found. It was very allowable, therefore, in Almira to drink it all herself, since she could find no friend to drink with her. Who would not do the same? Before she swallows this delightful dose, she talks a little to herself; our author herein showing his deep knowledge of human nature, by making a *woman talk*, even at the point of death. Thus she bursts forth:

"Ha! my soul would burst its
Very confines!—gone! Olivia fled!—Oh!!
Almira is undone.—Two brothers lost
MAYHAP!"

p. 90.

Mayhap as how it may be so. But then you should have waited to see,

* The literal meaning of these lines is,

"And knew we where one sorrowing lay,
To him wee'd give some wine."

and not be in such a hurry. Well.
After she drinks she exclaims:

"I yield, my heart is clogged:
'Tis over now."

Faith, and it's time we think: but
it was not all over, for she goes on
(a woman will talk to the last, if it
is to nobody but herself:)

"I faint; my head runs round,"
My eyes grow dim, and every object fades;
Now may the demon of destruction long
pursue
Oh—" [Dies.]

And when the demon catches Oh
we shall be glad to meet with Mr.
Jones again. Success to the race.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Annals of Great Britain, from the Ascension [Accession] of George III. to the Peace
of Amiens. 3 vols. 8vo. 14 7s. boards. Edinburgh.

WE cannot avoid remarking, in
limine, that this work begins with
the epoch at which a historian, who
is solicitous to found his narrative
on official and genuine documents,
would desire to bring it to a close.
So long as the recollection of dis-
puted points is fresh in the publick
memory, and so long as the principal
actors or their immediate descen-
dants are alive, and liable to be
affected, either in feeling or in for-
tune, by explicit disclosures, it is in
vain to expect that the records of
authentick information will be open-
ed to the literary investigator. Ac-
tuated, probably, by this impression,
the author of the present volumes
has been led to publish them in the
unambitious shape of Annals, and to
forego all claims to the reputation
of a finished history. In adopting
this cautious determination, we think
that he has acted judiciously; but
with satisfaction we add, that in thus
leaning to the negative side, we are
influenced more by the unfitness of
the subject for history, on account of
its recency, than by an apprehension
of inadequacy on the part of the
writer; since, imperfectly as the
present design is executed, enough
has been performed to show that the
author, with due pains, would be
equal to higher productions. In the
midst of haste and inaccuracy, the

disjecta membra of the man of
imagination and genius are apparent;
and if we cannot pronounce that he
is likely to be distinguished, either
for comprehensive knowledge, or
for profound research, he may pro-
mise himself success, in a more
elaborate performance, from the
popular qualifications of animation
and elegance.

The arrangement of this produc-
tion is extremely simple, being a
narrative, in forty chapters, of the
principal events of the present reign,
to the end of 1801; and the chapters
are not classed into books, although
this eventful period appears to us to
be characterized by circumstances
sufficiently distinct to furnish con-
spicuous marks for subdivision.—
The time preceding the American
war, that war itself, the subsequent
interval of peace, and finally, the
contest with France, might each
have supplied separate heads of dis-
cussion, and have presented to the
philosophick observer the materials
of distinct and appropriate reflec-
tions; yet the author has not only
forborn to attempt these general
views, but has even abstained from
dwelling on any protracted event
till it was brought to a close. Con-
fining himself strictly to the plan of
"Annals;" he is even accustomed to
break off his narrative of a course

* What an amusing thing it must be to see the lady's head describing a circle, and
the lady herself running after it!

of transactions with the termination of the year: a method which is equally unfavourable to continuity of reasoning and to brevity of description, and is particularly unsuited to that unfettered species of composition in which this lively writer is qualified to succeed.

We feel, however, that to enlarge on the objections to the form of *annals*, would withdraw our attention from a consideration of the particular merits of the work before us, to a general disquisition on the manner of writing history; and we shall, therefore, proceed to furnish our readers with a few extracts, selected with the view of exhibiting the author's opinions, as well as of affording specimens of his style. His sentiments, on civil and religious liberty, will be apparent from a passage in his account of the parliamentary proceedings in 1772.

"A petition was soon afterwards received, signed by about 250 clergymen of the church of England, and a number of other respectable individuals, professors of law and physick, praying for a relief from subscription to the thirty nine articles, as a grievance inconsistent with the liberal spirit of the protestant religion, as well as those principles on which the reformation itself was founded, and as a discouragement to the diffusion of true religion, by clogging the investigation of the scriptures. The two professions of civil law and physick complained, in particular, of this hardship, and exposed, in the clearest manner, the absurdity of binding down to a particular list of religious dogmas, any bodies of men, whose professional habits were wholly unconnected with theological controversy. All the arguments in favour of toleration were now at full length brought forward by the members of opposition, who were, in general, the supporters of this proposal. Sir William Meredith proposed, and Mr. Thomas Pitt seconded, the motion; it was ably supported by Wedderburn, sir George Saville, Dunning, Sawbridge, and other distinguished speakers in the minority. Among its opposers, although upon different grounds, were Burke, lord North, and Mr. Fox. The movers of the bill said, that a happy opportunity was now offered of opening a door for the dissenters, through which, it was probable, that most of them would enter, and

be received into the bosom of the church. The high churchmen expressed alarm at this proposal, as tending to subvert the very foundation of established religion. They denied that parliament, in all their legislative authority, or the king, compatibly with his coronation oath, could anywise alter the articles of the national faith. As a personal argument against the petitioners, it was alleged, that subscription being a voluntary act, they were not entitled to complain of violence being offered to their consciences: their benefices had not been forced upon them, and they were ever at liberty to resign, to tranquilize their scruples, should any supervene. There is a wretched spirit of intolerance, and a fallacy in this mode of argument, which deserve to be noticed. All political evils might be glossed over with the same apology; since, even in despotick countries, the power is often left to the miserable inhabitants, of creeping out of their native place to seek refuge elsewhere. It is left to them to creep out of existence itself, if they find it intolerable; but does this abrogate or sanction the injustice under which they groan? When applied to the clergy, this principle is cruel, no less than grossly impolitic. The church being erected into an incorporate monopoly, whose charter is a creed, the meaning of which even its preachers can scarcely explain, far less reconcile its contradictions, the honest friend of religion is either precluded from entering into it at all, or, should he have embraced it in early years, is placed between the cruel alternatives of incurring beggary, or propagating error. The hypocrite, on the other hand, who can disguise his opinions, and the sot who has no opinion at all, remain as the candidates for honour and promotion. For, in the common affairs of life, two men cannot be found, whose thoughts, if they think at all, have not some characteristic difference. In religions speculations, there must be, at least, an equal variety of beliefs; and whosoever frames a specifick creed for men to subscribe, must either trepan their consciences or their understandings; most generally the former. Of all the thousand individuals who sign the thirty nine articles, is it credible that a hundredth part believe every article of what they sign? If one grain of allowance be made for mental reservation, it is perjury in the clearest sense, whatever gloss may be thrown over it by use and accommodation. The members of opposition, as well as those of administration, were divided upon this question. It was negatived, however, by a great majority.

In a subsequent part of the same

volume from which we have made this extract, the author quotes [page 322] from a speech of Mr. Burke, a sentence which, under the plainest form, conveys a lesson extremely applicable to the experience of the present generation. When condemning the system of coercion adopted by ministers towards America, that orator remarked: "The idea of force being easy and plausible in theory, and requiring no skill nor ability in the comprehension, the gross of mankind are fond of recurring to it in all cases which perplex their understanding." How completely has this melancholy truth been exemplified to all Europe, in the calamitous events which have followed the French revolution! Whether we turn our eyes to the conduct of the opposers, or to that of the supporters of the revolution, we shall find equal grounds of condemnation. The former have resorted to war when they ought to have cultivated peace; and the latter have debased the system of warfare by an enormous prodigality of human life. When we contrast this barbarous policy with the wisdom and the skill of other ages, we are tempted to exclaim: How much sooner would peace have been restored to Europe, had the counsels of Germany been influenced by the wisdom of Burleigh; or, if war had been inevitable, what torrents of human blood would have been saved, had the coarse systems of Carnot and Buonaparte been superseded by the skill and the humanity of a Turenne!

As an exemplification of the annalist's manner of describing military exploits, we select his account of the battle of Camden, in Carolina, between Lord Cornwallis and the Americans under General Gates. This action has escaped the publick recollection amid the multitude of battles which have marked the present age: but it deserves to live in the remembrance of all those who understand the character of our army, and who have a proper sense of the ir-

resistible intrepidity of our soldiers when judiciously commanded. It took place on the 16th August, 1780.

"The numbers of Cornwallis being diminished by the number of his sick, he could not muster much more than 2000 effective men, of which a fourth were provincials. The numbers of Gates's army have been differently represented, from 5000 to 7000. But, confiding in the valour and discipline of his men, and justly regarding a retreat, in these circumstances, to be scarcely less pernicious than defeat, Cornwallis decided on giving battle. Gates had no advantage but that of numbers; his situation was unfavourably chosen, and his dispositions for the action unaccompanied with the usual symptoms of his vigour and sagacity. On the other side, every preparation announced that Cornwallis was to engage with all the force and fortitude which prudent men are found to display when they quit their usual track of caution, to hazard a bold measure. A swamp on each side secured the flanks of the British army. At break of day, Cornwallis made his last disposition for the attack. The front line was made up of two divisions, under colonel Webster, and Lord Rawdon, an officer who, at the age of twenty five, had already earned the reputation in arms which he has so long and brilliantly increased. The main body of the artillery, consisting but of four pieces, were directed by Lieutenant Macleod. The 71st regiment, with two six pounders, formed a second line, or reserve; and in the rear, the cavalry stood ready to charge or pursue. The American army was drawn up in like manner, in two lines, with their artillery divided between them. At break of day of the 16th of August, colonel Webster was ordered to charge the enemy's left wing, composed of the Virginia militia; which was done with so much vigour, that the enemy broke and fled on the first onset. Lord Rawdon began the action against their right division with no less spirit; but here, and in the centre, a better resistance was maintained. So different was the spirit they displayed, that the provincial regiment of baron de Kalbe charged with the fixed bayonet, and was not repulsed without a severe and bloody struggle. The total fight, however, of the Virginia militia, exposed the adjacent body of the enemy to be taken in flank; the British light infantry, judiciously leaving the pursuit of the fugitives, to pursue this advantage, wheeled to charge the resisting battalions on the left; and after a combat of three quarters of an hour, forced them into confusion and flight

in all directions. The cavalry sallied out to complete their rout; and kept up the pursuit for 28 miles from the scene of action. Between 800 and 900 of the Americans were killed in flight or battle, and about 1000 made prisoners, including the wounded; with all their equipage, stores, ammunition, and wagons. General Gates, unable to rally any considerable body of his army, retired first to Charlotte, and then to Hillsborough, in North Carolina, 180 miles from the field of battle. The total loss of the British amounted to 375.

"Thus, by one injudicious engagement, the army of Gates was ruined and dispersed. The only remaining force of the enemy that was yet entire, was that under Sumpter, on the north side of the Wateree. To prevent this force from becoming a rallying point to the enemy, the British commander despatched his light infantry, and the legion of Tarleton, under that enterprising officer, to march next morning, for the purpose of surprising this corps. Tarleton set out with his detachment of 350 men, and pursued the retreat of Sumpter so closely, that he entered the American camp, and seized many of their arms before they knew of his approach. Of 750 continentals, 150 were killed, and 300 made prisoners. Between 200 and 300 British and loyal American prisoners in Sumpter's camp were released, and a quantity of captured stores were recovered. This acquisition, including a 1000 stand of arms, and two pieces of cannon, cost the victors only 15 killed and wounded; and it is the more remarkable, for being achieved by only one half of Tarleton's little troop, the other half, on arriving at Fishing creek, being so much spent with heat and fatigue, that they could proceed no further."

Parliamentary debates occupy, as may be expected, a considerable part of his publication; and their variety and importance have rendered it difficult to present a perspicuous outline of their substance, within such narrow limits: but in this part of his task, the author seems to us to have been particularly successful. His rule is to select the most interesting subjects and to give a condensed and animated statement of the arguments on both sides. As an example, we extract his account of the memorable debate in the session of 1791, which terminated the friendship of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox. The sub-

ject before the house was a new constitution for Canada; and Mr. Fox, in proposing amendments to the bill, had spoken with encomium on the enlightened principles which had led to the overthrow of tyranny in France:

"Mr. Fox's allusions to the changes in France were not forgot by Mr. Burke, whose look on the revolution had already appeared. The eulogies of his former friend on a system which he had so warmly combated, appeared to wound him as a personal insult, and the adoption of those principles, on which the changes in France had been adopted, seemed so baneful to the peace of society, that he inveighed against the revolution with all the ardour peculiar to his eloquence. He had been falsely accused, he said, of abusing republics, for the purpose of recommending monarchy; but he affirmed, that he never had abused a republic ancient or modern. France deserved not to be called a republic, any more than a monarchy. He knew not by what name to describe it. Its shape

'(If shape it could be called) which shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

But it was the spectre of monarchy, and not the substance; it was fierce as ten furies, horrible as hell; and had the hell hounds of sin for ever barking around its presence. The evil of its principles he affirmed, were not confined to France; they had infected the loyalty of Englishmen, and nourished a desperate faction, whose determination was to undermine and overthrow the constitution. Of the existence of this faction, Mr. Burke solemnly warned the house, although, when called upon to bring forward proofs of such a conspiracy, he had only general and vague allegations to repeat. Mr. Fox, conceiving the charge of faction to be levelled, by this undefined application, against all who had wished well to the revolution, rose to vindicate his principles from the charge of disaffection to the British constitution.—He had rejoiced, he said, as a friend to the human species, in the downfall of a tyranny among 25,000,000 of human beings: but he praised the French revolution for abolishing the ancient system, not for that which they had put in its place. Much must necessarily remain to be done, for bringing to peace and utility the elements of a government so little confirmed by experience. Yet, if it was a crime to rejoice in the prospect of liberty to so many mil-

lions, he must plead the principles of the English constitution as his excuse; those very principles which he had imbibed, with reverence, from the speeches, from the writings, and from the inestimable conversation, of the great statesman to whom he now replied. To hear those principles now abandoned by his illustrious friend, he confessed, had no less grieved than astonished him. During the American war, they had felt and owned a common sympathy upon subjects of politics and analogous to the present. They had rejoiced at the successes of Washington, and wept over the fate of Montgomery.—In the opinion of that house, in 1780, the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. To this opinion his right honourable friend had subscribed. If the influence of the British crown was thought dangerous, what, in the eyes of reflecting Frenchmen, must the influence of the crown of France have appeared? Mr. Burke, in reply, complained heavily of the charge of inconsistency and the abandonment of former principles, aggravated, as it was, by the circumstance of it being brought forward by one with whom he had lived in friendship and intimacy for two and twenty years. He vindicated his opinion of the French revolution, by distinguishing its whole nature and scope from that of America. But, in this attempt, he did not defend his consistency with his usual felicity of style or thought. The reproach seemed to have pierced deep, and he gave way to plaintive expressions of pain. He mentioned his age; his services; the hardship of being libelled before the publick by his friend; the self devotion of his conduct, in sacrificing both private friendship and party support to the safety of his country, and resisting revolutionary opinions; but he concluded by declaring, that in what he had said on the subject of French principles, he made no allusion whatever to the speeches of Mr. Fox.

“Mr. Fox rose in great agitation. His utterance was, for some time, impeded by tears. He warmly expressed his hopes, that whatever he had said in the intemperance of debate, would be forgot by his friend, whom, he found that, in spite of all his harshness, he must still love. But he could not help perceiving, that his right honourable friend now displayed something more than mere difference of opinion; he seemed to discover a secret wish and disposition essentially to injure him. Granting that he had been indiscreet and warm in the terms of his opinion of the French revolution, surely this did not deserve the severe and pointed epithets which had been appli-

ed. Mr. Burke said, loud enough to be heard, that he did not recollect having used any such epithets. If, said Mr. Fox (with great presence of mind, and a happy application of this circumstance) my right honourable friend does not recollect the epithets, then neither do I. If they are out of his mind, they are out of mine also. This rejoinder of Mr. Fox, though begun with great respect and affection, led him once more into the subject of dispute, and in taking a comprehensive view of the inconsistencies which he could not but remark in the conduct of his political preceptor, his speech assumed, in its progress, an air of deep and sarcastic severity. The substance of this speech, though tempered with a concluding declaration, that this difference in their politics should only be a temporary bar to their meeting, but not to their friendship, drew from Mr. Burke such an answer as necessarily dissolved both their friendship and acquaintance.”

After the satisfaction afforded by these evidences of the author's ability, it is with no small regret that we proceed to pass censure on the inaccuracies of his performance.—Critical justice, however, requires that the carelessness which the volumes exhibit should be subjected to severe reprehension; since the errors, in regard both to typography and style, are so numerous that we can scarcely believe that the proof sheets have undergone the writer's revision. If the work be reprinted, it will be indispensably necessary to subject it to a scrupulous examination. Among other mistakes, we have remarked the following. Vol. I. p. 4, *proceeding* for *succeeding*; in p. 337, 1715 for 1775; page 419 is numbered 129; in page 433, we have 18th December for 18th November. In Vol. 2d page 5, *flight* instead of *fleet*; in p. 200, we have 1804 instead of 1784; p. 314, *south-western* for *north-western*; p. 439, *Aragone* for *Argonne*; 442, *Boileau* for *Beaulieu*; 445, *Camas* for *Camus*, and *Pichigru* for *Pichegru*; 475, 22d June for 2d June. In Vol. 3d page 40, we have 500 instead of 5000; page 64, *immemorable* for *innumerable*; page 97, *July* for *January*; page 326, 2d

September for 30th *September*, &c. &c. The errors of style are not less numerous. We are told of a disorder "*contracted by the climate*," instead of *produced by the climate*; of resistance "*afforded*" instead of "*offered*;" "to address" is a favourite phrase with the author. He speaks of a general "addressing his views," instead of directing his views; and in one passage [Vol. I. page 470] he tells us that "an address was addressed to the king."

Such, however, is the pleasing effect of the author's descriptive powers, that the disgust produced by his haste and inattention, is often forgotten, especially in the perusal of his account of the French revolution; a period which has been marked by such calamities, that it forms a subject unhappily too favourable to the writer who has talents to interest the heart. Accordingly, that part of the book which relates the atrocities, commencing in 1791, and continuing to advance in progressive aggravation, till the overthrow of Robespierre, is marked by many passages of vivid colouring. The riots of Paris, in October 1790; the character of the parties and leading individuals in the legislative assembly at its opening in October 1791; the generous but ineffectual effort of La Fayette, in the succeeding year, to redeem the royal family from impending destruction; and finally, the awful struggle, which ended in the fall of the jacobins, on the 27th July, 1794; are all traced with the pencil of a skilful hand. Our limits permit us to extract only the passage which regards La Fayette. On the 20th June, 1792, the rabble of Paris, armed with pikes, marched to the Thuilleries, and dragged a cannon into the apartment of the king. Louis behaved with his usual courage, but was exposed to imminent danger, until the tumult was quieted by the entrance of a deputation from the national assembly. The author thus proceeds:

"Some circumstances attending this

day, restored a temporary hope to the constitutionists. The king had maintained a severe trial with firmness: he made no sacrifices, not even promises. His new ministers seemed determined to make preparations against the recurrence of a similar outrage. The gardens of the Thuilleries were shut, and some severe proclamations were made against sedition. The national guard murmured loudly at the state of insignificance to which they were reduced; the king and queen applauded their zeal, and employed every means to attach to themselves some chosen companies on whom reliance could be placed in the day of danger. A vast number of the inhabitants of Paris signed a petition for the punishment of the late insurgents; their numbers were reported to be 20,000. Pétition was deposed from his functions, by the departments of Paris, for having evidently favoured the commotions of the 20th of June, and almost all the other departments of France petitioned for vengeance on the insurgents of that day. Vain protestations, vain signatures, which only cloaked, for a while, the cowardice and pusillanimity of the publick. The king himself was not consoled by those symptoms which gave a gleam of hope to his advisers. 'I have seen,' said he, 'that they wish to assassinate me, and though I know not why I have escaped assassination, I know it will one day come. If I were alone, I should risk every attempt. Oh! if my wife and my children were not with me, they should see that I am not so feeble as they imagine; but what would their lot be if the attempt miscarried?'

"While the voice of royal indignation was yet heard in Paris, an important occasion occurred to be the test of its sincerity; when it was suddenly known that La Fayette had quitted his army, was in Paris, and was come to demand retribution on the late degraders of the constitution. It was thought, at first, that he had brought some chosen companies along with him; but he was only accompanied by a small party of his staff. Presenting himself in the face of the assembly, he demanded vengeance on the insurgents of 20th of June; and a general punishment of the incendiaries, whose intentions to overthrow the constitution were avowed in their clubs, and their publications. The enemies of this brave man were struck with fear, or affected with involuntary respect; for he threatened his enemies, at the very moment when he was in their power. The constitutionists rallied round him, and partook of his intrepidity; even the jacobins returned shouts of applause. The ablest Girondists found their eloquence unavailing against this virtuous

soldier. His petition was triumphantly voted to be referred to a committee, who should be called to scrutinize the sources of the late disorders. From the assembly, La Fayette repaired to the palace of the Thuilleries, where he received some affected symptoms of regard from the royal family and in return, he offered to devote himself to their deliverance. But it cannot be denied that the royal family, most fatally for themselves, retained a hatred for the father of the revolution, which ought well to have been stifled towards a present benefactor. The court showed an alienation which thwarted all the general's intentions. Nor did the national guards seem more devoted to him, who had been once their idol. They remained undecided and silent. When Fayette returned to his house at night, he was honoured with some triumphant acclamations; but a few officers of his army, and two or three hundred national guards formed his whole retinue, which was unprofitably increased by a few curious spectators. He showed satisfaction in his countenance, but the coolness, or rather cowardice of the national guard had struck a deep despair to his heart. Had he seen in the national guard any eagerness to follow him, his design was to have marched immediately against the jacobins, to have dispersed them with disgrace, and to have shut the doors of their assembly. These savages themselves trembled for this event; the people on whom they counted, had abandoned them. Robespierre shrunk back into all the natural cowardice of his character, and abandoned himself to monotonous lamentations for the evils of his country. Their fears were unhappily never realized. At the moment, when some officers spoke of marching against them, the train of La Fayette insensibly diminished. He remained some days at Paris, and still found the same backwardness among his friends, and the same stupor among his enemies. Repeatedly were parties of the national guards invited to different points of rendezvous; as often they broke their promise, or arrived irresolute or discouraged. The court continued equally languid; and either felt or feigned complete despair. Convinced that the king could no longer be safe in a city, which showed so little interest in his dangers, La Fayette suggested a plan of conducting Louis to the army; but the king and queen dreaded the attempt; the latter especially regarded it as the consummation of her misfortunes; to be indebted for her safety to La Fayette.

"Mortified, and at last, tired with his useless efforts, the general quitted Paris. Never did a project of so much courage

and virtue, meet such unmerited misfortune."

It will be apparent, from what we have said, that the author of this book is better qualified for emphatick delineation than laborious research; and if he should come again before the publick as a historian, we would recommend it to him to keep this distinction in view in making choice of his subject. His intentions appear to be irreproachable; he is always the advocate of liberality; and his errors never bear the stamp of wilful misrepresentation. Notwithstanding his predilection for liberty, he takes part, in his account of the troubles in Holland in 1786, against the patriots, or opponents of the prince of Orange; an inconsistency with his general opinions which must proceed, we conceive, from his being imperfectly acquainted with the history of Dutch parties, and from confounding enmity to the House of Orange with attachment to France. Fortunate would it have been for the popularity of the British government in foreign countries, if it had at all times been alike attentive to the dictates of a liberal policy towards them. We learn from this book that in 1762, when we declared war against Spain, government began by releasing the vessels of that nation which were lying in our ports in the confidence of continued amity: but in 1795, when we found it necessary to resort to hostilities against Holland, we were not equally scrupulous in regard to the ships of our former ally, although they had been led into our harbours for no other purpose than that of traffick, or that of seeking our protection.

We conclude this review with a short quotation expressive of that connexion which will almost always be found to subsist between depravity of morals and depravity of taste:

"The jacobins were the habitual speakers of the convention; but, in their

speeches, there was as little eloquence as morality. They had a style, it is true, which aimed at extraordinary force and gigantick expressions; but their taste was, if possible, as horrible as their dispositions. Phrensy and extravagance were substituted for inspiration; and, from the poverty of their conceptions, their routine of metaphors was hackneyed and unvaried. Should history deign to preserve the archives of their debates, they will be

found to contain every thing that can be called the *bathos* in bad taste, as well as in moral feeling."

Report has assigned this production to the pen of Mr. Campbell, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and, alas! of "Gertrude of Wyoming."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Farm House, a Tale. With Amatory, Pastoral, Elegiack, and Miscellaneous Poems, Sonnets, &c. By James Murray Lacey. 12mo. 6s. 1809.

THERE are a number of elegant and pleasing poems in this volume, but the author would better have consulted his reputation if he had collected resolution to have made them more select. We are well aware, however, that to a young poet this is no easy task. Some local circumstance or other intervenes to make every one of his poetical effusions of consequence in his esteem; the frown, the sigh, the smile, the tear, and, if cynical old criticks may venture to use the word, the kiss of his mistress, afford subjects to the muse, each in their turn of inestimable value. It is fair to give a specimen.

"TO AN EARLY BEE.

Wanderer, your early search is vain,
Winter still shows his rugged form,
Still his cold arm lays waste the plain,
And hurls around the icy storm.

Return, oh wanderer, to thy cell,
Still on thy treasured honey feast,
For yet no blossom hangs its bell,
Nor yet thy store can be increased.

Wait, wanderer, wait, and Spring's bright
hour
Shall soon assert its genial sway,
Shall spread the plain with every flower,
Shall fill with musick every spray.

Then, little wanderer, thou mayst roam,
And glean thy stores from every bloom,
With honied treasures seek thy home,
Nor dread the power of winter's gloom."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Bonifacio and Bridgetina; or, the Knight of the Hermitage: or the Windmill Turret; or, the Spectre of the North-East Gallery. A new grand Comick, Tragick, Operatick, Pantomick, Melo-dramatick Extravaganza, altered from the French of M. Martainville, and adapted to the English Stage. By T. Dibdin, Author of about twenty Pieces enumerated in the Title page. 8vo. 49 pp. 2s. 1808.

We did not attend the performance of this whimsical burlesque piece; but understand that it was not ill received. The title of it sufficiently shows its intention; which is to ridicule the melo-dramas (as they are termed) and other extravagant dramas produced of late years; some of which appear, by the title page, to be the productions of this same author.

Much of his ridicule is, however, directed against the successful entertainment of the Forty Thieves, one of the best, we think, of the pieces

alluded to, and warranted, in some degree, by the popular tale from which it is derived.

Of the burlesque drama before us, the best that can be said is, that the author has "*out-Heroded Herod*," and contrived to be even more ludicrously extravagant than the absurd pieces which he exposes to ridicule. But, recollecting several of his own dramatick performances, we must warn him against depreciating wares in which he is so great a dealer:

"Tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet."

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

CHARACTER OF THE MAHRATTAS.

THE Mahrattas, whether considered as a nation or as individuals, constitute a peculiar phenomenon in the history of human society. Superstitiously addicted to the mild rites of the Brahman religion; never eating of any thing that has life, and by their belief in the metempsychosis, restrained from killing even the most noxious reptile that molests them, yet barbarously mutilating, and in their sanguinary warfare, putting to death thousands of their fellow creatures, and that often, with aggravated tortures, they exhibit a contrast of character wholly unparalleled. The engines of that torture which they are said to carry with them to force confession of concealed treasure, are of a terrible description. The iron chair in which, heated red hot, the offender is placed, and the envelope of the same metal, also heated red hot, to encircle his head, are among a few of them. These are particularly mentioned by the missionaries who resided in the Carnatic at the time of their grand eruption there, in 1740; and, in fact, for one of them, Pere Madeira, after having been first severely flogged, and exposed several days naked to a vertical sun, to make him discover hidden treasure, that chair and that envelope were heated red hot; but by the interposition of one of the generals he was respited. Their more lenient punishments are slitting the nose, and cutting off the ears. But Bernier, who was an eye witness of their cruelties during the plunder of Surat, in 1664, says, that to make the rich inhabitants discover their wealth, they were guilty of more horrid cruelties, cutting off the legs

and arms of those who were suspected of secreting it.

If it were only against the Moors, the ferocious invaders of their country, the despoilers of the Hindoo temples, and the remorseless murderers of the priests of Brahma, that these cruelties were directed, it would be less a subject of wonder, since Sevajee publicly announced himself the avenger of the gods of Hindoostan, against the sanguinary violators of their shrines, meaning Aurungzeb and the Moguls. But their rage is indiscriminating, and Hindoos and Mahomedans are alike the victims of their unrelenting barbarities. How astonishing must this conduct appear to every reflecting mind! Scrupulous minutely to observe all the prescribed duties of their cast, with respect to diet and ablutions, even amidst the tumult of war, and often to the obstruction of the business of a campaign, yet practising every species of brutal inhumanity. How strange the transition from the meekness of prayer to the rage of plunder; from ablution in the purifying wave that washes away sin, to bathe in torrents of human blood. From all this pollution, however, the Brahmans, who share in the plunder, have the effrontery to tell them they are purified by the sacrifice of a buffalo, accompanied with many mysterious ceremonies, and, with this wretched salvo, their consciences are appeased.

Making war their sole profession, and letting themselves out to the best bidder, they are to be found in all quarters, and are alternately engaged by all parties. It is dangerous, however, to employ them, for the offer

of better terms, generally induces them to change sides, and, plunder being their grand object, they often devastate the very country which they were hired to defend. Their principal strength lies in their numerous cavalry, which they cherish with the greatest care, and their horses, like themselves, being inured to privations, and perpetually in exercise, are of a hardier nature, and more capable of bearing fatigue, than any brought into the field by the princes of India. Rapid in their movements, and unincumbered with baggage, they render themselves formidable to the Mogul armies, by harassing their rear, by ravaging the country, and by cutting off their supplies. They avoid, as much as possi-

ble, a general engagement, but when it takes place, they combat with resolution; and in the use of the sabre, are dreadfully dexterous. If, however, their arms are crowned with victory, their principal attention is instantly directed to plundering the camp of the vanquished, instead of pursuing them to extermination. Were they firmly united under one able commanding chief, as under Sevajee, they would be formidable indeed, and must soon be the sovereigns of Hindoostan; but their government being feudal, divided among many chiefs, mostly at variance with each other, their power is weakened in proportion, and it is only from their devastations that Hindoostan has to fear.

OF THE PAGODAS OF HINDOOSTAN.

THE most durable monuments of human industry are public buildings. The productions of art formed for the common purposes of life, waste and perish in using them; but works destined for the benefit of posterity subsist through ages, and it is according to the manner in which these are executed, that we form a judgment with respect to the degree of power, skill and improvement to which the people by whom they were erected had attained. In every part of India monuments of high antiquity are found. These are of two kinds, such as were consecrated to the offices of religion, or fortresses built for the security of the country. In the former of these, to which Europeans, whatever their structure may be, give the general name of *Pagodas*, we may observe a diversity of style, which both marks the gradual progress of architecture and throws light on the general state of arts and manners in different periods. The most early Pagodas appear to have been nothing more than excavations in mountainous parts of the country, formed probably

in imitation of the natural caverns to which the first inhabitants of the earth retired for safety during the night, and where they found shelter from the inclemency of the seasons. The most celebrated, and, as there is reason to believe, the most ancient of all these, is the Pagoda in the island Elephanta, at no great distance from Bombay. It has been hewn by the hand of man out of a solid rock, about half way up a high mountain, and formed into a spacious area, nearly 127 feet square. In order to support the roof, and the weight of the mountain that lies above it, a number of massy pillars, of a form not inelegant, have been cut out of the same rock, at such regular distances, as on the first entrance presents to the eye of the spectator, an appearance both of beauty and of strength. Great part of the inside is covered with human figures in high relief, of gigantick size as well as singular forms, and distinguished by a variety of symbols, representing, it is probable, the attributes of the deities whom the sculptors worshipped, or the actions

of the heroes whom they admired. In the isle of Salsette, still nearer to Bombay, are excavations in a similar style, hardly inferior in magnificence, and destined for the same religious purposes. These stupendous works are of such high antiquity, that as the natives cannot, either from history or tradition, give any information concerning the time in which they were executed, they universally ascribe the formation of them, to the power of superiour beings. From the extent and grandeur of these subterraneous mansions, which intelligent travellers compare to the most celebrated monuments of human power and art in any part of the earth, it is manifest that they could not have been formed in that stage of social life where men continued divided into small tribes, unaccustomed to the efforts of persevering industry. It is only in states of considerable extent, and among people long habituated to subordination, and to act in concert, that the idea of such magnificent works is conceived, or the power of accomplishing them can be found.

That some such powerful state was established in India at the time when the excavations in the islands of Elephanta and Salsette were formed, is not the only conclusion to be drawn from a survey of them; the style in which the sculptures with which they are adorned is executed, indicates a considerable improvement in art, at that early period. Sculpture is the imitative art in which man seems to have made the first trial of his own talents. But even in those countries where it has attained to the highest degree of perfection, its progress has been extremely slow. Whoever has attended to the history of this art in Greece, knows how far removed the first rude essay to represent the human form, was from any complete delineation of it. But the different groupes of figures which still remain entire in the Pagoda of Elephanta, however low they must rank if they be com-

pared with the more elegant works of Grecian or even Etruscan artists, are finished in a style considerably superiour to the hard, inexpressive manner of the Egyptians, or to the figures in the celebrated palace of Persepolis. In this light they have appeared to persons abundantly qualified to appreciate their merit, and from different drawings, particularly those of Niebuhr, a traveller equally accurate in observing, and faithful in describing, we must form a favourable opinion of the state of arts in India at that period.

It is worthy of notice, that although several of the figures in the caverns at Elephanta be so different from those now exhibited in the Pagodas as objects of veneration, that some learned Europeans have imagined they represent the rites of a religion more ancient than that now established in Hindoostan, yet by the Hindoos themselves the caverns are considered as hallowed places of their own worship, and they still resort thither to perform their devotions, and honour the figures there, in the same manner with those in their own Pagodas. In confirmation of this, we are informed by an intelligent observer, who visited this subterraneous sanctuary in the year 1782, that he was accompanied by a sagacious Brahman, a native of Benares, who, though he had never been in it before that time, recognised, at once, all the figures; was well acquainted with the parentage, education, and life of every deity or human personage there represented, and explained with fluency the meaning of the various symbols by which the images were distinguished. This may be considered as a clear proof that the system of mythology now prevalent in Benares, is not different from that delineated in the caverns of Elephanta. Mr. Hunter, who visited Elephanta in the year 1784, seems to consider the figures there as representing deities who are still objects of worship among the Hindoos. One circumstance serves to

confirm the justness of this opinion. Several of the most conspicuous personages in the groupes at Elephanta are decorated with the *Zennar*, the sacred string or cord peculiar to the order of Brahmans, an authentick evidence of the distinction of casts having been established in India, at the time when these works were finished.

2. Instead of caverns, the original places of worship, which could be formed only in particular situations, the devotion of the people soon began to raise temples in honour of their deities in other parts of India. The structure of these was at first extremely simple. They were pyramids of large dimension, and had no light within but what came from a small door. After having been long accustomed to perform all the rites of religion in the gloom of caverns, the Indians were naturally led to consider the solemn darkness of such a mansion as sacred. Some Pagodas in this first style of building still remain in Hindoostan. Drawings of two of these at Deogur, and of a third, near Tanjore in the Carnatick, all fabricks of great antiquity, have been published by M. Hodges, and though they are rude structures, they are of such magnitude, as must have required the power of some considerable state to rear them.

3. In proportion to the progress of the different countries of India in opulence and refinement, the structure of their temples gradually improved. From plain buildings they became highly ornamented fabricks, and, both by their extent and magnificence, are monuments of the power and taste of the people by whom they were erected. In this highly finished style there are Pagodas of great antiquity in different parts of Hindoostan, particularly in the southern provinces, which were not exposed to the destructive violence of Mahomedan zeal. In order to assist the reader in forming such an idea of these buildings as may enable him to judge with respect to

the early state of arts in India, we shall briefly describe two of which we have the most accurate accounts. The entry to the Pagoda of Chillambrum near Porto Novo on the Coromandel coast, held in high veneration on account of its antiquity, is by a stately gate under a pyramid a hundred and twenty-two feet in height, built with large stones above forty feet long, and more than five feet square, and all covered with plates of copper, adorned with an immense variety of figures neatly executed. The whole structure extends one thousand three hundred and thirty-two feet in one direction, and nine hundred and thirty-six in another. Some of the ornamental parts are finished with an elegance entitled to the admiration of the most ingenious artists. The Pagoda of Seringham, superior in sanctity to that of Chillambrum, surpasses it as much in grandeur; and, fortunately, we can convey a more perfect idea of it by adopting the words of an elegant and accurate historian. This Pagoda is situated about a mile from the western extremity of the island of Seringham, formed by the division of the great river Caveri into two channels. "It is composed of seven square enclosures, one within the other, the walls of which are twenty-five feet high, and four thick. These enclosures are three hundred and fifty feet distant from one another, and each has four large gates, with a high tower; which are placed, one in the middle of each side of the enclosure, and opposite to the four cardinal points. The outward wall is near four miles in circumference, and its gateway to the south is ornamented with pillars, several of which are single stones thirty-three feet long, and nearly five in diameter; and those which form the roof, are still larger; in the inmost enclosures are the chapels. About half a mile to the east of Seringham, and nearer to the Caveri than Coleroon, is another large Pagoda, called Jembikisma; but this has only one en-

closure. The extreme veneration in which Seringham is held, arises from a belief that it contains that identical image of the god Wistchnu, which used to be worshipped by the god Brahma. Pilgrims from all parts of the peninsula come here to obtain absolution, and none come without an offering of money; and a large part of the revenue of the island is allotted for the maintenance of the Brahmans who inhabit the Pagoda; and these, with their families, formerly composed a multitude of not less than forty thousand souls, maintained, without labour, by the liberality of superstition. Here, as in all the other great Pagodas of India, the Brahmans live in a subordination which knows no resistance, and slumber in a voluptuousness which knows no wants."

In several parts of India, there are other stupendous works of a similar nature. The extent and magnificence of the excavations in the island of Salsette, are such, that the artist employed by governour Boon, to make drawings of them, asserted that it would require the labour of forty thousand men, for forty years, to finish them. [*Archæologia*, vol. vii. p. 336.] Loose as this mode of estimation may be, it conveys an idea of the impression which the view of them made on his mind. The Pagodas of Ellore, eighteen miles from Aurungabad, are likewise hewn out of the solid rock, and if they do not equal those of Elephanta and Salsette, in magnitude, they surpass them far in their extent and number. M. Thevenot, who first gave a description of these singular mansions, asserts, that for above two leagues, all around the mountain, nothing is to be seen but Pagados.

[*Voy. Part. iii. chap. 44.*] They were examined at greater leisure, and with more attention by M. Anquetil du Perron. But as his long description of them is not accompanied with plan or drawing, it cannot convey a distinct idea of the whole. It is evident, however, that they are the works of a powerful people, and among the innumerable figures in sculpture, with which the walls are covered, all the present objects of Hindoo worship may be distinguished. [*Zendavesta. Disc. Prelim. p. 233.*] There are remarkable excavations in a mountain at Mavalipuram, near Sadras. This mountain is well known on the Coromandel coast by the name of the *Seven Pagodas*. A good description of the works there, which are magnificent and of high antiquity, is given in the *Asiatick Researches*, vol. i. p. 145. &c. Many other instances of similar works might be produced if it were necessary. What has been here asserted, concerning the elegance of some of the ornaments in Indian buildings, is confirmed by colonel Call, late chief engineer at Madras, who urges this as a proof of the early and high civilisation of the Indians. "It may safely be pronounced," says he, "that no part of the world has more marks of antiquity for arts, sciences and civilisation, than the peninsula of India, from the Ganges to Cape Comorin. I think the carvings on some of the pagodas and choultries, as well as the grandeur of the works, exceed any thing executed now a days, not only for the delicacy of the chisel, but the expense of construction, considering in many instances, to what distances the component parts were carried, and to what heights they were raised."

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON, WHICH TAKES PLACE IN THE SEA NEAR AMBOYNA.
NOTICED IN THE JOURNAL OF A LATE VOYAGER IN THOSE SEAS.

IN a violent gale last night, in passing between the islands of Bourou and Manipa, the water suddenly

changed its colour to a milky whiteness. Supposing it was owing to shoals, the lead was cast, but no bot-

tom was found with a line of eighty fathoms. This phenomenon remains therefore unaccounted for.

This phenomenon is regularly periodical in the seas near Amboyna. The most particular account of it is to be found in Valentyn's *Beschryving van Oost Indiën*, vol. II. p. 137, and vol. III. part ii. p. 10. He calls it *het wit-water* [the white water] and states, that it occurs twice every year in the seas around Banda; the first time, when it is denominated the little *wit-water*, it takes place at the new moon in June; it is but slight in July, but does not entirely subside before the same appearance occurs again at the new moon in August, when it is called the great *wit-water*. In the day time the sea appears as usual; but in the night it assumes a milk-white hue, and the reflection of it in the air is so great that the sky cannot be distinguished from the water. Land is very easily discerned by night in it, for the land appears very black in the middle of the whiteness. Very little fish is caught during the time that it lasts; the fish do not like the water, and the clearness of it makes them easily see the fishing tackle and boats, and consequently avoid them. It has likewise been observed to rot the bottoms of vessels which are much in it. It throws up, on the shores where it reaches, a great deal of slime and filth, and likewise different species of blubber, or *molusca bezaantjes* [*holothura physalis*] &c. It is dangerous for small vessels to be at sea in the night where it comes, as, though it may be calm, the sea always rolls with heavy surges, enough to overset boats, which seem as if they were occasioned by subaqueous exhalations pressing upwards for a vent. It is chiefly seen between Banda and the south eastern islands to the southward of the islands of Aroe and Keys, down to Tenimber, where the heaviest rolling of the sea is observed, and Timorlaut; it runs westward as far as Timor, and to the north it is met

with on the south coast of Ceram, keeping, however, to the south of the Uliassers and Amboyna, where it appears in large stripes. This milk sea, as Valentyn quaintly calls it, is clearly seen at night from the hills at Amboyna, stretching towards Banda. It does not often reach as far as Amboyna itself. The more tempestuous the weather proves, the more it rains; and the harder the southeast trade wind blows, the more this white water is seen. It is entirely unknown whence it proceeds, but it has generally been supposed to come from the gulf of Carpentaria. Some have considered the whiteness as occasioned by myriads of animalculæ; and others have ascribed it to a subtle, sulphureous, marine exhalation, which they have supposed to arise from the bottom of the sea, and to become condensed in the water. Brimstone is, in fact, produced in considerable quantities, at Amboyna and Banda, and likewise, upon Nila; Teeuwer, and Dammer (three islands, south of the two former, and between them and Timor, little known to any but the Dutch) and elsewhere in those regions; yet, remarks Valentyn, if the white water were caused by that circumstance, it would be observed wherever sulphur is found in large quantities. He says, a similar phenomenon has been observed at the Comorra islands, and between Madagascar and Africa. Stavorinus, in his voyage to Surât, observed the same singular appearance in latitude 17° 30' north, in which he describes the sea as having lost, during the day, its usual azure clearness, appearing darker and browner than usual, and appearing, at night, so white, as if the whole sea was covered with a white sheet, or exactly like the appearance, in the night-time, of a flat country overspread with snow. This phenomenon, he remarks, was entirely distinct from the luminous appearance which is frequently observed in the water of the ocean, as, instead

of giving any light, the whole was of a deadly paleness, excepting close to the vessel where it seemed mixed with some sparks of light. No ground was found with a line of 150 fathoms. Some of the water was taken up and examined immediately with a microscope, but nothing could be perceived in it with a glass of great magnifying power. To the naked eye, it appeared as clear as crystal, and on

tasting it, it seemed to have lost something of its briny and bituminous nature. An English navigator, capt. Newland, once observed the same appearance in the same part of the ocean, with this difference, however, that he saw it intermixed with black stripes running in a serpentine direction through the whiteness.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE OSAGES, A NATION OF AMERICAN INDIANS, LIVING SOUTH OF THE RIVER MISSOURI. ADDRESSED TO LINDLEY MURRAY, ESQ. BY SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

IT has been questioned, whether the natives of North America have any poetical taste. For a long time I was inclined to the opinion, that they had no compositions of this kind, or, at least, none beyond a single sentence or ejaculation. This was my belief, when, after the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the Osage Indians, from the regions far west of the Mississippi, made their first appearance on the shores of the Atlantick. A party of them had been sent from Washington in 1804, to see the maritime country, and had travelled as far as New York. Having repeatedly seen these strange visitors, and the gentleman who attended them during their stay in that city, I was much gratified by the answers made to many questions I asked concerning them. Among other information I received, was the fact that the party had a poet among them. I endeavoured to procure a retired interview with this son of Song; but such was the press of company, and such was their incessant occupation, that I found it utterly impossible.

The next year, another party of these red men of the West, came to Washington, the seat of the American government. I visited them, cultivated their acquaintance, and had repeated visits in return. I was both

instructed and entertained with the geographical delineations they made of the regions they were acquainted with. They drew for me, with chalk, on the floor, a sketch of the rivers Arkansas, Missouri, and Mississippi, and of the Osage and Gasconade. They depicted the villages of the Great and little Osages, and their route thence toward the city of Washington; and they marked the spot, where the vast Saline exists, to the westward and southward of their settlements.

Among other displays of their knowledge, they favoured me with concerts of vocal and instrumental music. Four or five performers stood up together in a row, and uttered, with measured tone and accent, several of their popular songs. A small basket, with stones in it, like a child's play-thing; a rattle-snake's tail tied to the extremity of a wild turkey's long feather; a sort of board to be beaten by the hand; and a flute, or rather whistle, made of native reed, were the instruments employed by this harmonious band.

Their concert was animated, and seemed to give the actors a great deal of pleasure. The spirit and satisfaction which they manifested, made me curious to know what were the words and sentiments of the songs. After various efforts, I suc-

ceeded in procuring several of these aboriginal pieces, by aid of their interpreter. He gave me the literal translation, and this I have thrown into English verse, with but small amplification or paraphrase. When I took the pen, ink, and paper the chief musician, or poet, felt so much timidity, or embarrassment that he could with difficulty be prevailed on to repeat the words. At length, however, on being told, "*that the red man kept his song in his mouth, but that I would show him the white man's method of putting it into his pocket,*" his scruples were overcome; for he laughed, and then slowly and distinctly uttered the words of several songs.

I give you, as specimens of their talent in this way, three different rhythmical compositions. These are on *Friendship, War, and Peace*, and afford striking illustrations of the manner of thinking, among those simple and unlettered people.

You will judge of the sagacity and quickness of wit, which they possess, by the following anecdote: I observed to one of the chiefs, who visited me, "that, as the white men would soon begin to encroach upon them, the woods would be destroyed by fire, or cut down. Then game would grow scarce; deer and bison would disappear, and the Osages would be obliged to retire, and dispossess their neighbours by force, or remain at home, and adopt the manners of the white men. I asked him, when food grew so scarce, what he and his countrymen would do? "Father," said he, in reply, "we hear, that the president of the United States is a very rich man, and has got a great quantity of money: we have been told, that the secretary at war is exceedingly wealthy too, and keeps many bags of dollars; the senator, from New York, likewise, Father, possesses a great estate, and has as much silver as he wants: what will

Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Dearborne, and Mr. Mitchill, do when all their money is gone?"

I. OSAGE SONG OF FRIENDSHIP,

Composed on the arrival of a party of their warriors at Washington, in December, 1805, and sung at Dr. Mitchill's, with their accompaniment of aboriginal musical instruments. The joy of this band was the greater, on having reached in safety the place of their destination, inasmuch as another band had been killed, on their journey, by the murderous Sioux. They also express singular delight, in having had an interview with the president of the United States, whom they call their "Great White Father."

My comrades brave, and friends of note!
Ye hither come from lands remote,
To see your grand exalted Sire,
And his sagacious words admire.

"The Master" of your Life and Breath"
Averted accidents and death;
That you might such a sight behold,
In spite of hunger, foes, and cold.

Ye Red-men! since ye here have been,
Your Great White Father ye have seen;
Who cheered his children with his voice,
And made their beating hearts rejoice.

Thou Chief Osage! fear not to come,
And leave awhile thy sylvan home;
The path we trod is clear and free,
And wide and smother grows for thee.

When here to march thou feel'st inclined,
We'll arm a length'ning file behind;
And dauntless from our forests walk,
To hear our Great White Father's talk.

II. OSAGE WAR SONG.

Wanapasha, one of their chiefs, encourages them to be intrepid in battle.

Say, warriors, why, when arms are sung,
And dwell on every native tongue,
Do thoughts of death intrude?
Why weep the common lot of all?
Why fancy you yourselves may fall,
Pursuing or pursued?

* The Great Spirit, or Supreme Being, is called by the Osages, "The Master of Breath, or Master of Life."

Doubt not your Wanapasha's* care,
To lead you forth, and show you where
The enemy's concealed;
His single arm shall make th' attack
And drive the sly invaders back,
Or stretch them on the field.

Proceeding with embodied force,
No nation can withstand our course,
Or check our bold career;
Though did they know my warlike fame,
The terrors of my form and name,
They'd quake, or die with fear.

III. OSAGE SONG OF PEACE,

*On terminating the War with their Neigh-
bours, the Kansas.*

Ye brave Osages! one and all
My friends and relatives I call!
Here smoke the calumet at ease;
The Kansas come to talk of peace;
The same, whose warriors, babes, and
wives,
Beneath your fury lost their lives;
As suppliants now your grace implore,
And sue for peace from door to door.
May red men form, for happiest ends,
A band of relatives and friends!

Ye brave Osages! one and all
My friends and relatives I call!
There, take the hands the Kansas show;
Forget that they were once your foe;
Resentment check; be calm and mild,
Like men sincerely reconciled,
And recollect the temper good,
That joins them to your brotherhood.
May red men form for noblest ends,
A band of relatives and friends!

Ye brave Osages! one and all
My friends and relatives I call!
Your life's Great Master now adore,
That War's destructive rage is o'er;
He always views with equal eye
The children of his family.
May Peace unnumbered blessings bring,
And may we never cease to sing
How red men form, for wisest ends,
A band of relatives and friends!

I hope the attention of gentlemen,
who speculate upon the genius and
intellect of the people called savages,
may be turned to this subject.

DECOY ELEPHANTS CATCHING A MALE.

WE may in vain search the annals
of art, and examine the records of
antiquity, for such an extraordinary
fact as forms the subject of this article.
That many birds are made
instrumental towards enslaving their
own species we all know; but even
if we should hesitate in admitting,
that the chirping of a linnet in its
cage were rather the effect of agi-
tation, and of that sensibility which
the sight of its fellow creatures
ranging at full liberty must create;
or, if we should deny that decoy
ducks act rather from habit than
from design; and though we should
affix to the conduct of each, an absolute
connivance in the ensnaring of
their own race, and admire the
regularity with which they act on
such occasions; yet we do not find
sufficient to interest us deeply, nor
any circumstance evincing either
that they are themselves sensible of

the stratagem, or that they are at-
tached and strongly affectionate to
their employers.

Not so the *koomkie* (or female
elephant) she becomes an active
accessory in the plot against her fel-
low creature; discovering not only
great readiness, but much ingenuity
and anxiety for the success of the
enterprise, as well as for the per-
sonal safety of her keeper! Possibly
we might be the less surprised at
this, were *koomkies* trained from
their earliest years to the device,
which is by no means the case.
They are generally selected, perhaps
from herds comparatively fresh from
the *keddah* (or trap) on account of
their size, their docility, and their
attachment to their *mohouts*, or
drivers. In fact, however tractable
and affectionate a female elephant
may be, she will be of no value as a
koomkie unless of a good stature;

* Wanapasha died afterwards at Washington.

without which she could neither effectually conceal her driver from the sight of the male to be taken, nor, in the event of his being discovered, afford him the least protection.

It may be observed, that domesticated animals at the season of procreation generally are in a state of warfare; one male of superiour prowess exiling, or at least controlling, such males as may have not either spirit or strength to dispute the point. With wild animals this is, if any thing, carried to a greater extreme. Such as do not possess any exterior weapons of offence, nature has designed should couple, as we find to be the case with hares, rabbits, rats, wolves, bears, and many others; while those to which she has assigned horns, protruding teeth, &c. ever assemble in herds; as elephants, deer, buffaloes, &c. over which one male ordinarily obtains sway. With regard to antelopes, nothing is more common than to see the conquered males wander about in solitude, at a distance from their kindred herds, which they dare not approach. If two or more of these should meet, as often happens, a fierce contest ensues; like many human litigations, terminating in mutual injury without any object to reward the victor. With buffaloes it is in some measure the same; the evil is with them diminished by the propensity of herds, at this season, to divide into small parties, with each of which a male retires.

It is not easy to ascertain precisely how the matter stands with elephants; but, from all that can be collected on the subject, we may conclude that the case is much the same with them as with deer. Dreadful conflicts between the large males of a flock of elephants have been seen, terminating in the expulsion of the weaker parties, which range the country in the most violent agitation. Full of lust and resentment, they destroy every living object within their power, and in the most

wanton manner pull up sugar canes, plaintain trees, &c. rending the air with their disconsolate trumpeting. Others are more sulky, and seek the heavier covers; where, no doubt, time allays their passions, and by degrees they, rejoin their own, or some other herd.

These single males, which are called *sauns*, very soon distinguish themselves, and attract the notice of the enterprising dealer, who fails not to despatch two or more *koomkies* for the purpose of securing such substantial prizes. It is to be understood, that the *sauns* are very valuable; being of the first class, and inferior only to the master elephant of the herd, whose antipathy appears to be engendered solely against such among the males as, from their near equality with his own stature, become objects of jealousy. At least such we must take for granted; since we find many males of inferior size among herds taken, at a time when such as are above described have been obliged, by one superiour in vigour, to abandon them.

The *koomkies* despatched should be as nearly as possible the size of the *saun* to be taken. A *mohout* does not like to venture, unless among ample numbers, on such desperate service, if his *koomkie* bear not a due proportion as to bulk, on which, as also on the footing of attachment created between himself and his charge, which is generally an object of very great solicitude and attention, not only his success, but his very existence depends. When the *koomkies* are within a foot, or a foot and a half, as high as the male to be caught, two will generally suffice; though a third is rarely objected to as superfluous.

Each *mohout* is provided with a black blanket, and a small quantity of strong rope, proper for securing the *saun*; the ordinary paintings of red and dun oaker on the elephants' faces, and every thing which could create in the male the least suspicion of domestication, are carefully

removed. The *mohouts*, covered with their blankets, crouch in such manner as not to be easily distinguished from the animals they are on; and perhaps, if the situation be favourable to the measure, both the *koomkie* and her driver furnish themselves with green boughs, which the former carries in her trunk, playing with it in such a manner as to favour the concealment of the latter. Though on some occasions the *mohouts* accompany the *koomkies* up to the *saun*, yet it is safer, and generally the most sure and easy mode, for them to dismount in some contiguous cover with their blankets and ropes, leading the *koomkies* to the *saun*, towards which they proceed in the most cunning style.

A majestick scene now presents itself; the *koomkies* begin to caress the *saun*, raising his passions by the most libidinous demeanour. During this scene of courtship, however, they fail not to place themselves in such manner as to favour the approach of the *mohouts*; who watching their opportunities, pass the ropes with wondrous dexterity round the fore legs of the *saun*, which, being elated with his good fortune, and losing all sense but that of enjoyment, is speedily secured. When a large tree is at hand, the *koomkies* artfully lead the *saun* towards it, in the first instance; whence not only the approach of the *mohouts* is greatly facilitated, but an opportunity is afforded him, in the course of dalliance, while the *saun*, like many a love-sick swain, has his thoughts any where but where they should be, of affixing to his hind legs a pair of wooden clasps having spikes within them, and joined to a strong rope, which is passed round the tree, and made completely fast; leaving the *saun* but little scope to move round. During this process, the conduct of the *koomkies* is peculiarly artful. They not only exert themselves with astonishing address to divert the attention of the *saun*, and to cut off his view downwards by means of

their trunks, but they even aid in effecting the ligatures therewith, passing the rope at times, when the *mohouts* might either be exposed to danger, or unable to reach it. The clasps for the hind legs are made with a joint in their middle, generally of rope; and the small iron spikes within them, being nothing more than the ends of nails driven through the wood from the outside, do not give any uneasiness except when the *saun* makes an effort to move forward; at which time, the clasps being brought against the limb by the straining of the rope, the spikes are pressed into the ankle, and cause such pain as to dishearten the animal from frequent or forcible exertions.

Notwithstanding every precaution, and the vigilance of the *koomkies*, it sometimes happens that the *saun* either sees, hears, feels, or smells, the *mohouts*; in which case not even the caresses of the "agreeable deceivers" can control his violence. This is a severe trial of the fortitude and fidelity of the *koomkies*; which have been known to expose themselves to the *saun's* utmost fury, to effect the escape of the *mohouts*, who do not require much urging on such occasions to make a most precipitate retreat. Sometimes the *saun*, indignant and big with rage, forgetting the difference of sex, uses his teeth without mercy; goring the *koomkies* desperately, and twisting their tails with his trunk. I believe instances have occurred of their being killed. One would conclude, that, after such a failure, *koomkies* would be with difficulty induced, at any future period, to approach a *saun*; but, though I have heard of instances of their returning to the same male, after such severe maltreatment by him, I have not been able to learn that any ever were so far intimidated as to be less willing to resume their functions whenever required.

After these measures have been taken to secure him, nothing further is requisite than to leave the *saun* to expend himself, in vain efforts to re-

gain his liberty. Furious and agitated to an extreme, he destroys whatever may be in his way; tearing up the tufts of grass by the roots, rending from the tree such branches as may be within his reach, and eventually straining to throw down the tree itself by his weight, or to pull it up with his trunk. In short, his whole powers are in action on this occasion; and it is not until being completely overcome with fatigue, and nearly dead from his natural thirst, which is greatly augmented by his constant roarings, that he subsides into a sort of tranquillity.

During the first day, it would be of no avail to tender any sustenance; nor in general will a *saun* for some time touch any thing but water, which he appears to enjoy greatly, and will suck up with avidity. However, the impulse of nature soon operates, and induces him to pick at branches of plaintain, the stems of those trees, sugar canes, bundles of *dhul* grass, or such other provisions as are grateful to his palate. The same *koomkies* and *mohouts* attend him daily, gaining by degrees upon his confidence, and rendering him, after some days, or weeks, according to his natural temper or other circumstances, fit to be taken under charge of elephants, perhaps superior to him in bulk, to the place where others belonging to the same proprietor are kept. At this time, owing to the constraint occasioned by the ligatures, and by the uniformity of position, as well as by the want of exercise, to which the violent struggles he has undergone add greatly, the *saun* is by no means capable of effectual exertion. Large

ropes being passed round his body, and, if needful, others attached to his legs, he is conducted, generally with little trouble, to his station. Sometimes, however, a *saun* will in his way, or perhaps on his legs being liberated, make a desperate resistance. When this happens, the conducting elephants, extending to the length of their tow ropes, urge forward as fast as may be practicable; while one or more sturdy males goad him behind with their teeth. The *mohouts* of the latter being provided with spears, which are applied without mercy, to the hind parts of the unwilling captive, he generally finds it most convenient to submit, and may, perhaps, in a few months afterwards, be seen leading *sauns* with great spirit and assiduity.

Coercion should, nevertheless, be avoided as much as possible. It is far better to gain gradually upon an elephant's disposition, than to have recourse to any act of violence. No animals on earth have a keener or more lasting sense of injury; while, on the other hand, none seem more grateful for kindness. For this reason, a person wishing to obtain an elephant for his own use, should endeavour to get such as may have been taken by a dealer exercising a system of moderation; selecting from his stock one that has, from the first, been most docile, and been treated with least severity. Such an animal will prove to work better, to be more healthy, and to be on all occasions calm and tractable; while the reverse will, with rare exceptions, be found to result from harsh measures.

JUGGLERS IN INDIA, FROM A LATE NARRATIVE.

WE were visited one evening by a set of jugglers, who craved permission to exhibit their skill, for our diversion; which being granted they proceeded to perform, a great varie-

ty of very pleasing deceptions, particularly that of the mango tree, which I dare say most gentlemen who have resided any time in Bengal or the upper provinces, have had op-

portunities of seeing. A mango stone was buried in the ground before our faces, with sundry strange grimaces, and affected incantations by the jugglers. In a short space of time, a slender tree was observed to sprout up from the spot, which in the course of an hour grew the height of four or five feet, with an exuberant foliage, and several green mangoes, which we were requested to pluck and taste; the process was certainly very adroitly managed, and excited a considerable degree of pleasure and surprise. The whole tribe of slight-of-hand men in Europe are mere bunglers, when compared with the jugglers of India; their deceptions are so admirably executed, and some of their performances of such a strange nature, that the ignorant and superstitious natives, believing as they do all the enchantments described in such books as the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*, may well ascribe to them necromantick powers. Even some pious Roman catholic missionaries have gravely asserted, that the jugglers on the coast of Coromandel had dealings with the devil, as their feats were beyond the reach of human power. Without subscribing to the opinions of those reverend fathers, I must confess, that many of their actions are very wonderful, and one of them in particular has been pronounced by surgeons, eminently skilled in the anatomy of the human body, to be impossible. What I allude to is, the circumstance of a man thrusting a sword down his own throat, up to the hilt, without receiving any injury. With all due submission to these learned anatomists, who decide so dogmatically on the impossibility of the thing, I must beg to state, that I have seen it performed by the Pandarums, at Madras, above a dozen times; and I doubt not, but there are hundreds of people in England, who have seen it, also. There was no deception, no trick whatever, but an absolute deglutition

of the blade of a sword, formed like a cut and thrust but blunt at the point and edges. I examined it minutely, and found it to be a real and substantial piece of cold iron. The man threw his head back, so as to bring the passage of the throat in a straight line with the stomach; he then took the sword in both his hands and inserted it with great care, until the whole was engulphed, and the hilt only remained out of his mouth. I once saw it performed before several gentlemen, among whom was the surgeon of an Indiaman, then at anchor in Madras roads. He was very sceptical on the subject, until it was fairly brought to issue, when the reality of the circumstance excited his extreme astonishment; he desired the man to repeat the operation, and when at length all his doubts were removed, he made the Pandarum a proposal to go, with him to Europe, in consideration of which, he would give him* one thousand pagodas on the spot, a like sum on his arrival in England, with his expenses there and other advantages. The tenth part of this sum would have been a fortune to the man, and for that amount he would have attended him all his life, in any part of the peninsula of India; but his cast was an insuperable barrier to his going on board a ship, to the great mortification and disappointment of the doctor. I should not have entered into so prolix a statement of this affair, were I not well assured that there are many people in England, particularly professional men, who regard the circumstance as a mere travelling romance; and it is not many months since I dined at a friend's house, with a large party, whom I found on my entrance, exercising their risible faculties, at the expense of a gentleman, who had arrived a short time before from India, and entertained them with an account of what he had seen in that country. They swallowed sundry relations of dancing

* Four hundred pounds sterling.

elephants, musical snakes, flying foxes, and other strange things, but they could not swallow the sword, no, that stuck in their throat, and occasioned a tickling which brought on the risibility I observed, on my first entrance. The gentleman, understanding that I had been in India, appealed to me for the truth of his narration. I confirmed it, without hesitation; but some of the company did not seem to be convinced, and the gentleman has since acquired the nick-name, of the sword-eater. I shall dismiss the subject with ob-

serving, that there are many circumstances which occur daily in the streets of Calcutta and other towns of India, which would be deemed fabulous by the good people of this country; and, on the contrary, the narration of many things that are common in the streets of London, would, by the natives of Hindoostan, be attributed to the fertile imagination of a prolifick brain; due credit ought, therefore, to be attached to such relations, although they do not come within the immediate scope of our conceptions.

A LETTER, DATED CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, MAY 21, 1809, GIVES THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

ABOUT ten months ago, lieutenant Donovan, of the 83d regiment, assistant-surgeon Cowan, and twelve Hottentots, left the Cape with the intention of travelling, if possible, as far as Mosambique. This undertaking, if it be accomplished, will far exceed any African travels that have hitherto been performed, as the regions through which they pass are utterly unknown to any European. Last week, letters, dated about two months ago, were received from these gentlemen, at which time they had penetrated to lat. 24° S. long. 28° E. According to the information which they had collected, in about twelve or fourteen days longer travelling to the N. E. they should arrive at a place, to which white people were in the habit of going from Mosambique; so that there is great reason to hope this arduous enterprise may be successfully achieved. The country which they were then in was fertile. The only discovery of material importance, which they appear to have made, at the time their letters were written, was, that they

had found wild camels, animals not before known to be inhabitants of South Africa. This unexpected discovery may eventually prove of the highest utility to this colony, in many parts of which, for several succeeding days, a traveller cannot meet with water; and, from the burdens which camels are capable of bearing, they may probably supersede, in a great degree, the use of wagons, each of which requires from eight or ten to sixteen or eighteen bullocks to drag them over the sandy or stony roads, in the vicinity of the Cape. From this account it appears, that the travellers had proceeded in a diagonal line, and in a north-easterly direction, from 34° S. lat. and 23° E. long. (the situation of the Cape) to 24° S. lat. and 28° E. long. that is 10° to the northward, and 5° to the eastward; and that, as Mosambique is situated in 40° E. long. and 15° S. lat. they had still to traverse 9° of latitude, and 13° of longitude, so that their journey was not then nearly half completed.

To the Editor of the Philosophical Magazine.

ON THE GENERATION, AND OTHER OBSCURE FACTS IN THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE COMMON EEL.

SIR,

IN your 133rd number, for May last, page 410, it is stated as a curious fact in the natural history of the common eel, that a number, consisting of old and young, had been discovered in a subterranean pool at the bottom of an old quarry, which had been filled up and its surface ploughed and cropped more than twelve years. The information was evidently intended to convey an opinion that the young eels, found in the pool, had actually been bred therein; and, could that circumstance have been unequivocally established, it would have been a new and interesting fact in the natural history of the animal. I, however, imagine, that a strict investigation of all the circumstances of the case, made on the spot, would have shown that the young eels had recently found their way into the pool, in the same manner as the old ones had formerly done; that is, by some aqueous communication, however temporary or trivial, with any, the most insignificant, adjoining brook or rill. It is certainly difficult to conceive how even a subterranean pool can preserve its water for more than a dozen years, perfectly isolated from all other water; and if any communication, however temporary, and however minute, had existed, the circumstance of finding the old and young eels together, would be only an ordinary occurrence. Indeed, I find no difficulty in pronouncing, that the case spoken of furnishes no satisfactory evidence of the fact it was intended to establish.

I believe there is no animal, if we except man himself, that is so disseminated over every climate and country in the globe, as the common eel. In almost every instance where fresh water either flows, or is permanently stationary, the eel is an

inhabitant; and throughout every part of our own country, not only every river and brook, but also every piece of stationary water, from the largest lakes down to many of our common wells, are found, in the proper season, to abound with eels; and yet both the place and the manner of their propagation still remain a question in zoology. There are also, many other facts in their history, that are very obscure; and it would be an interesting addition to the researches of the British zoologist to have the whole satisfactorily cleared up. In furtherance of this object, and to narrow the field of inquiry, I here offer, Mr. Editor, such facts as have fallen within my own observation, of the natural habitudes of the eel. They are chiefly intended to induce some of your intelligent readers, whose situation furnishes them with better sources of information to communicate what they can learn on the subject.

In all inland waters, eels abound without number in summer, but disappear in winter. This disappearance has been variously accounted for, and it has been very generally imagined that a large proportion hibernate, by bedding themselves in mud; a notion which, I believe, is quite as visionary as the hibernation of swallows under water. Were eels ever in the habit of penetrating into mud, they would naturally enough shelter themselves therein, when exposed to imminent danger, and no other mode of escape presented itself; but I have seen very many instances of muddy pools, purposely and speedily drained off, where multitudes of eels crawled over the light surface of the mud in all directions to escape, and without ever attempting to conceal themselves by penetrating into it. The full and clear eye of the eel,

also furnishes evidence that nature never intended that animal to be buried under mud.

The disappearance of eels, in rivers and brooks, may be well accounted for by their emigration to the sea. This emigration is called their *running*. It commences in autumn, when immense quantities pass down the streams. Great numbers take the advantage of descending with floods, but a large proportion pass downwards in the night, and only in the darkest and most tempestuous nights. Moonshine wholly suspends their progress; and even a temporary gleam of light, when the night is otherwise favourable, immediately interrupts their journey. This proves that their emigration is not a casual but a premeditated system in their existence: and it also displays their instinctive cunning; for, being an easy prey, when discovered, to otters, herons, and other nocturnal enemies, it is only in the darkest nights that they can travel in safety. During the period of their run, vast quantities are caught in bag-nets, set across the streams. There is reason to suspect that all the eels in rivers do not run for the sea, as, very early in the spring, large eels abound in rivers at such a distance inland, as renders it highly improbable that they can have ascended so far at so early a period; and, indeed, it is yet an unascertained fact, whether, of the vast multitude which unquestionably do pass downwards to the sea, any of them do again return and ascend to any distance up the streams. If, indeed, this retrograde emigration really existed to any extent, there are thousands of situations on our streams where it must have been every season perceived; and yet it has not only not been discovered, but the instances are frequent, where the obstacles, on many of our streams, render it impracticable, and where, nevertheless, large eels are found above these obstacles as early, and as abundantly as below them. The probability, therefore, is, that

few or none of the vast numbers which descend the streams, ever again return; and then, as they are never discovered in the sea itself, the question of what ultimately becomes of them, is just as obscure as that of their generation.

There are many lakes, and multitudes of pools, abounding with eels, and from which they cannot run on account of the insufficiency of the outlets; and in these situations, the eels, most certainly, continue during the period of their existence. There, however, they regularly disappear in winter, and the manner of their hibernating is entirely unknown. But as no species of animal, with which we are acquainted, ever does breed during the time of its hibernation (the thing, indeed, seeming physically impossible) and as eels, in these confined situations, are taken at all other times, without any vestige of propagation being discovered amongst them, the inference seems conclusive, that eels never do, under any circumstance, breed in fresh water. Were it, indeed, practicable in a single instance, it would be equally so in thousands of others, where the circumstances are so similar; and it would be passing strange if a solitary quarry pit, which had been excluded for a dozen years even from day light, were to discover to us an occurrence which is never displayed in our multitudinous open pools, where the same animals are equally restricted from escape.

In contradistinction to the vast emigration of old eels down the streams in autumn, an immensely greater migration of young ones commences up the streams in spring and summer. Their size varies between the smallest and the largest darning needle. They are called *elvers*, and abound in some of our large rivers, to an inconceivable extent. In some places, bushels of them are taken with baskets fixed on to the ends of poles, and drawn swiftly through the water. Their progress is always along the banks, and

numerous portions pass up into all the lateral streams. The smallest brook and the minutest rill that can run receive their proportion; and it is solely in this way that every piece of water, however or wherever it may be situated, receives the eels that are found in it. The smallest possible trickling of water from any pool to the nearest brook, is sufficient to enable these little indefatigable animals to wind their way up to the source. The instinct, indeed, which impels them upwards against all moving water seems incessant and irresistible; it surmounts every difficulty, and perseveres successfully against every obstacle, however imperious. During the slow state of streams in the early part of summer, they may be found at weirs, mill-dams, cascades, and other elevations across the streams, ascending, by the margin of the water, perpendicular walls many feet in height, where the least crevice in the stone, or patch of moss, affords them a hold; and they will even find their way over vertical dry boards, by adroitly employing their glutinous exterior. I have taken them in handfuls from patches of wet moss against erect walls, completely out of the water, and where the height and distance to be surmounted would require the persevering efforts of many days. In very small, pellucid brooks, adjacent to rivers where they abound, they may be seen wriggling up the little streams, in endless succession, for weeks together. Great numbers doubtless perish by ascending the temporary rills produced from rain, and by reaching spring heads, and situations where the water is insufficient for their growth and support. But in this, as in every other instance, provident nature has guarded against all such casual expenditure, by the superabundance of the production.

In the larger rivers, communicating with the sea, although the eels appear to advance in vast bodies, I do not imagine their migration,

either in its commencement or progress, is made in concerted shoals; it seeming more probable that the number found together is accidental, and arises from the continual supply sent off from the quarter where they originate. This is confirmed in the small streams, where each individual is seen making its way by its own solitary efforts.

In summer, all the large eels in rivers and brooks, conceal themselves during the day under large stones and roots of trees, and in the crevices of rocks and walls, and even in earth-holes of the banks; and in these situations, they obtain a large proportion of their food, being always on the watch to seize small fish, or other prey that the stream or accident throws into their concealment; and I think it is much more probable that the eels which do not find their way down to the sea, pass the winter in similar situations, rather than bedded in mud, or in any other of the fanciful modes which have been assigned them.

Such are a few of the principal facts in the natural history of the common eel, a creature which every where surrounds us, in the greatest abundance, and yet its origin, and final disposal, are equally unknown. That it never does breed in fresh water, seems to be a fact well established; and the periodical descent of the old ones to the sea, and ascent of the young ones from thence, strongly evince that the scene of their propagation is in the sea itself, or very near to the mouths of rivers, and that it is there that inquiries on the subject should be prosecuted.

The growth of the eel, like that of most other fish of prey, does not appear limited to any determinate natural bulk, but to be governed only by the age and abundance of food. In this country they are indiscriminately of every size, up to eight or nine pounds weight. They have generally been supposed viviparous; but the immense abundance of the young certainly bespeaks an oviparous

rous progeny; and this is supported by analogy in the lamprey eel, which breeds commonly enough in most of our estuaries.

The tenacious vitality of the eel is well known, and is very extraordinary; for after decapitation, skinning, and embowelling, the separated portions of the body will still exhibit strong movement. This is a property seemingly common to all similarly lengthened animals, and

obviously results from the comparatively small proportion of nerves which originate from the brain, and the much greater which branch off in succession from the spine into the adjacent parts; an arrangement which distributes the source of vitality along the whole frame of the animal.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JOHN CARR.

October, 1809.

CURIOUS RENCONTRE BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A BEAR.

A gentleman who was proceeding post to Midnapore, found his *palankeen* suddenly put down, or rather dropped, without much ceremony or regard to its contents, by the bearers, who as abruptly took to their heels in various directions. On putting his head out, to ascertain the cause of so unpleasant a circumstance, the gentleman discovered a half grown bear smelling about the machine.—Bruin no sooner saw the traveller, than he boldly entered at one side, and, as the *palankeen* was of the old fashion, with a highly arched bamboo, he could not be opposed. The gentleman thought it necessary to relinquish his situation in favour of his shaggy visiter, who, with as little ceremony as he had entered, passed through, following the gentleman, with some very suspicious hints; such as barking and champing of the teeth. After some manœuvres on both sides, a close action commenced, in which either party at times might claim the victory.

The bearers had collected themselves on a high spot whence they could have an excellent "bird's eye view" of the battle; but whether from prudence, or impelled by curiosity to ascertain what would be the result of an engagement between an English gentleman and a Bengal bear, all kept aloof from the combatants. As the chances varied so did the bearers express their appro-

bation; applauding each as he seemed by his superiority to merit their plaudits. When the gentleman chanced to have the upper hand they cheered him with "*sawbush saheb*," i. e. well done, master; and when the bear became lord of the ascendancy, they paid the just tribute to his exertions with "*sawbush bauloo*," i. e. well done, Mr. Bear. Now and then an interjectory *wau! wau!* expressive of the highest admiration, was uttered with no small emphasis, indiscriminately as it might in justice be merited by either party.

Fortunately the gentleman succeeded, and after receiving many desperate wounds, throttled the bear. When the contest was over, the bearers returned, and after overwhelming their master with compliments, bore him on his journey. On their arrival at the next stage, the bearers were all taken into custody, and the magistrate, according to the laudable custom prevalent in India, where offences are punished without very nicely examining the exact spot, and hour of perpetration, bestowed on each of the critics a hearty chastisement in the market place; while the applauding crowd of spectators did not fail, at each turn of the instrument, to repeat "*sawbush saheb*;" and when pain induced the culprits to writhe, in hopes to evade the whip, others would ironically exclaim, "*sawbush bauloo*."

The following directions for training messenger pigeons are extracted from an Arabic work printed at the imperial press at Paris, under the title of: "The Messenger Pigeon more rapid than Lightning, and swifter than the Clouds. By Michael Sabbagh."

AS soon as the young pigeons are fledged, they must be taught to feed from a person's hand, and to drink from the same person's mouth. For this purpose take up the young pigeon, and with your hand gently throw back its head, open the bill, and put two or three grains of corn into its mouth. When you think it has eaten enough, take some water into your mouth and make it drink by introducing its bill. Afterwards place it on the floor and play with it, teaching it to follow you. This exercise ought to be repeated twice or thrice a day, with the view of accustoming the animal to be handled. When the pigeon is strong enough to fly a little, if it be a male, you should place it beside a female which has received the same training.

As soon as they can fly well, they may be put into a cage and sent to the place to which it is intended they should afterwards carry messages. The cage ought to be uncovered, that they may see the road. As soon as they have arrived, the owner of the place to which they are sent will keep them shut up for a month at least, taking care to play with them and handle them every day. It will be proper to continue this treatment for two months, when the birds will have been accustomed to this second place of residence. One at a time may then be let loose, and not both together, for the following reasons: 1st, If you set one of them only at liberty, nothing will stop it on its way, neither corn nor trees will detain it for a moment, while the desire of returning to its companion will quicken its speed. 2dly, If any thing has occurred to detain it, either from its having visited a strange pigeon-house or any other cause, you have only to turn out its comrade, which will soon bring it back. 3dly, If you have a male without a female, or *vice*

versâ, there is reason to fear that the bird will on some occasion meet an agreeable companion; and of course neglect its master and its errand. For these reasons I think it indispensable that messenger pigeons should always be paired.

As soon as a pigeon has arrived with a letter at the place of its destination, it should be immediately set at liberty once more with the answer. If kept long from its mate, it would in all probability die of grief, or refuse to undertake a similar mission in future.

After the letter has been attached in the way to be subsequently explained, the person charged with despatching the pigeon ought to carry it to a distance from the houses into the fields, directing his face towards the place to which the letter is to be sent. The first time a pigeon is employed on this service, it will be proper to follow it for about a quarter of an hour, lest it should alight on some tree from which it must be driven.

Some persons are in the habit of attaching the letter to the male pigeon only, and letting him loose along with a female belonging to the place to which he is to be sent. When both arrive at their place of destination, the female must be confined and the male sent back to his own mate with the answer. This precaution is had recourse to in order to accustom the pigeons to go and come.

The letter intrusted to the pigeon ought to be written on very fine paper. All superfluous words must of course be avoided. The letter is generally placed flat under the wing; but in my opinion it would be more advantageous to fasten it to one of the sides; in the first place, because the weight of the letter would be less felt; and secondly, it would be less liable to fall by the flapping of the wings when the animal flies.

By placing the letter under the wing it is preserved from rain and other accidents. It may be fastened by a small pin to one of the strongest feathers, the pin being passed through the letter and fastened at both ends by a piece of thread crossed over it. The point of the pin should be kept outwards that the

sides of the bird may not be pricked. Care should also be taken that no part of the letter should hang out, lest the flight of the pigeon be retarded.

The nest or pigeon hole should be so constructed that the bird may be laid hold of without any struggle, or without being fatigued.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUTCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

MR. GRAY, the elegant author of *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, being in London, before his promotion to modern history in the university of Cambridge, and when his circumstances were so cramped that he could indulge himself in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private sale of books, in which the lots were very large. Amongst the rest, there was a very elegant book case, filled with an excellently chosen collection of the best editions of the French classics handsomely bound, the price one hundred guineas. Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could

not afford to buy it. The conversation between him and his friend was overheard by the dutchess of Northumberland, who, knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was. She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring, she bought the book case and its contents, and sent it to Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing that she was ashamed of sending so small an acknowledgment for the infinite pleasure she had received in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, of all others, her favourite poem,

From the Philosophical Magazine, for October, 1809.

AN ICELANDICK TOUR.

WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, Esq. F. L. S. of Norwich, has lately returned from Iceland, where he spent the summer in investigating the natural history of that interesting country. He travelled with a retinue of Icelanders as far up the country as the perennial snow would permit, collecting numerous specimens of quadrupeds, birds, insects, plants, minerals, &c. making drawings of the most important objects of curiosity; and also purchasing, in different places, many Icelandick books, weapons, dresses, &c. at great cost. Mr. Hooker visited the Geysers, or hot spouting springs, and pitched his tent for some time, in their neighbourhood, watching the most favourable opportunities for making drawings of them.

We regret to add, that nearly the whole of this gentleman's labours

were lost, by the disastrous circumstance of the vessel, in which he embarked for London, taking fire soon after they were out of sight of the island, and being burnt to the water's edge. The crew and passengers were saved by a vessel which providentially came in sight soon after the fire began.

Mr. Hooker, after whom the president of the Linnean Society named his new genus of mosses, is already well known to the lovers of natural history as the discoverer of *Buxbaumia aphylla*, as well as by his scientific drawings for the valuable work on Fuci, by his friend, Dawson Turner, Esq. of Yarmouth; and his descriptions of several new mosses gathered by Dr. Buchanan, during his journey to Nepal, published in the last volume of the Linnean Transactions,

*Memoir on the Incombustible Man; or the pretended Phenomenon of Incombustibility. Translated from the Italian of Louis Sementini, M. D. chief Professor of Chymistry in the Royal University of Naples.**

I HAVE undertaken this short treatise after performing several experiments in the presence of some of my learned friends, on the pretended incombustibility. It is extraordinary, that in examining all the phenomena which Senor Lionetto has exhibited to the publick, no one has mentioned the most extraordinary of them, his proposal to enter an oven (I know not at what degree of Reaumur's thermometer) with a piece of raw mutton in one hand and an egg in the other, &c. But, if the phenomenon does not exist, what reproach should I not merit for having hazarded an examination of an imaginary fact? Dr. Horstis fell into this error, in wishing to give a physical explanation of the golden tooth of the boy from Silesia, without first ascertaining if the phenomenon really existed, or was the effect of illusion, as the fact was afterwards publicly known to be a deception. Now returning to the proposal of the oven, without entering into any sublime theory, I can venture to assure any person whatever, that Lionetto never entered an oven, nor will he enter one near us. This I shall repeat till the very moment in which myself and others may see him enter it; so well persuaded am I that he cannot realize his proposal, if the oven has no particular construction which alters its nature and effects. There are, indeed, some instances of persons having suffered the action of a very high temperature for some time; but there is a great difference between a place simply heated where the air had access, and a close oven.

MEMOIR, &c.

The arrival of a man calling himself incombustible, who treated hot iron in various manners, drank boil-

ing oil, and handled liquid lead, &c. was scarcely announced, when this interesting phenomenon engaged me so much, that I left no means untried by which I might be enabled to form an opinion of it. First, it was indispensably necessary to ascertain the fact, by assisting assiduously at the experiments which Senor Lionetto, otherwise called the *incombustible man*, presented to the publick. I approached as near to him as possible, that I might observe minutely whatever was most particular in his experiments, of which the following is an account.

Senor Lionetto commenced the proof of his incombustibility by putting over his head a thin plate of red hot iron, which, at least in appearance, did not alter his hair. The iron had scarcely come in contact with it, when a considerable quantity of dense white vapour was seen to arise. A second plate of red hot iron was likewise passed over the whole extent of his arm and leg. With another red hot iron he struck his heel and the point of the foot repeatedly. In this experiment the contact of the fire was longer than in any of the preceding. From the sole of his foot so much vapour was disengaged, that being very near the experimenter, my eyes and nose were sensibly affected. He also put between his teeth a heated iron, which, although not red hot, was still capable of burning.

It was announced that he had drunk half a glass of boiling oil; but in fact, I found that he had never drunk such a dose, and that he had performed this twice by introducing a little into his mouth, not more than the third part of a spoonful, at a time. It was likewise said that he

* For this curious memoir we are indebted to Dr. Wollaston, Sec. and F. R. S. We have frequently had occasion to notice the performances of Senor Lionetto, in our former volumes, but the above is the only scientific account as yet published.

had washed his hands and face in boiling lead; but he now practised such an experiment only in rapidly bathing the extremities of his fingers in liquid lead, and also carrying a very small portion of it on his tongue. He afterwards passed a piece of red hot iron over his tongue, without showing the least painful sensation. His tongue which I was able distinctly to observe in this often repeated experiment, was covered with a crust similar to what is seen on the tongues of persons in fevers; that is to say, it was covered with a kind of paste of a dirty gray colour. He exposed his foot again to the flame of burning oil, but kept it at a certain distance. In short, he threw sulphurick, nitrick and muriatick acids on inflamed charcoal, and immediately exposed his face over the vapours which arose from those acids, keeping a small part of it in that situation.

The experiment with which Senor Lionetto is accustomed to terminate his exhibition, is that of passing through the skin of his arm a thick gold pin, which he does without feeling the least pain. In this proof of his *insensibility*, I observed that the pin entered his skin with difficulty, requiring such a force as if it had to perforate dressed leather. Now, although at first view this fact seemed to have no relation with the others practised by means of fire, yet it appeared to me to throw some light on the examination of the phenomena relating to the pretended incombustibility. From these experiments, which I have seen so often repeated, I fancied that Senor Lionetto's skin had become so insensible, from the effect of repeated frictions with some substances fit to produce such a change, by stimulating excessively the nerves and the vessels of the skin, and by recent usage, that it was capable of impeding in a certain degree the free passage of calorick. Besides the action of such substances, I thought that the force

of habit must always have added to such a disposition, and that even the frequent impression of the fire should have contributed not a little to produce such insensibility in his skin. The experiment of the pin which he put through it, was to me no light argument of its hebetude.

These opinions, however, were merely the effect of a system dictated by reason, and a knowledge of the laws of animal life: but had I not known the means used to render the skin incombustible, nor had any other knowledge of the subject, I should not have been able to give a plausible explanation of the more surprising phenomena; such as the red hot iron which he so often passed over his tongue without suffering any painful impression; and much less with such a system could I account for the boiling oil which he swallowed: neither could I imagine how he had prepared the internal surface of the *œsophagus* or of the stomach; and in what manner he could suffer the action of almost red hot iron, which he put between his teeth, on the enamel of which it is not possible to preserve any mixture.

Instead, therefore, of uselessly wasting time in simple conjectures, I resolved to adopt the best experimental art which I knew, trying on myself the action of all the means proper to benumb the cutaneous nerves, and to clothe the skin with a substance which was a nonconductor of calorick. Few substances belonging to chymical compositions, or to other natural bodies, appeared to me proper for the purpose which I had in view. The sharp sensation which was excited by the vapour disengaged by the contact of the fire with the incombustible membrane, and the chymical reason, induced me first to have recourse to acid substances, and to some of the acidulous salts. It would be too tedious to relate in detail all the various substances and experiments which I made. With some of them I attempted to rub my

skin, which, after the liquids dried, was always sensible in the same degree to the action of the fire.

The unfortunate result of my first experiments did not discourage me; persuaded that by the effect of only one rubbing, it was not possible to change the skin in such a manner as to render it insensible to the action of fire. I therefore repeated oftener on the same part the frictions with the same substance, and perceived the effect, that it gradually became less and less sensible to the action of calorick. On one part of my body I repeated the frictions so often with dilute [*alutungato*] sulphurous acid, that I was finally able to pass a plate of red hot iron over it without any injury. I afterwards discovered that dilute sulphurick, nitrick, and muriatick acids, would equally produce the same effect; but the sulphurous acid is preferable to all the others, as it produces the speediest and most certain effect. I next tried the action of acidulous sulphat of alumine and potash, or the alum of commerce, a substance distinguished for its property of preserving bodies from the action of fire. In making a saturated solution of this salt, I discovered how much greater styptick powers it had acquired by being strongly agitated or boiled [*bolite sulla spugna**]. With the fluid thus prepared, I rubbed one part of my arm several times, and did not before obtain such decided results; so that I have ever since used this solution.

These essays, however; were only the rudiments of a knowledge of the phenomenon, the examination of which was still incomplete. An accidental combination afterwards induced me to undertake a new series of experiments, by which I might be enabled to give a more clear explanation of all the more difficult operations executed by Lionetto. Wishing to examine if washing the almost incombustible part would make it

lose the quality it had acquired, I rubbed it with hard soap, washed and dried it with a cloth, and applied the same plate of red hot iron. I then discovered, to my surprise, that the skin of that part not only preserved the same insensibility to the action of red hot iron, but had even become stronger than at first. I again rubbed the same part with soap, without wiping it with the cloth, and passed over it the iron very red hot, without feeling any painful sensation, or even having the hair burned. Remembering the crust which I observed on Lionetto's tongue, I determined to rub mine with the same soap; in consequence of which it became equally insensible to the action of fire. I began with pieces of iron slightly heated, raising them gradually till they were perfectly red hot. I made a soft paste of soap triturated in a mortar, and water saturated with acidulous sulphat of alumine and potash [*alum*] agitated or boiled as above; and spreading this composition on my tongue, the experiment succeeded completely. Still more simple I found the process of first bathing the tongue with sulphurous acid, and afterwards rubbing it often with a piece of soap. The experiment succeeded still better if, after bathing the tongue with this acid, I covered it with a thin stratum of sugar reduced to impalpable powder, and rubbed it afterwards with the soap in the same manner. The sugar in this case, like a mordant, made a greater quantity of soap attach to the tongue, and adhere more solidly.

By this mode of operating, the solution of alum, or of dilute sulphurous acid, may be adopted at pleasure to benumb the nerves of the tongue, and the soap is a most efficacious means of obstructing [*rifrangere*] the action of calorick, the propagation of which it almost perfectly impedes. Of all the known substances,

* Does the author mean *burnt alum*, i. e. alum boiled *per se* on an iron shovel, without water?

indeed, soap is that which of all others best merits the name of restrainer of calorick, as I shall show on another occasion.

From these experiments I proceeded to that with the boiling oil, putting at first a very small drop considerably heated on the tongue, and afterwards increasing the dose and the temperature. The effect corresponded precisely to my expectation. The oil put on the tongue thus prepared made a hissing noise, similar to that made by red hot iron when brought in contact with a humid body. After the hissing the oil ceased to be hot, and was easily swallowed, perhaps in a state scarcely tepid. Thus furnished with facts, I now believed myself in a state to give the following explanation of the phenomena which I had seen executed by Senor Lionetto.

I. The hair over which he passed the plate of red hot iron had been first bathed in a solution of alum or in sulphurous acid, substances with which it was still wet, even at the moment when touched with the iron. Hence the origin of the vapour which arises from his hair in this experiment.

II. The plate of red hot iron with which he rubbed his leg and arm, produced no alteration, because those parts were prepared with the substances of which I have spoken.

III. The same reason will explain the phenomenon of the stroke which he gave the red hot iron with his foot, although the contact of the iron in this experiment was longer: but it is not difficult to comprehend how the sole of the foot may be conveniently prepared for this purpose by the above or similar substances, it being in its nature the most callous and least sensible part of the body. The contact, however, of his foot with the plate of red hot iron was certainly not of very long duration; on the contrary, it clearly appeared in this experiment, more than in any other, that his incombustibility did not surpass a certain limit, beyond

which he might be burned, and like others was highly combustible.

IV. With regard to the boiling oil, this phenomenon, as being the most striking in appearance, merits a more minute examination. To understand well such a fact, it is necessary to know the following particulars. Senor Lionetto took the inflamed oil from the fire, and, to give the public a proof of its high temperature, immersed in it a certain portion of lead, which melted, thereby demonstrating to what degree it was heated. To me it appears that such an artifice should contribute to cool the oil. This is clearly manifested by the known laws of calorick, the greater part of which is employed in the fusion of the lead. I was better convinced of this truth in repeating the same experiment with a thermometer in my hand, which after the fusion of the lead fell most sensibly. Of all the oil thus reduced to this temperature, he took barely a quarter of a spoonful; and this quantity he dexterously made to fall on his tongue only, which was perhaps prepared in such a manner that it cooled in an instant the oil, which was then swallowed scarcely tepid. The experimenter certainly never drank at one draught alone the dose of oil which he swallowed at several times, nor ever ventured to take in his mouth a whole spoonful of boiling oil.

V. The experiment with liquid lead, of which, with the extremity of his fingers, he put a very small portion not in his mouth, but on his tongue requires no other explanation than the preceding.

VI. The red hot iron also which he passed repeatedly over the back of his tongue produced no alteration on it, as he had, perhaps, clothed it with the plaster of which I have already spoken.

VII. Washing himself with nitric acid, exposing his face to the vapours which arose from sulphurick or nitrick acids, thrown on the fire, are experiments equivalent to those with sulphurous and nitrous acid;

and also putting his face exposed for a time to the flame of blazing oil, are phenomena which do not merit any particular examination, and which certainly present nothing different from the others. The force of habit, the callousness which the skin, after a time, acquires by the continued exercise of such experiments, and the preceding preparations of the exterior surface of the body, are reasons sufficient to explain easily all the phenomena of this kind. But, how is it possible that the transparent and opaque cornea of the eyes and the organs of respiration are not affected by the powerful action of acid vapours? It would be madness to believe that he held, or could hold, his eyes open when his face was exposed to the contact of such vapours; and if he respired at the same time he must inevitably become a victim of such temerity.

In the experiment with a piece of iron almost red hot between his teeth, and which he held there for a short time, it was sufficient to observe at that moment the visage of the experimenter, to see the impression of uneasiness and even acute pain delineated. In this experiment, without doubt, more than in any other, he suffered; and hence the cause why Senor Lionetto seldom repeated it. His teeth, indeed, are blackened and spoiled to the last degree.

It will not now be improper to show, practically, what method should be adopted by any person wishing to become, in this sense, *incombustible*. First of all, it is necessary to be convinced, from the beginning, that by frequent frictions and practice on the skin, any one may become as able, as Senor Lionetto is at present, to bear the action of fire, and as he was the first time he attempted similar experiments. In the second place it is necessary, that whoever undertakes to practise such operations on his skin, should be informed that he will not attain a certain perfection without at the same time changing

his nature, by becoming hardier and consequently less sensible.

I would here premise, that whoever desires to make similar experiments, should commence by rubbing themselves with dilute sulphurous acid, or with the saturated solution of alum, agitated or boiled as above. The more numerous the frictions the more insensible the skin will become, and also the more proper to sustain the action of fire; and, as I have before observed, the alum made to boil or ferment into a spongy form acquires a greater force, and is therefore preferable to the simple solution of alum. With this usage alone, after rubbing very often the part over which it is designed to pass the red hot iron, it will become capable of bearing its action. But to attain this object, by these means, a certain space of time is necessary. If any one wishes to become capable of sustaining the action of fire, he must rub very often with one or other of the above liquids, and also with a piece of hard soap slightly moistened, on the same part, in order that it may acquire a slight incrustation. The kind of plaster, of which I have before spoken, formed by the trituration of soap in a mortar with a solution of alum, will be the most proper means of rendering the part anointed insensible to the action of fire. A plate of red hot iron may then be passed over it without occasioning any disagreeable sensation. This mode, although sufficient for the object desired, is easier discovered by others than that of touching the part rubbed with soap.

With regard to the tongue, in order that it may be capable of bearing the passage of a perfectly red hot iron, it is sufficient to bathe it first with the above solution of alum, and afterwards covering it with a thin stratum of sugar in fine powder, and also rubbing it often with a piece of hard soap. If the tongue, after being bathed in the solution of alum, is rubbed with a piece of

lump sugar, it will have the same effect as if covered with the powder of the same sugar. If this preparation is performed with care, a piece of red hot iron may be often drawn successively across the tongue without experiencing the least sensation of heat. The tongue prepared in this manner will be very able to sustain the action of a little very hot oil, or a little melted lead, if the operator has the dexterity to make it fall precisely on the part prepared.

Here then the mystery of the pretended incombustibility is unfolded, and also the means by which any one may, at pleasure, become incombustible, if the state of preparation which I have described, and with which one can suffer only for a certain time the action of fire, merits the epithet. Hence every one may easily know, that by chymical means only we could not explain, with sufficient facility, the aforesaid

phenomena, if it were wished to exclude the insensibility which the nerves of the skin, in such experiments, must necessarily acquire, especially by the known means fit to repel the force of the calorick after their first application. Were they employed at the time of the experiment, they would be so easily recognised as to destroy the necessary illusion.

In this first essay I did not wish to enter at greater length into a chymico-physiological examination which such an interesting phenomenon indeed merits, designing rather to notice facts. In a second essay, however, I can with greater advantage occupy myself with the chymical philosophy, as well as that which belongs to animal life, more diffusely; and with greater precision treat of this subject, which has deservedly excited universal attention.

OBITUARY.

From the Universal Magazine of October, 1809.

At Cronroe, I. Ambrose Eccles, Esq. a character of the highest respectability. A profound scholar, a perfect gentleman, he was an ornament to society. As a critick, he was distinguished amongst the commentators on Shakspeare. On the qualities of his heart, it is not, at present, intended to expatiate. Perhaps a better husband, a better father, and, in every respect, a better man never existed. After a regular course of education, in the college of Dublin, he went to the continent. Here his stay was not long. From France he proceeded to Italy; but ill health limited his tour in that interesting country. From Rome he returned to Florence, where he studied the Italian language, with great assiduity and success, under a celebrated professor. But he was soon compelled, by the state of his health, to return home. On his way, he paused in London, where he contrived to reside some

time, associating with some of the remarkable literary characters of the day. With the late Dr. Johnson he boasted no intimacy; but he had met him at Tom Davies's, and paid the most respectful attention to his conversation. Some of his opinions and remarks, which had impressed themselves deeply upon his memory, he used to take pleasure in repeating. Revering Tillotson, he was surprised to hear the doctor call him "a pitiful fellow." But he was still more astonished to hear him acknowledge, "long after he had been employed in preparing his Shakspeare for the publick eye, indeed a very short time before it issued from the press, that he had never yet read the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher." During his residence in London, the theatre engaged much of his attention, and his passion for that elegant amusement grew with his years. He followed the best performers from theatre

to theatre, and studied the best dramattick writers. From an admirer he became a critick. Idolizing Shakspeare, he often lamented that his dramas had suffered in their structure, from the ignorance or carelessness of the first editors. This determined him to attempt a transposition of the scenes, in a few places, from the order in which they have been handed down by successive editions. "This," he continues in the modest preface to his edition of *Lear*, "will doubtless be thought by many a hardy innovation; but if it be considered in what a disorderly and neglected state this author's pieces are reported to have been left by him, and how little certainty there is that the scenes have hitherto preserved their original arrangement, the presumption with which this attempt is chargeable will admit of much extenuation; and it were, at least, to be wished that no privilege of alteration more injurious to Shakspeare, had ever been assumed by any of his editors." What he attempted, he has accomplished with great ingenuity and much taste in his editions of the following plays:

Lear and *Cymbeline*, Dublin, 1793, and the *Merchant of Venice*, Dublin, 1805. To each play he has assigned a separate volume, containing not only notes and illustrations of various commentators, with remarks by the editor, but the several critical and historical essays that have appeared at different times, respecting each piece. To *Cymbeline* he has added a new translation of the ninth story of *Second Day of the Decamerone*, and an original air, which accompanies the words of the elegy on *Fidele's* death, composed on purpose for his publication, by Sig. Giordani. These editions will yet be considered as a valuable accession to the critical labours of the commentators of our immortal bard. According as they are better known, they will rise in estimation. The praise bestowed on them by the author of an essay on the revival of the drama in Italy, note 8, p. 270, is only justice to their merit. "As you like it" was prepared for the press upon the same plan, but it sleeps with the editor.

POETRY.

The following poetry has been sent to the Editors for publication. It has too much merit to be rejected, merely on account of its being a slight deviation from the plan of this work to insert original articles.

MONODY
TO THE MEMORY OF
MISS FANNY LEWIS,

Who Died the 2d September, 1809.

"Flower, no sooner blown than blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly."

MILTON.

The fairest form, that ever Nature's hands
With bounteous beauty blest, has fled,
For ever fled this earth:

But twenty years were numbered from
her birth,
When, like a blooming rose which morn
expands,
The pride and glory of its cultured bed,
The weeping eyes of Love beheld her with
the dead!
Oh! let me not the sacred tear control,
Which, to the memory, down my pale
cheek steals,
Lamented maid! Nor let my aching soul
Demand a balm for what it keenly feels.
To nurse the wound, inflicted there,
Shall be my melancholy care.
Though lenient time has lulled to rest
The sobs, convulsed, that heaved my
breast,
That pensive sorrow still remains
Which loves to cherish all its pains,

That sad remembrance lives—the image
of despair!

Angelick graces! well my mind
Recalls to view your charms combined;
Angelick graces; where, oh! where is now
That lovely face, that polished brow;
Those eyes which, sweetly, mildly beamed
Expression's living fire;
And those enchanting looks, which seemed
To wake, yet checked, each rude desire?
And ye, that played, enticing smiles,
On ruby lips, ensnaring
The heart, surprised with dangerous wiles,
The fluttering heart its captive state
declaring!

Where is the bosom, high with youth,
That bosom, bright as dazzling snow,
The shrine of virtue and of truth,
Which, feeling all the passions' glow,
Called mild Religion's art to tame,
And temper there, the fiercer flame!
Oh! where, of all that once could warm,
Dear source of sighs! the matchless form,
Health's finest flush, and beauty's ro-
seate bloom!

The shroud encircling, now contains
The little, poor, and sad remains,
That moulder into dust within the dark-
some tomb!

Say, e'er her cradle what propitious star
Its influence shed—soon, soon to sink in
night!

Like purple clouds around the car
Of evening, for a moment bright.
Never did favouring planet shower,
To bless an infant's natal hour,
Such gifts profuse, and shine with such
delusive light!

What mortal eye could e'er behold
Unmoved, her form of perfect mould?
Her charms, that scorned the aid of art,
Untouched by Love's resistless smart?
Who heard her breath's entrancing tones,
(No voice such living music owns)
And felt them not, like liquid notes
Of melting harmony, that floats,
When all around is warm and still,
At eve upon the dulcet air,
Their ravished senses thrill!

No fabled strain will tell the world
How o'er her polished shoulders curled
Loose tresses of translucent gold,
Yet not the beauteous Tuscan dame,
Whom Petrarch sung, or Camoens' flame,
E'er owned such radiant hair.

Fallen is she now; Oh! rosy-stifed breath!
Oh! beauty gracing an untimely bier!

Fallen is she now, like some fair tree,
In May's reviving month we see,
Amid the orchard-croud elate,
That, while it flings its odours round,
With all its purple blossoms crowned,
Struggles awhile with sudden fate,
Then droops at once in death:
The blasted promise of the faithless year!

Oh! ye fond Parents, who, beside her bed,
With tender anxiousness, and ceaseless
care,

When every joy was flown,
Hung o'er your dearest hopes, your dar-
ling child,

—As the meek lily hung its lovely head—
Imploring heaven to share,
What dread, what horror wild,
Struck on your hearts when Reason left
her throne,*

And phrensy triumphed o'er the angel
mild!

No more the heavenly spark returned
Which once, with clearest lustre, burned,
Dark, void, and cheerless, Reason's ray
Vanished, for ever, from the brain away!
A little space remained between;
(While Pity wept the saddening scene)
For cheating Hope to play her part,
And Death delayed his ruthless dart;
Then closed, in lasting sleep, her languid
eyes,

And gave her spirit, freed, to seek its na-
tive skies!

Far from the spot, the hallowed ground
That holds the relics of the maid,

'Tis mine to pour the plaintive lay,
And wake the lyre's funereal sound,
Responsive to my sighs;

Moistened no tears of mine the clay
That covers with its grassy mound,

Her once so loved, so dear;
Unseen, alas! by these sad eyes
With mournful rites in earth's cold bosom
laid.—

Yet, faithful still, by Fancy's aid,
Fearful, alone I seem to tread
The mansions of the peaceful dead,

That robed in twilight gloom appear,
A deeper tinge reflection lending;

And there, in unfeigned sorrow bending
O'er the grave where Fanny lies,

The pensive lover, stone-like stands
With drooping head and folded hands,
Muttering his fancies to her hovering
shade!

G. W. CLARKE,

BALTIMORE, 8th January, 1810.

* The fever got on her brain—she became delirious.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH-DAY.

[By the Author of "The Butterfly's Ball."]

THE shades of night were scarcely fled;
The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the starting sun-beams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
Had dropt a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
On every tree, and every flower.

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
From mountain side, and shadowy dell.

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May,
THE BUTTERFLY, on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal, light,
Her velvet textured wings enfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling with joy awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray;
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay;

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail;
Then on her vent'rous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields,
Taste all the joys that spring can give,
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
And live, whilst yet 'tis thine to live;

Go sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honied cup explore,
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store;

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments too of short repose,
And mark thee then with fresh delight
Thy golden pinions open and close.

But hark! whilst thus I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note;
And, breathing from a voiceless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float!

—They cease—but still a voice I hear,
A whispered voice of hope and joy,
"Thy hour of rest approaches near,
"Prepare thee, mortal!—thou must die!"

"Yet start not;—on thy closing eyes
"Another day shall still unfold;
"A sun of milder radiance rise,
"A happier age of joys untold.

"Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
"The humblest form in nature's train,
"Thus rise in new born lustre bright,
"And yet the emblem teach in vain?

"Ah, where were once her golden eyes,
"Her glittering wings of purple pride!
"Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
"A shapeless mass to earth allied.

"Like thee the hapless reptile lived,
"Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun,
"Like thine his closing hour arrived,
"His labours ceased; his web was done.

"And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
"No happier state of being know?
"And shall no future morrow shed
"On thee a beam of brighter glow?

"Is this the bound of power divine,
"To animate an insect frame?
"Or shall not He who moulded thine
"Wake at his will the vital flame?

"—Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
"Enough to know to thee is given;
"Go, and the joyful truth relate,
"Frail child of earth! high heir of heav-
"ven!"

TO MARY.

YES, yes, another's far more dear
To thee for whom so true I burned,
And mine was no vain jealous fear,
For every jealous doubt's confirmed.
Dear dear perfidious maid, I thought
I found a kindred heart in thee,
But, oh! thy perfidy hath taught
Once more my heart its misery.
How vain the lustre of thine eye,
Since that on all can fondly dwell,
No more for thee false girl I'll sigh,
Or only sigh to breathe farewell.
Ah! no, in every clime I rove,
And many a clime the scene will vary,
Should I but hear the name of love
My constant heart would sigh for Mary.

SONNETS.

I.

SWEET is thy coming, Spring!—and as I
 pass
 Thy hedge rows, where from the half na-
 ked spray
 Peeps the sweet bud, and 'midst the dewy
 grass
 The tufted primrose opens to the day:
 My spirits light and pure confess thy power
 Of balmy influence: there is not a tree
 That whispers to the warm noon breeze;
 nor flower
 Whose bell the dew drop holds, but yields
 to me
 Predestinings of joy: O heavenly sweet
 Illusion!—that the sadly pensive breast
 Can for a moment from itself retreat
 To outward pleasantness and be at rest:
 While sun, and fields, and air, the sense
 have wrought
 Of pleasure and content, in spite of
 thought!

II.

O fairy! that dost twine around my heart,
 What shall I name thee? language cannot
 tell
 How beautiful in innocence thou art:
 And these emotions that with rapture swell
 My bosom, mock the power of utterance:
 Dear infant girl! thy rosiness of cheek;
 The laughing azure of thy wily glance,
 Those yellow locks that lightly waving
 break
 O'er thy white shoulder, and that lip of
 rose
 Which in soft laughter's ravishing ecstasy
 Thy snowy teeth in early blossom shows,
 Are not the phantoms of a parent's eye:
 I could e'en pity him, that should behold
 Thy beauties, with an aspect strange and
 cold.

III.

Beneath these beetling cliffs, that many an
 age
 Have whitened to the sun; that have with-
 stood
 The whirlwind's hail stone rush, the forked
 rage
 Of thunder, and the dashings of the flood;

I sit and far into the blue clear sky
 Bend my lone gaze: or mark the sea gull
 sail
 Along the shadowed sands, and tranquilly
 The green surge heave in the slow rippling
 gale:
 O native impulse! yes, I feel thee now!
 My heart expands in freedom: who could
 rest
 Beneath this giant rock's o'erhanging
 brow
 That flings its darkness o'er the billow's
 breast,
 Could gaze yon boundless amplitude of
 sea,
 Yon marble space of air—and not be free!

ANTHOLES.

ON LEAVING BEECH COTTAGE, BUCKS.

*"Mes jours s'en voloient près de toi;
 Ils se traînent dans ton absence."*

ADIEU to the village; adieu to the cot!
 And shall I then never revisit the spot
 That clings to remembrance with fondest
 delay,
 Through the dreams of the night, and the
 cares of the day?
 O yes, I could hope to behold it again,
 Though my prospects were sad, and hopes
 were in vain.
 For the rose's sweet colour remains when
 'tis dead,
 When its blushes are gone, and its splen-
 dour is fled.

Yes, yes, I will hope that again I shall
 hear
 The voices of friends to remembrance so
 dear;
 And still do I hope, that again I shall see
 The smiles that once gave a sweet wel-
 come to me.
 And yet how I fear to revisit the spot,
 To steal through the village, to gaze on
 the cot;
 For the pleasure and rapture that swell in
 my heart
 Cannot equal the anguish I feel when we
 part.

T. H.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

Articles of literary intelligence inserted, by the booksellers in the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

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William A. Dromgoole, Bairdstown, Ken.

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So all agreed, through sweet diversitie,
This Garden to adorne, with great varietie.

DAN. SPENSER.

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M. Van Braam has published the second volume of the *Voyage of the Dutch Embassy to China, in 1794, &c.* It contains a description of several parts of that empire, hitherto unknown to Europeans.

Grafton's Chronicles, or History of England. To which is added his Table of the Bailiffs, Sheriffs, and Mayors of the City of London, from the Years 1189 to 1558. 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s.

A System of Dissections, explaining the Anatomy of the Human Body, with the Manner of displaying the Parts. By C. Bell, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Onesimus Examined, or Strictures on his Accounts of Popular Preachers. 1s.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Lambert, who lately travelled through Lower Canada, and the United States, has begun to print an account of his Observations on the present State of those interesting Countries. His work will make three volumes octavo, and will be illustrated with a variety of engravings, from drawings made on the spot.

Sir William Ouseley, has made considerable progress in a work, which consists of the Accounts of Alexander the Great, which are to be found in Eastern writers.

A second journey through the Southern part of Spain, has been recently performed by Mr. Robert Semple; in which he visited several important places, not noticed in

his former work. He is about to publish the Observations made on his second journey. The work will be embellished by a variety of plates, illustrative of the Costume and Manners of the Inhabitants of several parts of the Peninsula.

Mr. Surr's new novel, named the Romance of the Times, will appear about Christmas.

A work which cannot fail to prove highly interesting to lovers of the fine arts, is in considerable forwardness. It will consist of thirty engraved portraits of some of the females most distinguished at the present day for beauty, rank, and fashion. It is intended to appear in five parts, and is to be entitled, *Beauties of the Reign of George III.* The portraits are painted by Mrs. Mzz, and will be engraved by artists of the first eminence. They will be accompanied with biographical accounts, forming together a most magnificent folio volume.

Dr. Buxton will publish *An Essay on the Use of a regulated temperature in Winter Cough and Consumption; including Observations on the different methods of producing such a temperature in the chambers of invalids.*

Mr. Charles Bell will shortly publish Letters concerning the diseases of the Urethra, in an octavo volume, with plates.

Onesimus is preparing for publication the second volume of *The Pulpit; or a Biographical and Literary Account of eminent popular Preachers*, interspersed with occasional clerical criticism.

Mr. Bower, of Pallmall, intends to publish his splendid work on the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

An Authentick Narrative of four years residence at Tangataboo, one of the Friendly Islands, by a gentleman who went thither in the Duff, under Capt. Wilson, in 1796, faithfully composed from his own relation, by a clergyman of the church of England, with an appendix by an eminent writer, will speedily be published.

A companion to Miss Byron's *Celia in Search of a Husband*, will speedily appear. It is entitled, *Celia Suited*, and contains new sketches of modern female habits and manners.

The letters of the late Miss Anna Seward are announced as in the press. They will be published in five vols. post octavo. with portraits and other plates.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR MARCH, 1810.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Percival Stockdale, containing many interesting Anecdotes of the illustrious Men with whom he was connected. Written by Himself. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 462—481. London. 1809.

WE had proceeded, but a short way in these volumes, before we found reason to felicitate ourselves on our good fortune. From the diffidence natural to a first appearance, we were solicitous to discover some golden compendium of criticism to which we might confidently trust in our perplexed and thorny progress; and such, if we may trust an author's impartial opinion of his own work, will prove the treasure before us. Our satisfaction is not a little increased by the patriotick consideration, that if unfortunately our critical labours be not destined to reach posterity, yet the manual from which we propose to enrich them, will assuredly survive, and extend its blessings to future ages. "I know," exclaims the author, "that this book will live, and escape the havock that has been made of my literary fame." Vol. I. p. 58.

As our career is merely opened, and consequently the good effects of our lucubrations have scarcely yet had time to manifest themselves, we hear, with some equanimity, that "literary taste, and, therefore, literary productions, are in a declining and degenerate state." Those, however, who are more interested in the melancholy fact than ourselves, may derive comfort from a subsequent discovery, that "there are still some privileged and distinguished authors whose writings dart through the general fog of our literary dullness."

VOL. III.

T

The number of them is, indeed, but small; but, as *in the valued file* we find the names of Mr. Pratt, Mr. Dallas, and the earl of Carlisle, we willingly compound for its scantiness, and can scarcely forbear to chide the unjustifiable querulousness of the writer.

But who is this new Stagyrite? *O seri studiorum!* We will, however, endeavour to delineate him; but for this purpose we must borrow the tints from his own pallet.

Self knowledge has been usually described as of difficult attainment. Mr. Stockdale found it otherwise, and he begins his book with a most remarkable proof of it. "Every thing that constituted my nature, my acquirements, my habits, and my fortune, conspired to let in upon me a complete knowledge of human nature." Vol. 1. p. 2. Such, however, is the waywardness of mankind, that this invaluable acquisition, instead of ensuring universal respect, only tended, he tells us, to provoke "the most active and unrelenting malignity." p. 4. A different motive for this malignity may hereafter suggest itself. At present, we will take Mr. S. on his own word, to be, what our old acquaintance, Blas of Santillane, conceived himself at setting out on his travels, *la huitième merveille du monde*.

It might be expected that the author's "complete knowledge of hu-

man nature" would have preserved him from many of the difficulties in which inexperience involved the stripling of Oviedo; such, however, is the prevalence of his ill stars, that, in the course of his whimsical and weary pilgrimage, he blunders from one pit-fall into another, with an alacrity, which, in minds inclined to scepticism, might almost excite a doubt of the justness of his unqualified pretensions to superiour sagacity. These accidents he describes with such a face of rueful simplicity, and mixes up so much grave drollery and merry pathos with all he says or does, that we are perpetually at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Upon the whole, Mr. S. gives us an idea of a character, of whose existence we had previously no conception, we mean that of a sentimental Harlequin. It is certainly a very entertaining one, and, in good hands, to adopt the language of the green room, cannot fail to tell.

There is nothing that Mr. S. labours so anxiously to impress upon the reader's mind, as that conviction of his "immortality," which has, it appears, already taken such full possession of his own. "Before I die," says he, "I think my literary fame may be fixed on an adamant foundation." V. 1. p. 40. While yet a child, some good natured Pythian predicted that he would be "a poet." This oracle is the basis of his hopes, and, after a lapse of more than half a century, is still repeated with fond credulity. "Notwithstanding," he exclaims, "all that is past, O thou god of my mind! [meaning, we presume, the aforesaid Pythian] I still hope that my future fame will decidedly warrant the prediction." p. 37.

In the early part of his life Mr. S. undertook many poetical pilgrimages; he visited the house where Thompson was born, the coffee-room where Dryden presided among the wits, &c. Recollecting the influence of these local associations, he bursts forth: "Neither the unrelenting cool-

ness, nor the repeated insolence of mankind, can prevent me from thinking that something like this enthusiastick devotion may hereafter be paid to me." p. 103. To facilitate this expected homage, he very considerably particularizes all the spots where his works were composed. From the ambulatory manner in which the author has passed his life, we perceive, with dismay, that his votaries will have many shrines to visit, and many wearisome journeys to make; but enthusiasm knows no difficulties. We subjoin a small part of this interesting detail for the information of the world. "The Philosopher, a poem, was written in Warwick Court, Holborn, in 1769;" "The Life of Waller, in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in 1771." He wrote something in "Round Court, in the Strand;" a good deal in "May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane;" and, more than once, he made "Kentish Town" his Parnassus. "In my lodgings at Portsmouth, in St. Mary's Street, I wrote my elegy on the death of a lady's linnet. It will not be uninteresting to sensibility, to thinking and elegant minds! It deeply interested me, and therefore produced not one of my weakest and worst written poems!" As this spot will probably be the first to which the future worshippers of Mr. S. will resort, it gives us singular pleasure to be enabled to point it out with the utmost precision. "It was," says the author, "directly opposite to a noted house, which, at that time, was distinguished by the name of *the green rails*; where the riotous orgies of Naxus and Cythera, contrasted my quiet and purer occupations." p. 109.

Mr. Stockdale was born as far back as the year 1736, at Braxton in Northumberland. His father, the vicar of the parish, was a man of quiet virtues, of moderate talents, and very slender means. This good old man, that the narrative may open, we presume, with some dramatick effect, is thrown at once in-

to a blaze of the marvellous: and a vision, a ghost, and "a luminous glory," which encircled the head of a press bed "for five minutes," are all cited to prove that the father of such a son could not be *in the roll of common men*.

Branxton is, or rather was, famous in English history, as the scite of the battle usually known by the name of Flodden. Henceforth it will be principally distinguished for being the birth place of Mr. Stockdale. He records a fact, "with pious reverence," which leaves no doubt on the subject. Talking with his father, one day, about Branxton, the old gentleman said to him, with great emphasis: "You may make that place remarkable for your birth, if you take care of yourself."—"My father's understanding," continues Mr. S. "was clear and strong, and he could penetrate *human nature*." So, indeed, can his son: "He already saw that I had natural advantages above those of common men!" p. 18: Mr. S. was, at this time, about twelve years old.

At the school of Alnwick his premature genius discovered itself in a spirited *barring out* (the Saturnalia of school boys) and other excesses not quite so creditable to him. Here too "he tasted wine, and liked its flavour, and its exhilarating effects;" indeed the liking appears to have grown into a passion, and to have materially influenced the events of his future life. "I was determined," he says, "to stimulate and exalt the olive of Minerva with the grape of Bacchus." p. 131. Soon after he very naturally catches at the myrtle of Venus, and becomes, as he phrases it, extremely enamoured. His first flame was a young lady of Berwick, who then lived "at the head of the wool market;" and he "celebrated her peerless beauty" in lines, of which, unluckily, at the distance of threescore years, he can only recollect the following triplet, which, he says, he always loved.

"Let those kind deities in pity share,
Let them endeavour to remove my
care
Or they must make the cause of it
less fair."

Mr. S. fell in love with other young ladies, and wrote other triplets, while at school. He also composed "odes to cats;" but of these none appear in the present publication. The Berwick election, too, obtained a portion of his attention, and he sang the triumph of the successful candidate (Mr. Delaval) in no vulgar strains. For this, he naturally expected "credit and emolument;" and we are pleased to find that he received both; the burgesses "saluted him with a shout of applause," and Mr. Delaval presented him with *half-a-guinea*. Divitiæ mutant mores, says the proverb, and so it fell out with Mr. S. for he has scarcely pocketed the gold ere he discovers that he had "prostituted his muse to the purchaser of a borough!" Perhaps, he expected a guinea.

But the poetical performance on which Mr. S. dwells with most delight, is a translation of an ode ascribed to Cornelius Gallus, "the elegance and simplicity of which, he believes that he has given entirely!" There can be no doubt of it. e. g.

Conde, puella, conde papillulas,
Compresso lacte, quæ modo pullulant;
Quæ me sauciant!

"From human sight that *chest* remove,
So full, so fraught, so big with love;
The joy's too great for man!"

At the age of eighteen Mr. S. obtained a presentation to a bursary (or exhibition) in the university of St. Andrew's. He would have preferred Oxford or Cambridge; and he speculates, very feelingly, on what he lost and won by missing them both. Upon the whole he strikes the balance in his favour.

At St. Andrew's Mr. S. allows that he was well received, and he makes his usual return for it. The distin-

guishing qualities of the regents, it seems, were ignorance, bigotry, and brutality; in the evidence before us, we find no traces of them; but on the contrary, much good sense and humanity, and a fund of patience, absolutely inexhaustible. Mr. S. begins his academical studies with labouring to convince them of the absurdity of their attachment to the kirk! and to the principles of Jacobitism. These, however, he imbibes in his turn, not, indeed, from the regents but from the fair rebels of the town. "I always loved coffee and tea," he says, p. 182, "and I loved them the better when they were presented to me by women. I was honoured with much attention by the ladies of St. Andrew's; by the *gentleest of them*, and they were flaming Jacobites." So Mr. S. renounced his allegiance, and drank the restoration in whiskey punch every day. He does not, however, do justice to the strength of his former loyalty, for it is clear from his own narrative, that if the fair seducers had not, artfully, added "some excellent currant jelly and marmalade" to their tea and coffee, he would, in all human probability, have continued faithful to the house of Brunswick!

No bribe appears to have been held out for reconciling Mr. S. to the kirk, and, therefore, he chose to attend divine service at the house of a Mr. Lindesay. Upon this, Mr. Wilson the Greek professor, "who had all the virulence of John Calvin lurking in his soul," and Mr. Gregoire, the professor of mathematicks, who wanted only authority to burn our author at the stake, informed him that it was highly improper that a young gentleman, who had the benefit of a foundation in the university, should, instead of frequenting the national worship, make one of a different and opposite church, and of a disaffected congregation; and they insisted on his punctual attendance at "the high kirk every sabbath day." p. 198. "I never," says Mr. S. "felt more indignation than at this unchris-

tian and inquisitorial attack; it was so diametrically opposite to the sentiments and habits of my soul!" To the latter it undoubtedly was, for the habits of Mr. Stockdale's soul appear, about this time, to have been wholly licentious. He made, however, "an argumentative and eloquent defence," which reduced the *tyrants* to silence; and they were "as glad to dismiss him as Felix was to get rid of Paul." The part which more particularly overawed them was this: "The exhibition to which I was presented is by no means a fair plea for the reprehension, and *it seems to me* incompatible with liberality of mind. The old Romans were most indulgent to those whom they had most in their power!"

Upon a reference to his father, the good old man enjoins him to attend the kirk punctually; and Mr. S. "obeys," but still in his own way. "I sometimes slipped off from the young train who were following the master to divine service; and sometimes when I went to church, I put an *agreeable* author into my pocket to counteract the opium of a long and drowsy sermon." When it is considered that Mr. S. was now educating for the church, of which he has long been a beneficed member, this conduct, and the barefaced avowal of it, will appear somewhat extraordinary. This period of mortification he contrives to signalize by another *agreeable* adventure. At the head of a drunken party, he sallies, *one morning*, into the college kitchen, where he finds "Tommy Bond, the under cook, defenceless and alone;" and immediately proposes to bury him alive beneath a heap of coals. This is done; and the poor creature, who, as Mr. S. informs us, was almost an idiot, is only saved from suffocation by the providential entrance of J. Miffin, the head cook. The *tyrannical inquisitors* of the university, instead of consigning Mr. S. to the whipping post for this outrage on humanity, content themselves with a decree of expulsion;

and even this they soon after rescind. The glee with which the rev. Mr. S. at the age of seventy, recounts this unprovoked attempt to commit murder, is truly edifying.

But, amidst these revelries, he never lost sight of his "immortality;" to secure which, he favoured the world from time to time with "a copy of verses." One of them is happily preserved entire. It abounds, he owns, with rapturous and romantick extravagance: but, as he modestly adds, "it is an extravagance from which future poetical abilities might, perhaps, be inferred."

"Homer in sounding numbers paints the
flame
By Grecians kindled for the Spartan dame;
But for thy sake, an amorous spouse would
tire
The fiercest troops, and set the world on
fire!"

The fortunate precaution of dating this novel and interesting compliment, proves, what had else been incredible, that the author was only in his twentieth year when he produced it.

But we must proceed somewhat more rapidly. About this time Mr. S. who had now lost his father, returns to Northumberland, and finds his "tender mother" in a state of distress, which is not much alleviated by his frequent visits to the tavern, where he is created perpetual toast master! When his money was exhausted, he condescended to distribute his time among the neighbouring gentlemen: "Though their conversation was far from being congenial to his habits of thinking." "I do not mean to speak with contempt," he adds, "of the minds and objects of those men: our natural faculties must be such as God gave them." p. 228. Mr. S. is generally original, but, in this place, we are compelled to pronounce him a decided plagiarist:

Dogberry. Well said, I'faith, neighbour Verges! well; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind: an honest soul,

I'faith, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leonato. Indeed, neighbour, he comes short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Mr. S. now sighs to return to St. Andrews; and to enable him to undertake the journey and prosecute his studies there, his friends and relations "contribute their little presents." Hardly has he received them, before his mind becomes interested in *another* object; he catches, what he wittily terms, *the scarlet fever*, burns for military glory and procures an ensigncy in the Welsh Fusileers. Adieu to the bishop! The hero now takes his turn, and Mr. S. can think of nothing but Zepophon, Alexander, Peter I. and Charles XII. Into the character of the last, he enters at great length, and draws a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, of several pages between the Swedish monarch and himself! It is done with no less modesty than impartiality, for he frankly confesses that there are some points in which he and Charles do not exactly resemble each other. He thinks, for instance, that the king of Sweden had a somewhat more fervid and original genius than himself, and was likewise a little more robust in his person: but, subjoins Mr. S. "of our reciprocal fortune, achievements and conduct, some parts will be to *HIS* advantage, and some to *MINE*." In regard to fame, that Mr. S. imagines, may be pretty equally shared between them: though he candidly admits at the same time, that his own "will not probably take its fixed and immovable station, and shine with its expanded and permanent splendour, till it consecrates his ashes, till it illumines his tomb." p. 272.

While his imagination was yet warm with the subject of arms, he wrote the *POET*. Mr. S. confesses that the poem has "long been unknown to the world;" but then he trusts (with a mode of expression highly decorous in a Christian priest)

"that like Lazarus, it is not dead, but sleepeth;" and that his parental care may yet revive it. If it should fortunately occur to his mind, that Lazarus was not "revived," by human power, it might, perhaps, save him from an attempt that will most assuredly prove abortive.

Mr. S. "always loved triplets,"—there are several in the extract before us, of which this is by far the sublimest.

"I see him brightest when in Bender's
Fort
He fights the army of a powerful court;
A captive Swede alarming all the
Porte."

A quotation from Juvenal which immediately follows:

*Sed quando munitam figulis intraverat
urbem, &c.*

and which Mr. S. presumes to be correct, seems to prove that this surprising genius is quite as great a master of Latin prosody as of English.

The last poem is the rhapsody of a hero; that of the lover succeeds; and though the author does not deny its "bold irregularity," he yet "hopes that the distinguishing reader will think it predicts a future and *real* poet."

"Hail, heavenly nymph: and good as fair,
Accept this northern rhyme;
Inflamed with love of thee I'd soar
In Nova Zembla's clime.

"Should Pluto bear thee to some cell
Impervious to the day;
I'd pull the tyrant from his throne,
And snatch my prize away." &c. &c.

But Mr. S. has now put on his regimentals, and the ideas of the late clerical student on the prospect before him, are quite exhilarating.

"As I advanced towards Berwick, I anticipated the honours of the tented field, and more joyous and softer campaigns. I had already formed for myself a fragrant, rich, and variegated crown; the laurels of Mars interwoven with the bays of Apollo;

with the convivial flowers of *Gomus*; with the vine of *Naxus*; and with the myrtle of *Cythera*." p. 287.

After this exordium, the reader, perhaps, will be somewhat surprised to learn that the first campaign of our new hero was passed in the parlours of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He seems, indeed, through life, to have been an unwearied frequenter of the theatres, and he has really contributed something to our amusement, by his lively descriptions of the actors and actresses who were then in possession of the stage.

In the spring of 1756, he receives orders to embark for the Mediterranean, and he takes leave of London in a very characteristick manner.

"I have often made a good, and often a bad use of London. There I have often sunk to the lowest propensities, and risen to the sublimest delights of my nature—it has wounded me, with the insolence of the great, and with the rudeness and injustice of the vulgar; but it has likewise administered remedies to me, which have healed my wounds; and which, I hope, have restored me to perpetual health; it has enlarged my knowledge; it hath stimulated my ambition; and thus I trust in Providence, that I shall defeat malice, and obtain immortality."

Again immortality! The reader, who recollects that Mr. Stockdale is a clergyman (a circumstance which he himself appears to have forgotten in his title page, as well as elsewhere) may possibly imagine that he alludes to the only true immortality which man can enjoy. He speaks, however, of that spurious and wretched kind, which he is eager to receive at the hands of every fool and flatterer who may be either weak, or malicious enough to dole it out to him! His poetry, in which he so fondly confides, is gone, and he has already long outlived his works. At the great age of seventy three, these day-dreams are worse than ridiculous. Another kind of immortality should now be his care; an immortality which, whether thought upon or not, he is sure to find, and which, we fer-

vently hope, life will yet be spared him to make a happy one.

The author was in the action with Byng. It is now pretty generally understood that this unfortunate man was sacrificed to popular clamour; Mr. Stockdale's testimony, however, is decidedly against him. We have no wish to agitate the question. The execution of the admiral, whatever might be the motive, was of infinite advantage to the service, and, as Du Clos observes, in his memoirs of Louis XV. "from the blood of Byng sprang up our subsequent victories."

Mr. S. now appears as a recruiting officer at Biggleswade. There he writes verses which no one reads; makes love for which no one cares; and passes his time very agreeably. The camp at Chatham, to which he next removes, displeases him. The summer was hot, and the tents close; so, "*about this time* he began to be tired of the army;" resumed his clerical pursuits, and was ordained a deacon by the bishop of Durham, in 1759.

As Mr. S. was indebted to the benevolence of Mr. Sharp for the means of study and existence, he takes the earliest opportunity of decrying his benefactor's writings, and evincing his own attachment to the doctrine which he had just sworn, in the sight of Heaven, to maintain and defend. "The consequences of the *most unchristian* and fiery disputes which those mysteries (of the Trinity) have occasioned, are the greatest disgrace of human nature, and exhibit more detestable pictures of our species than are presented to us in the annals of the pagan world. Mr. Sharp has gone deep into the doctrine of the Trinity.

"Mere curious pleasure, and ingenious pain!"

"What is the result of such idle speculations? We do not gain a particle of instruction, and we lose many of Christian charity." Vol. 2, p. 12.

By this good man Mr. S. is presented to a curacy in London, for which he immediately proceeds. We hear not a syllable of his church, but a great deal of Barbarossa, Athelstan, &c. This was not precisely what Mr. Sharp wished to know, and he, therefore, seems to have dismissed his curate, who returned to Berwick, where he continued till the general feeling of the neighbourhood hinted to him the necessity of making a second trip to the Mediterranean.

At Berwick, however, he commenced the unfortunate profession of an author, and, among many temporary pieces, which, he hopes, will, "at *some time*, not be without their glory," published "a poetical address to the Supreme Being." "It is distinguished throughout," he says, "with a rational and fervid piety; it is flowing and poetical; it is not without its pathos." p. 23. Notwithstanding all this condiment, the confection is good for nothing; for he has just discovered that this "flowing, fervid, and poetical address" is not animated with that vigour which gives dignity and impression to poetry.

During his residence in Italy, he employed himself in translating histories and novels, for which the booksellers would not pay. On his return, he settled in London, and undertook a translation of the *Amin-ta*. Of this version he speaks with great complacency. As we never heard of it before, we suspect the feeling was confined to his own breast; notwithstanding he hurried Dr. Hawkesworth into a coffee-house, forced a specimen of it into his hand, and extorted from him an exclamation of high emphasis and warmth. p. 54.

By degrees, for the *Aminta* could do nothing better for him, he sunk into a writer for the *Critical Review*, at the rate (blushing we record it) of two guineas a sheet. This golden period of criticism was of short duration; it began in March, 1770, and

closed in the April of the succeeding year, because the proprietors would not hear of an augmentation of pay. The Monthly Reviewers were requited, it seems, "for their dark and inhuman assassinations, with four guineas a sheet;" and Mr. S. thought it a matter of conscience not to perform his bloody business for less.

Yet this seems to have been the bright period of our author's life, and his detail of it, forms by far the most interesting part of his memoirs. As he always hung loose on society, and had a day, a week, a month, at any one's command, it is not surprising that he should have a pretty large acquaintance among the idle frequenters of the booksellers' shops and the theatres. He lived a good deal with Garrick, and was a visiter of Johnson; and he relates many entertaining anecdotes of both.

Garrick's first theatrical appearance was in 1741, not long before the death of Pope, who was then in a weak and declining state. The poet had, however, the satisfaction of seeing him in one of his principal characters; and Mr. S. has given Garrick's interesting account of the awful moment of trial.

"When I was told that Pope was in the house, I instantaneously felt a palpitation at my heart; a tumultuous, not a disagreeable, emotion in my mind. I was then in the prime of youth; and in the zenith of my theatrical ambition. It gave me a particular pleasure that Richard was my character, when Pope was to see and hear me. As I opened my part, I saw our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side box near the stage; and viewing me with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot, and thrilled like lightning, through my frame; and I had some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety and from joy. As Richard gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of Pope shadowed me with laurels.' Garrick was informed of Pope's opinion of his theatrical merit, and nothing could be more delightful than his praise. That young man, said Pope, never had his equal, as an actor; and he will never have a rival." Vol. 2, p. 153.

This is excellent! We have heard

from our fathers that when Pope entered the theatre, the audience usually rose up out of respect to him. It is now the fashion to insult his memory. This may disgrace ourselves, but cannot injure him; and the coming age will assuredly do justice to both parties.

The foible of Garrick was his excessive jealousy even of the lowest talents, and his avidity of flattery even from the meanest retainer of the theatre: that of Johnson seems to have been an unreasonable grudging at those publick honours and rewards which poured upon one with whom, in youth, he walked from Litchfield to London, and who had now so far out-stripped him in the pursuit of fortune. The following anecdotes, which blend what was little, with what was truly great, in the characters of these extraordinary men, are highly worth preserving.

"When Dr. Johnson and I were talking of Garrick, I observed, that he was a very moderate, fair, and pleasing companion; when we considered what a constant influx had flowed upon him, both of fortune and fame, to throw him off of his bias of moral and social self-government. Sir, (replied Johnson, in his usual emphatical and glowing manner) you are very right in your remark. Garrick has undoubtedly the merit of a temperate, and unassuming behaviour in society; for more pains have been taken to *spoil that fellow*, than if he had been heir apparent to the empire of India."

When Johnson praised Garrick, it was generally with an appearance of dislike, or rather of affected contempt. In their latter years there was very little communication between them. Garrick, indeed, bore, for some time, Johnson's rudeness with great good nature; but their coolness gradually terminated in a complete separation. There are times, however, when the better feelings triumph over the meaner passions. Garrick, after complaining to Mr. S. one day, of Johnson's illiberal conduct, added: "I question whether, in his calmest and most

dispassionate moments, he would allow me that theatrical merit which the world has been so generous as to attribute to me:" upon which Mr. S. determined to make the trial; and we rejoice that he did so. Finding Johnson alone, and in good humour, he began a conversation on Garrick, and asked whether he deserved that high theatrical character, and that prodigious fame which he had acquired? "Oh, sir," replied Johnson, "he deserves every thing that he has acquired; for having seized the very soul of Shakspeare; for having embodied it in himself; and for having expanded its glory over the world." I was not slow in communicating this to Garrick. The tear started in his eye. "O, Stockdale!" he exclaimed, "such a praise from such a man! this atones for all that has passed." p. 185.

Retourmons à nos moutons. About this time our author wrote a "Life of Waller," and a "Defence of Pope." When Johnson's Life of Waller appeared, though, in his biography, says Mr. S. "he paid a large tribute to the abilities of Goldsmith and Hawkesworth, yet he made no mention of my name!" It is evident that he did not care to remember it. When the doctor was busied on the Life of Pope, Mr. S. wrote "a pathetick letter" to him, earnestly imploring "a generous tribute from his authority!" Johnson was still silent, and Mr. S. subjoins, with some degree of fretful naïveté, "in his sentiments towards me he was divided between a benevolence to my interests, and a coldness to my fame." We have always had a high sense of Johnson's humanity and critical acumen, and this little anecdote is by no means calculated to lessen it. To the needy author he would readily listen; to the importunate mendicant for undeserved fame, he never failed to turn a deaf ear.

When the booksellers determined to give a new edition of Chambers's Cyclopaedia, Mr. S. who had been recommended to Strahan's notice by

Dr. Johnson, was offered the supervision of it. Upon communicating the circumstance to his friend, he declared his readiness to undertake the work himself, if Mr. S. should decline it. This surprised our author, who expressed his astonishment that he "who at all times could pour such a rich and eloquent strain of prose, ardent sentiment, and striking imagery, should think of preparing for the press a voluminous, tedious, scientifick dictionary. His answer surprised me as much as his proposal. 'Sir,' said he, 'I like that *muddling* work.' This was his very expression!" The edition however was consigned to the care of Dr. Rees; and we see no reason to regret it. Mr. S. was by his own account, unequal to the task; and though Johnson would have *muddled* in it to an excellent purpose, yet, as we should, in all probability have then lost the Lives of the Poets, "the collusion," as Goodman Dull has it, "would not have held in the exchange."

Among the innumerable productions of Mr. S. was a history of Gibraltar. In a moment of despair, he immolated his unfortunate offspring, the only one of his family in whose welfare we found ourselves at all interested. The agonies of a disappointed author cannot, indeed, be contemplated without pain: but we write to instruct, and the following quotation may have its use.

"When I had arrived at within a day's work of its conclusion, in consequence of some immediate and mortifying accidents, my literary adversity and all my other misfortunes took fast hold of my mind; oppressed it extremely; and reduced it to a stage of the deepest dejection and despondency. In this unhappy view of life, I made a sudden resolution, never more to prosecute the profession of an author; to retire altogether from the world; and read only for consolation and amusement. I committed to the flames my history of Gibraltar, and my translation of Marsollier's life of Cardinal Ximenes; for which the bookseller had refused to pay me the fifty guineas according to our agreement."—p. 256

But the vows of authors are not

more binding than those of lovers! When the country was alarmed with the reports of a French invasion, "my poetical spirit," says Mr. Stockdale, "excited me to write my poem of *The Invincible Island*. I never found myself in a happier disposition to compose, nor ever wrote with more pleasure. I presumed warmly to hope, that unless inveterate prejudice and malice were as invincible as our island itself, it would have the diffusive circulation which I earnestly desired."

The catastrophe of the poet is, perhaps, much better told than any thing in the poem:

"Flushed with this idea—born impetuously along, by ambition and by hope; though they had often deluded me, I set off in the mail coach from Durham, for London on the 9th of December, 1797, at midnight, and in a severe storm. On my arrival in town, my poem was advertised, printed and published with great expedition. It was printed for Clarke, in New Bond Street. For several days, the sale was very promising; and my bookseller, as well as myself, entertained sanguine hopes.—But the demand for the poem relaxed gradually! From this last of many literary misfortunes, I inferred, that *prejudice* and *malignity*, in my fate as an author, seemed, indeed, to be invincible!—Vol. ii. p. 310.

We must now dismiss Mr. Stockdale, and we are sorry that we cannot do it in better humour. His *Memoirs* are, perhaps, the most valuable part of his works: but this is not saying much. They contain some sensible observations, and not a few amusing anecdotes of his contemporaries, delivered in a style, frequently incorrect, indeed, but always sprightly and vivacious, and distinguished by a wildness of idea, peculiar to himself. The author seems to have led rather a busy than an industrious life, and, in his desultory course, to have "flown over more occupations" than Autolycus. From his own statements, he appears to be of a most untoward nature. He scarcely mentions an acquaintance whose memory he does not insult; and he proves his "forgiving dispo-

sition" by the most splenetick attacks upon his relations, his benefactors, his masters, nay, his dames, at the distance of threescore years! In all his disputes, and his *Memoirs* are full of them, he appears decidedly in the wrong; and in his contests with his spiritual superiours, outrageous and irreverent in the highest degree. He is not ashamed to avow that, in his examination for priest's orders, he was guilty of deliberate falsehood; infected, as he adds, "by the air of Lambeth." These aberrations we willingly attribute to a disordered imagination, rather than to a want of moral feeling. But Mr. Stockdale gives himself no concern about the matter. In every case, he appeals to some interior rule of right, which supersedes all written obligation, and easily convinces him that his worst actions are the effect of "disinterested, persevering, and sublime virtue!" p. 227.

Much of the misery of his life has arisen from a fatal error concerning his talents; his friends unfortunately mistook his animal spirits for genius, and, by directing them into the walk of poetry, bewildered him for ever. Though he never wrote a line beyond the powers of the bellman, or the stone cutter, though he confesses that all his verses have been received with negligence or contempt, yet the mediocrity, the absolute poverty of his genius, has not once occurred to him! While he is forgotten faster than he writes, he still dreams of "immortality," and confidently predicts that his ephemeral trifles, which passed unnoticed at their birth, will yet force attention, and descend with "glory" to futurity! It is enough to give wisdom to the foolish, and seriousness to the giddy, to contemplate the afflicting picture of self-delusion so warm in the colouring, and so true to the life! Mr. S. has embittered his days by a restless and tormenting thirst after waters, which nature placed far beyond his reach; and

which those who have tasted of them, have seldom found to be the purest draught of human felicity!

We cannot close this article without observing, that if the populace of writers become thus querulous after fame (to which they have no pretensions) we shall expect to see an epidemical rage for auto-biography break out, more wide in its influence, and more pernicious in its tendency, than the strange madness of the Abderites, so accurately described by Lucian. London, like Abdera, will be peopled solely by "men of genius;" and as the frosty season, the grand specifick for such evils, is

over, we tremble for the consequences. Symptoms of this dreadful malady (though somewhat less violent) have appeared amongst us before; and the case of one of the poor, infected creatures (a maternal ancestor of Mr. S.) is thus technically described by honest Anthony Wood. "This Edward Waterhouse wrote a rhapsodical, indigested, and whimsical work; and not in the least to be taken into the hand of any sober scholar, unless it be to make him laugh, or wonder at the simplicity of some people. *He was a cock-brained man, and afterwards took Orders.*"

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Poems and Translations, from the minor Greek Poets, and others. Written chiefly between the ages of Ten and Sixteen, by a Lady. 8vo. pp. 198. Price 8s. London, 1808. Second edition.

THE fugitive pieces, which compose this collection, were written chiefly between the ages of eleven and sixteen, in the leisure hours allowed by a domestick education. They are published with the timidity excited by their imperfections; but with a most grateful sense of the indulgence they have already received from a liberal publick.

The translations or imitations of the minor Greek poets were the productions of a still earlier age. A most indulgent father, in the retirement permitted by his station in the church, found amusement in familiarizing his only child with the poets of antiquity.

Such is the fair writer's statement. The poems are pretty. As to the propriety of familiarizing so young a mind with the poet of love and wine, in his original language, that must rest on circumstances, of which, while this lady preserves her *incognito*, we cannot pretend to judge. But, we shall select our specimens of the talents of the fair authoress from what we consider as more favourable to the efforts of her muse.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN; OR THE
MIDNIGHT WANDERERS.

[Written in Scotland, at twelve years of age.]

SOLDIER.

WHAT taper lends its dying gleam
Thro' yonder casement low?
And who is she by Leven's stream,
Whose footsteps print the snow?

JESSIE.

Ere sin' the dewfall of the night
Yon blinking lamp I bore,
To seek a father auld and blind,
And guide him o'er the moor.

SOLDIER.

A kirk yard turf, a nameless stane,
Maun soon thy father hide;
Then leave him, Jessie, and be mine,
A wealthy soldier's bride.
If never meant to cherish luvè
That smile would no be thine,
Those eyes would be less bright and
clear,
If never meant to shine.

JESSIE.

O never in my father's cot
Shall sorrow dim my e'e,
Nor ever shall thy proffered luvè
Allure a smile frae me.
My tears lshed in yon kirk yard
Beside my mother's stane;
My smiles I keep to cheer our board,
And sooth a father's pain.

SOLDIER.

Yet turn, my Jessie, turn and smile,
Thy wæful[†] task resign:
His prop may be thy brother's luvè,
But thine maun a' be mine.

JESSIE.

Cauld is my brother Arthur's luvè;
Twice ten lang years are gane,
Sin' pierced wi' mony a ghastly wound,
They found him 'mang the slain.

SOLDIER.

If Arthur's luvè, now dead wi' him,
Sic saft regret can claim,
Thy kindest smiles should cheer the
heart

Which feeds a living flame.

JESSIE.

Far mair, kind soger, mair than a',
That boasted wealth I'd gie,
For one ray of the morning light
To chear my father's e'e.
Far mair I'd gie to guard the turf
That laps my brother's head,
Far mair I'd gie to bless the hand
That smoothed his dying bed.

SOLDIER.

And can a brother lost sae lang
To Jessie still be tender?
Then lift again that tender eye,
Behold thy brother here!

JESSIE.

O mock an e'e unwet wi' tears,
A blither heart beguile,
That raven's voice can no be his,
Nor his that ghastly smile.
It could na' be that chilling grasp,
His hand wad gie to mine,
It could na' be in Arthur's e'e
That sickly joy wad shine.

SOLDIER.

Unseen maun be the tender joy
Which melts a soldier's eyes,
The gentle grasp, the saft caress
A soldier's hand denies.
Yet still the warmth these hands refuse,
In Arthur's bosom dwells,
And still his deeds shall crown the bliss
His eye no longer tells
Around that chilled and breaking heart
Life's saftest bands shall twine;
'Thy cares have soothed a father's waes,
I live to finish thine!

Imitations of various Styles of Poetry.

A PERSIAN DIRGE.

Sleep, gentle bard! around thy bed
Let Shirauz' balmy flowers entwine;

For thee her perfumed lap shall spread,
Her richest gifts shall still be thine!

The tow'ring fir, the date crowned palm,
Shall here unite their sov'reign shade,

While melting rocks distil their balm
To bathe the tomb where thou art laid!

Chorus. Lah Illah! Ill Lillah!

Here let the heart dissolved in joy
Its warm, luxuriant tribute leave;
'Such tears as gem the love-taught eye
Let Hafez' sacred dust receive.

But here no prostituted band
Shall wound with yells his native skies;
No tutored tear, no purchased hand,[†]
Profanes the grave where Hafez lies.

For him let richer gifts abound,
No sullen homage here prepare;
Pleased may his spirit linger round,
And still its best-loved banquet share.

Bring myrrh, the silver grape[‡] invade,
Enrich with sweets his long repose;
Let olive wreaths his pillow shade,
Or steeped in wine, the saffron rose.

And blue eyed nymphs, Circassia's pride,
Shall here their treasured charms unfold;
Their feet in purer purple died,
Their tresses bright with liquid gold.

No lurking Gaur's[§] unhallowed fire
Shall Shirauz' envied vale affright;
The partial sun shall here retire,
And kiss thy grave with softened light.

Chorus. Sleep, gentle Bard, &c.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S RETURN.

YES, sweet is the hour when the pilgrim
returning,
Sees Love and Felicity smile at his door;
While brightly the taper of Hymen is burn-
ing,

And long treasured Friendship enriches
his store!

Like him I return not! But why should I
sigh?

Brisk Fancy shall banquets and treasures
supply;

Though lonely my cottage, its sweets are
my own,

My peace is my wealth, and my freedom
my throne.

But when the keen stings of indifference
meet him,

When first the rich visions of friendship
depart,

When closed is the eye which once spark-
led to greet him,

* Hafez, the Anacreon of Persia, lies buried in the delicious vale of Shirauz, where the young and gay constantly assemble.

† It is the custom in Persia to hire mourners, who make loud lamentations.

‡ The palm, remarkable for bearing dates on its summit; the white grape, and yellow rose, are highly esteemed in Persia.

§ The Gaur, or fire worshippers, though strictly forbidden, sometimes continue their orgies in this spot.

And fled is the smile which gave heaven to
his heart,
Ah! then let the exile his ruin deplore!
Then deep is the wound—but I feel it no
more!
Since few are my riches, unfettered I
roam,
A soul without stain is tranquillity's home.

Where now is the spell that to Lucy al-
lured me?
Where now is the beauty I lived to adore?
'Tis past! Shall I murmur if reason has
cured me,
Or mourn that a meteor deceives me no
more?
Let Beauty still flutter in life's peevish
morn,
Let love like the rainbow its vapours
adorn;
But who would the fugitive insect enchain,
Or bid the frail rainbow for ever remain?

Or why the cold shadows of memory pur-
suing,
Why, days of my youth, should I languish
for you?
For life, like the phenix, shall rise from
its ruin,
To beauty immortal and joys ever new.
No more for the downfall of friendship I
mourn,
Its root is enriched though its branches are
shorn;
Still, still in my bosom I feel it extend,

The world is my palace, all nature my
friend,

In life's little warfare contentedly neuter,
I ask not for rapture, I shrink not from
pain;
I cherish the present, I welcome the future.
But pleasures departed I woo not again.
Fond lovers! ye tell me my bosom is cold,
But ice may the purest of spirits enfold;
In Lapland's chill caverns the amethyst
glows,
The olive may bloom amid Appennine
snows!

Yes, sweet is the hour to the pilgrim re-
turning,
When Reason's clear sunbeam illumines
his breast,
Contentment and Truth from adversity
learning,
Religion his tutor, and Quiet his guest!
Where'er fickle fortune his pilgrimage
guides,
Brisk Fancy her banquets and pleasures
provides;
New friendships shall greet him, new
Edens extend;
His soul is his haven, all nature his friend!

Some verses of a still earlier age
are inserted in the appendix. The
whole is a very pleasing instance of
early genius.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Memoirs of an American Lady; with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, as they existed previous to the Revolution. By the Author of "Letters from the Mountains." 2 vols. 12mo. Price 14s. London. 1808.

THERE is a considerable portion of practical wisdom in these volumes. The necessities of a newly settled country; the advantages and disadvantages of a state of civil polity, differing little from a state of nature; the manners of those settlers who had transplanted themselves into the new world, with many of their European notions about them; the condition of the native Indians, with the instincts of the animal tribes; are well portrayed. Mrs. Grant, the author of these recollections of former days, possesses a talent for remark; and she has rendered her descriptions of scenes visited in her youth, more

than usually interesting; because she gives us portraits of individuals rather than general description. The principal of these is a worthy couple of the Schuylers, of whom the lady, known throughout her neighbourhood by the title of "Aunt Schuyler" is drawn at full length, with all the softened touches of affectionate reminiscence. Mrs. G. was taken when very young to America; resided at Albany during the conflict between Britain and France, for the dominion of the western world; saw the British arms triumphant, after many trying reverses; and happily returned to her native land, before the clang

of arms which announced the war of the revolution was actually heard; though not before it was anticipated by all thinking minds.

We shall not further analyse these volumes. Their contents may be estimated from the subjoined extracts.

Those who accuse the Indians of want of natural affection, will do well to consider the following instance, in proof to the contrary. Those who think virtue consists in controlling the affections, will enter more truly into the character here depicted.

A chief and his brother were invited by the English to celebrate his majesty's birth day:

"They came accordingly in their best arms and dresses, and assisted at the review, and at a kind of feast given on the occasion, on the outside of the fort. The chief and his brother, who were two fine, noble looking men, were invited in to dine with the major and officers. When they arrived, and were seated, the major called for a glass of wine to drink his sovereign's health. This was no sooner done, than the sachem's brother fell lifeless on the floor. They thought it was a fainting fit, and made use of the usual applications to recover him; which, to their extreme surprise, proved ineffectual. His brother looked steadily on while all those means were using; but when convinced of their inefficacy, sat down, drew his mantle over his face, sobbed aloud, and burst into tears. This was an additional wonder. Through the traces of Indian recollection no person had been known to fall suddenly dead without any visible cause, nor any warrior to shed tears. After a pause of deep silence, which no one felt inclined to break, the sachem rose with a collected and dignified air, and thus addressed the witnesses of this affecting incident: 'Generous English, misjudge me not; though you have seen me for once a child, in the day of battle you will see a man, who will make the Hurons weep blood. I was never thus before. But to me my brother was all. Had he died in battle no look of mine would change. His nation would honour him, but his foes should lament him. I see sorrow in your countenances; and I know you were not the cause of my brother's death. Why, indeed, should you take away a life that was devoted to you? Generous English, ye mourn for my brother, and I will fight your battles.' This assurance of his confidence was very necessary to quiet the minds of

his friends; and the concern of the officers was much aggravated by the suspicious circumstances attending his death so immediately after drinking of the wine they had given him. The major ordered this lamented warrior to be interred with great ceremony. A solemn procession, mournful musick, the firing of cannon, and all other military honours, evinced his sympathy for the living, and his respect for the dead; and the result of this sad event, in the end, rather tended to strengthen the attachment of those Indians to the British cause."

Poetry may find in this writer's description of the exchange of children, prisoners, taken by the Indians on one side, and the Anglo-Americans on the other, a new subject well suited to her powers, and congenial with her sentiments. The event is uncommon; and the feelings it is calculated to produce are powerful and heart-felt.

"Madame Schuyler being deeply interested in the projected exchange, brought about a scheme for having it take place at Albany, which was more central than any other place, and where her influence among the Mohawks could be of use in getting intelligence about the children, and sending messages to those who had adopted them, and who, by this time, were very unwilling to part with them. In the first place, because they were grown very fond of them; and again, because they thought the children would not be so happy in our manner of life, which appeared to them both constrained and effeminate. This exchange had a large retrospect. For ten years back there had been every now and then, while these Indians were in the French interest, ravages upon the frontiers of the different provinces. In many instances these children had been snatched away while their parents were working in the fields, or after they were killed. A certain day was appointed, on which all who had lost their children, or sought those of their relations, were to come to Albany in search of them; where, on that day, all Indians possessed of white children were to present them. Poor women, who had travelled some hundred miles from the back settlements of Pennsylvania and New England, appeared here, with anxious looks and aching hearts, not knowing whether their children were alive, or how exactly to identify them if they should meet them. I observed these apprehensive and tender mothers were, though poor people, all

dressed with peculiar neatness and attention, each wishing the first impression her child should receive of her might be a favourable one. On a gentle slope near the fort, stood a row of temporary huts, built by retainers to the troops. The green before these buildings was the scene of these pathetic recognitions; which I did not fail to attend. The joy of even the happy mothers was overpowering, and found vent in tears; but none like the bitter tears of those, who, after long travel, found not what they sought. It was affecting to see the deep and silent sorrow of the Indian women; and of the children, who knew no other mother, and clung fondly to their bosoms, from whence they were not torn without the most piercing shrieks; while their own fond mothers were distressed beyond measure at the shyness and aversion with which these long lost objects of their love received their caresses. I shall never forget the grotesque figures and wild looks of these young savages; nor the trembling haste with which their mothers arrayed them in the new clothes they had brought for them, as hoping that with the Indian dress, they would throw off their habits and attachments. It was, in short, a scene impossible to describe, but most affecting to behold."

We pay another homage to nature. Parental affection is no less admirable in the tribes around us, which we deem our inferiours: may it occasionally, inspire unwonted sagacity? or, is the bottom of a swallow's nest constantly and considerably the heavier part of the structure?

"In the highest part of that spacious and lofty roof, of the great barn, multitudes of swallows, of the martin species, made their nests. These were constructed of mud, or clay as usual, and, in the ordinary course of things, lasted, with some repairs, from year to year. This summer, however, being unusually hot and dry, the nests, in great numbers, cracked and fell down on the floor, with the young ones in them. We often found them in this situation, but always found the birds in them alive and unhurt; and saw the old ones come to feed them on the floor, which they did with such eager confidence, that they often brushed so near as to touch us. Now we could no other way account for the nests always coming down with the birds unhurt in them, but by supposing that the swallows watched the fracture of the nests, and when they saw them about to fall.

came round the descending fabrick, and kept it in a kind of equilibrium."

The breaking up of the ice on the Hudson's river, it must be acknowledged, is a striking scene. This lady describes it as a sublime spectacle.

"An object that fills and elevates the mind with ideas of power, and grandeur, and, indeed, magnificence; before which all the triumphs of human art sink into contemptuous insignificance. This noble object of animated greatness, for such, it seemed, I never missed; its approach being announced, like a loud and long peal of thunder, the whole population of Albany were down at the river side in a moment; and if it happened, as was often the case, in the morning, there could not be a more grotesque assemblage. No one who had a night cap on waited to put it off; as for waiting for one's cloak or gloves, it was a thing out of the question; you caught the thing next you, that could wrap round you, and run. In the way, you saw every door left open, and pails, baskets, &c. without number, set down in the street. It was a perfect Saturnalia. People never dreamt of being obeyed by their slaves, till the ice was past. The houses were left quite empty; the meanest slave, the youngest child, all were to be found on the shore. Such as could walk, ran; and they that could not, were carried by those whose duty would have been to stay and attend them. When arrived at the *show place*, unlike the audience collected to witness any spectacle of human invention, the multitude, with their eyes all bent one way, stood immovable, and silent as death, till the tumult ceased, and the mighty commotion was passed by; then every one tried to give vent to the vast conceptions with which his mind had been distended. Every child, and every negroe, was sure to say: "Is not this like the day of judgment?" and what they saw, every one else thought. Now to describe this is impossible; but I mean to account, in some degree for it. The ice, which had been all winter very thick, instead of diminishing, as might be expected in spring, still increased, as the sunshine came and the days lengthened. Much snow fell in February; which melted by the heat of the sun, was stagnant, for a day, on the surface of the ice: and then by the night frosts, which were still severe, was added, as a new accession to the thickness of it, above the former surface. This was so often repeated that, in some years, the ice gained two feet in thickness after the heat of the sun became such, as one would have ex-

pected should have entirely dissolved it. So conscious were the natives of the safety this accumulation of ice afforded, that the sledges continued to drive on the ice, when the trees were budding, and every thing looked like spring; nay, when there was so much melted on the surface that the horses were knee deep in water, while travelling on it; and portentous cracks, on every side, announced the approaching rupture. This could scarce have been produced by the mere influence of the sun till midsummer. It was the swelling of the waters under the ice increased by rivulets, enlarged by melted snows, that produced this catastrophe; for such the awful concussion made it appear. The prelude to the general bursting of this mighty mass, was fracture, lengthways, in the middle of the stream, produced by the effort of the imprisoned waters, now increased too much to be contained within their wonted bounds. Conceive a solid mass, from six to eight feet thick, bursting for many railes in one continued rupture, produced by a force inconceivably great, and, in a manner, inexpressibly sudden. Thunder is no adequate image of this awful explosion.

"When the bursting of the christal surface set loose the many waters that had rushed down, swollen with the annual tribute of dissolving snow, the islands and low lands were all flooded in an instant; and the lofty banks, from which you were wont to overlook the stream, were now entirely filled by an impetuous torrent, bearing down, with incredible and tumultuous rage, immense shoals of ice, which, breaking every instant by the concussion of others, jammed together in some places, in others, erecting themselves in gigantick heights, for an instant, in the air, and seeming to combat with their fellow giants crowding on in all directions, and falling together with an inconceivable crash, formed a terrible moving picture, animated and various beyond conception; for it was not only the cerulean ice, whose broken edges combatting with the stream, refracted light into a thousand rainbows, that charmed your attention, lofty pines, large pieces of the bank torn off by the ice with all their early green and tender foliage, were driven on like travelling islands, amid this battle of breakers, for such it seemed."

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

History of the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres. Containing the most accurate Details relative to the Topography, History, Commerce, Population, Government, &c. &c. of that valuable Colony. By Samuel Hull Wilcocke. Illustrated with Plates. 8vo. pp. 376. 12s. 6d. Boards.

OUR temporary possession of the city of Buenos Ayres, and the general expectation that we were to succeed to the permanent rule of the vast colony dependent on that government, seem to have occasioned the British publick to be enriched with the valuable information which the pages before us communicate. As to the materials out of which this volume has been formed, the author intimates that he obtained them in consequence of having been engaged in extensive mercantile pursuits, which had relation to the Spanish colonies of South America. The value of the knowledge, also, which is here imparted, is enhanced by the difficulty of obtaining it. Most of our readers are aware of the disappointment which Dr. Robertson ex-

perienced in his application for this purpose.

On this subject it is stated by Mr. Wilcocke:

"The papers regarding America, which are deposited amongst the records of the Spanish monarchy in the *archivo* of Simancas, near Valladolid, 120 miles from the seat of government, are stated to be so numerous as to fill the largest apartment in the *archivo*, and to compose eight hundred and seventy three large bundles. Yet this treasure of historical and colonial knowledge is wholly inaccessible, and no admission into the *archivo* of Simancas is ever granted without a particular order from the king. Some years ago, however, the Spanish government seem to have relaxed, in some degree, from so much of their illiberal system, as to have given access to these archives to Don Antonio Munoz, then occupied in compiling a work called a History of the New World. Of

this only one volume was completed, and Munoz was interrupted in the prosecution of his work, which contains some strictures upon the colonial policy of Spain, by which, probably, he gave offence to the council of the Indies. He was debarred from all further access to the necessary documents, and interdicted from publishing any more of his history. Munoz is since dead, and the undertaking has perished with him.

"That this system of concealment, than which nothing can be more illiberal, still predominates in the Spanish councils, is proved by a recent instance. The celebrated navigator, Malespina, who, from the years 1792 to 1795, was employed by Spain to explore the Pacific Ocean, and her colonies washed by its waves, was soon after his return to Cadiz, arrested and thrown into prison, as was the *padre Gil*, an ecclesiastick of a liberal and enlightened mind, who had undertaken the compilation of the voyage. All the papers and drawings belonging to the expedition were seized, and the botanists and other men of science, who accompanied Malespina, received orders to suspend their labours. Though part of the narrative was actually printed, the impression was suppressed; and the details of that interesting voyage are buried, as so many others have before been, amongst the dusty archives, and in the mouldy recesses of the Spanish chancery."

With regard to the contents and arrangement of the volume, the writer gives this summary:

"After a few preliminary observations respecting the aboriginal population of America, the sources whence it has been conjectured to be derived, and the physical peculiarities of that part of the globe; an enumeration will be given of all the Spanish possessions, and their geographical and political divisions; and the attention of the reader will be more particularly directed to that portion now under consideration. A brief notice of the first discovery of the river La Plata, will be followed by such accounts as have come down to us relative to the appearance, the government, the customs, and the propensities, of the Indians who were found in the country on its first occupation by the Spaniards. Their religion, their language, and their arts, will all pass in review.

"The grand features of the country will form one of the objects of consideration.

"The natural productions occupy the next place.

"After a general account of the country, a short history will be entered into of the first discovery of the river La Plata, of its original settlers, and progressive conquerors; of the gradual extension of discovery and conquest by which the province of Buenos Ayres came at length to border upon the dominions which the valour and ferocity of Pizarro and his companions had gained for Spain upon the shores of the Great South sea; after this will follow a brief account of the rise, the progress, and the dissolution of the famous establishments of the Jesuits in Paraguay, forming an *imperium in imperio*, unparalleled in the annals of the world. The historical account of the colony will be brought down to the present time, and concluded by a narrative of the late capture of it by the British.

"The cities, the harbours, the forts, the settlements, and the missions scattered over the country, will be next described; and proceeding from these to the plains, the agriculture both of the natives and of their Spanish masters, will be noticed, together with their arts and manufactures.

"An entire chapter will be devoted to the important subject of commerce. The trade as carried on between Buenos Ayres and Spain; that with Africa; the contraband trade with the Portuguese in Brazil, and with the North Americans who frequent those seas; and the interior commerce between Peru and Chili, and the river La Plata, will be detailed. The various articles that are suited for the consumption of the country, and those produced, or found there calculated for exportation, will be enumerated and described. Sketches will be given of some commercial adventures connected with the colony of Buenos Ayres, proposed to the enterprising spirit of British merchants; and some latent commercial advantages to be derived from this colony will be pointed out to the nation.

"The Spanish colonial government; their civil and military establishments; their fiscal regulations; the revenues of the colony, &c. will next appear in rotation. The state of society, the manners, the customs, and religious ceremonies, as well of the Spaniards, as of the creoles, the Indians, the negroes, the mulattoes, the mestices, and the infinite ramifications of colour and of cast, arising from the intermixture of these various races, will be followed by an account of those unsubdued Indians who are occasionally allies or enemies of their European neighbours; and who rove over the trackless plains that extend from Paraguay to the straits of Magellan."

In treating of the geographical

divisions of South America, Mr. W. says:

"The viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres is the most extensive, as well as, in many respects, the most important, of all. It extends in a direct line from Cape Lobos, which may be taken as its southern boundary, to the farthest northern settlements on the Paraguay, upwards of sixteen hundred miles; and from Cape St. Anthony, at the mouth of the Plata, to the ridge of mountains that separate it from Chili, nearly one thousand miles. By the union to it of the provinces of Charcas and Chiquito, it forms a compact body of land, nearly square; and stretches through all the variety of climates to be found in six and twenty degrees of latitude. Its general boundaries are: Amazonia, or the country of the independent Indians of the river Amazon and its vicinity, on the north; Brazil and the Atlantick Ocean on the east; Patagonia on the south; and Peru and Chili on the west."

. Under the head of Rivers, which form so magnificent a feature in this country, the Rio de la Plata first attracts notice; and the author's account of that grand stream thus commences:

"The Rio de la Plata, or river of silver, was originally called the river of De Solis, from its first discoverer; but Sebastian Cabot, who first penetrated beyond the junctions of the Parana and the Paraguay, having defeated a body of Indians on the banks of the latter, obtained a considerable booty in gold and silver, whence he bestowed upon the river the pompous appellation which has since prevailed, and which has led many to believe that the precious metals are to be met with in abundance on its banks. It is, however, stated, that the treasure found in the possession of those Indians, was that which they had, in their turn, taken from Alexis de Garcia, a Portuguese, who, some years before, had penetrated from Brazil to the frontiers of Peru, and was killed, on his return with the plunder he had collected. The name, though thus originating in mistake, was too flattering to the ambitious cupidity with which the new world was regarded by the adventurers of Europe, to be easily superseded. It has been perpetuated, whilst the name of the first discoverer has been relegated to a few hills yet called the Sierra de Solis, on the northern shore of its entrance. The distinctive appellation of Rio de la Plata, however, though intended

by Cabot for the whole of the majestic stream he had in part ascended, is now only applied to the channel, through which the great body of water formed by the confluence of the Parana, the Paraguay, and the Uruguay, flows into the ocean, forming an estuary of fresh water, without parallel in the rest of the globe for width and magnificence."

How much the late wretched government of old Spain counteracted the beneficent designs of nature, the reader will be able to form a judgment from this representation of the country:

"The immense plains that extend, in almost uninterrupted continuity, from the banks of the Plata to Chili, and to the large rivers of Patagonia, claim particular attention. They present a sea of waving grass, extending for nine hundred miles, with very few interruptions of wood or eminence. The succulent and nutritive herbage of this tract, affords pasture to those innumerable herds of cattle that rove unowned, and unvalued, over a great portion of South America, and whose hides and tallow, alone, are occasionally sought after by the Spanish hunters, and form a principal article of the trade of Buenos Ayres. Wild horses, the progeny of those imported by the Spaniards, likewise abound in these natural meads. They wander from place to place, against the current of the winds: and a traveller has stated that they are in such numbers, that, being in those plains for the space of three weeks, he was continually surrounded by them. Sometimes they passed by, in thick troops, on full speed for two or three hours together, during which time, he says, it was with great difficulty that the party preserved themselves from being run over and trampled to pieces. At other times, however, the same country has been passed over, and no horses have been seen."

"Near the Spanish settlements, and where these plains have been tilled, they yield excellent corn, and various other productions; whilst numerous flocks of sheep are also met with in the plains at the foot of the mountains of Cordova and Yacanto. Between these hills and the Cordilleras of Chili, lie many spacious and fruitful vallies, watered by brooks and rivulets, and beautifully diversified with rising grounds. They produce many kinds of fruit trees, apples, peaches, cherries, and plumbs; and also corn where the land is cultivated; but they are more particularly famous for breeding cattle, sheep, and horses, and especially

mules. Of the mules yearly sent from these provinces to Peru, the greatest part comes from the district just described. There are many farms here belonging to those industrious Spaniards who have been allured hither, by the fertility of the soil, by the facility for breeding cattle, and by the security from the incursions of the Indians, who infest those only who live more to the south."

The miserable defective policy of Spanish rule is elucidated by the curious itinerary from Buenos Ayres to Lima, which enriches this volume. The dangers of part of this journey, and which it is here shown might be avoided, are such as stagger belief:

"When travellers pass over the lofty ridges of the Cordilleras, it is said, that from the rarefaction of the air, they can scarcely breathe, and are afflicted with nausea. This is one of the inconveniences they suffer, but it is of trifling import when compared to the imminent danger they are exposed to in some of the narrow passes and steep declivities. The itinerary of the route from Buenos Ayres to Lima, displays some of those dangers which appear, in tenfold array, along the less frequent paths across the Cordilleras. Their ruggedness is not easily described. In many places the road is so narrow that the mules have scarcely room to set their feet, and in others, it is a continual series of precipices. These paths are full of holes from two to three feet deep, in which the mules set their feet, and draw their bellies and the rider's legs along the ground. Indeed these holes serve as steps, without which the precipices would, in a great measure, be impracticable; but should the creature happen to set his foot between two of these holes, or not place it right, the rider falls; and, if on the side of the precipice, inevitably perishes. The danger is, however, greater, where these holes, or camelones, as the Spaniards call them, are wanting. For the tracks are extremely steep and slippery; in general, chalky and wet; and where there are no holes to serve as steps, Indians are obliged to go before with small spades, which they carry with them for that purpose, do dig little trenches across the path. This work is continual, every party requiring a repetition of it, for in less than a night, the rain utterly destroys all the trenches cut during the preceding day. In descending these places, where there are no holes or trenches, and which are sometimes several hundred yards deep, the instinct of the mules that are accustom-

ed to pass them, is admirable. They are sensible of the caution requisite in the descent. On coming to the top of an eminence, they stop, and having placed their fore feet close together, as in a posture of stopping themselves; they also put their hind feet together, but a little forwards, as if going to lie down. In this attitude, having, as it were, taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. All the rider has to do is to keep himself fast in the saddle, without checking his beast; for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the mule, in which case, they must both unavoidably perish. The address of these creatures is here truly wonderful, for in this rapid motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the path, as if they had before accurately reconnoitred, and previously settled in their minds, the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety, amidst so many irregularities. There would, indeed, otherwise, be no possibility of travelling over such places, where the safety of the rider depends on the experience and address of his beast.

"There are, indeed, some places where these declivities are not on the sides of precipices; but the road is so narrow and hollow, and the sides so perpendicular, that the danger is almost equal; for the track being extremely confined, and scarcely wide enough to admit the mule with its rider, if the beast falls the man must be crushed, or, for want of room to disengage himself, have a limb broken. It is really wonderful to observe the mules, after they have overcome the first emotions of fear, and are going to slide down the declivity, with what exactness they stretch out their fore legs, that by preserving a due equilibrium they may not fall on one side, yet, at a proper distance, make with their bodies, that gentle inclination necessary to follow the several windings of the path; as well as their address in stopping themselves at the end of their impetuous career. The human species could not show more prudence or conduct than the mules do; and some of them, after being long used to these journeys, acquire a kind of reputation for their skill and safety, and are accordingly highly valued."

A very particular and detailed account of all the principal mines, which are worked in this colony, will be found in the present volume; and we should be glad to quote some of the passages, if we could gratify all

our inclinations amid such variety. We cannot, however, refrain from subjoining parts of Mr. Wilcocke's description of two places which were not long since the subjects of conversation among us:

"Buenos Ayres was erected into a bishoprick in 1620. Before its elevation into a viceroyalty, this city was only considered as the fourth in rank in South America; but it is now held as inferior to none but Lima. Since it thus became the seat of a new government, it has greatly increased in opulence and in population. It is regularly built, and its streets are broad, unpaved in the middle, and with footpaths on each side. The houses are reckoned to be six thousand in number. Most of the buildings, both publick and private, had formerly only mud walls; but a lay-brother of the Jesuits, who was employed to erect the church of his college about sixty years ago, made bricks and lime, and instructed the inhabitants in those useful arts, since which time the city has assumed a very different appearance. The architecture of the cathedral, and of most of the churches, is likewise ascribed to the lay-brothers of that community. The cathedral is spacious and elegant. It has a cupola of excellent workmanship, and a portico, the design and execution of which are much extolled. The interior is profusely, perhaps tawdrily, decorated with carved and gilt work. In the dome are paintings in compartments, representing the acts of the apostles. The churches of St. Francis, and that of the convent of Mercy, are next in estimation, and have cupolas and steeples nearly in the same style as the cathedral. In the church of the Franciscans, there is a picture of the Last Supper, painted by an Indian neophyte, of one of the Uruguay missions, which is considered as a very capital performance for a native artist. The frame of it is composed entirely of feathers of a bright gold colour, so artfully contrived as to appear to the nicest observer to be the most correct carving and gilding: nor can the difference be discovered till it is touched by the hand: this picture was a present to the Franciscans from the Jesuits, not many years before their expulsion. The church of St. John, which is on the skirts of the town, is appropriated to the Christian Indians.—The town hall, which stands on one side of the great square or parade, is a large and handsome building, likewise erected on a plan of the Jesuits. There are several convents and nunneries; and all these edifices are built of a beautiful white stone,

which is found in a small plain not far from the town. The whiteness of the publick buildings is much improved by the frequency of the Pampero, which is considered as an excellent bleacher. The principal streets are the *Calle del Santa Trinidad*, and the *Calle del San Benito*. The former, which faces the great door of the cathedral, runs almost the whole length of the town, and is occupied by the better sort of inhabitants. Many of the opulent inhabitants have villas in the country, and almost every house has a garden, both before and behind; and many have balconies with lattice-work, for the reception of odoriferous shrubs and flowers. The interior of the houses is, in general, however, very dirty, from the indolence of the inhabitants. In summer, the rooms are covered with fine Indian matting, and, in winter, with European carpets. Every garden is refreshed by water, let in from the river Plata by a kind of sluice made of osiers, woven very strong and thick. The water, thus admitted, is sent by smaller channels round the beds, and a quantity of it is generally retained in a large basin or reservoir, of which there is one in every extensive garden. The water, when thus retained, is very clear and sparkling, but by its great coldness, it is apt, when drank, to bring on dysenteries, and other dangerous diseases. Part of the town, which is principally inhabited by mestices and negroes, has a very miserable and filthy appearance, and strongly contrasts with the opulence and taste displayed in the other.

"The inhabitants were usually estimated at about thirty thousand, but the calculation of sir Home Popham carries them to the number of seventy thousand. One fourth of the population are whites; the others are negroes, Indians, and people of mixed breed.

"The castle or fort is very insignificant in point of military importance. It contains a house for the military governour, and a royal chapel. At the time of the capture, there were about forty cannon of various calibres, mounted; and two thousand stand of arms were found in it. The usual garrison was seven hundred men, and about three thousand of the militia of the country were supposed to be always in readiness to cooperate with the regulars.

"Buenos Ayres is well supplied with provisions, particularly with fish in great abundance, and variety, from the river. There is no place in Europe or America, where butcher's meat is more plentiful, better in quality, or cheaper in price. It is frequently distributed gratis to the poor, as it is the usual custom to buy the hide alone,

the carcase being in some measure a gratuitous addition; and the meat is always fat and very palatable. Poultry, considering the price of other provisions, is very dear. A couple of fowls generally sell for as much as a whole ox. The river water is rather muddy, but soon becomes clear and drinkable by being kept in large earthen vessels made for the purpose, or in the garden-reservoirs, as before mentioned. Wheat bread is sold at a rate, which makes it equal to about 7*d.* per English quartern loaf; and the price is fixed and permanent. The loaves are made to correspond in size with the different small coins of the country."

"Montevideo is the best, and, indeed, the only good port in this river. The Spaniards are sensible of the importance of this place, and have taken great pains to fortify it; having made it much stronger than Buenos Ayres. The entrance of the port is not very broad. The harbour derives its name from a high mountain on its western point, which may be seen at the distance of twelve, or even sixteen leagues.

"It is dangerous to sail too near to the western point, as there are many rocks under water. On the east side, the entrance is deeper and safer. Beyond the western point there is a square battery built close to the water's edge. The bay is almost circular, and within it, on the east side, there is a small island abounding with rabbits. The surrounding land is very high, and protects the bay from all winds. The water is always as smooth as a mill-pond, and there is sufficient depth for ships of the first rate. The bottom is soft clay.

"The town of Montevideo occupies the whole of a peninsular promontory, that forms the eastern point of the harbour. The fortifications are to the north. They are regular works, built of stone, enclosing the whole of the peninsula, and have a pretty strong fort, with four bastions and mounted with brass cannon, in the centre. The barracks are bomb-proof. The garrison is generally about four or five hundred men. The other side of the bay is without any fortification, nor has the high mountain even so much as a watch-tower. The town makes a handsome appearance from the harbour, as it is built upon an ascent, and the houses appear interspersed with gardens and trees. The houses are of stone and brick, only one story high, except a few. The roofs are flat, and the floors of brick, though some have only earth. The governor's residence, which has been compared to a range of livery stables in England, is of such construction. Few houses have glass windows. There are some, however, that belong to people of distinction, which are two and three

stories high, and have balconies in front. None have any chimnies; fire is generally kindled in the yard, or a separate kitchen, and in wet or cold weather it is brought into the rooms in fire pans. The streets run straight, and cross each other at right angles, but with one or two exceptions are very inconvenient, being composed of large loose stones and sand."

The readers of this work will be highly gratified and instructed by the details which it contains respecting the famed settlements of the Jesuits in this colony; their origin, extent, and subversion. Howsoever mischievous may have been the agency of this society in Europe, we find that in South America its power arose from the tendency of its proceedings to advance the interests of humanity, and the extension of civilisation.

If we pass over the statements and observations, with which we are presented in these pages, relative to the civil and ecclesiastical administration of the Spanish colonies, the different classes of the inhabitants, the commercial regulations of the parent state, and their effects, it is not because we deem them to be unimportant, but because we have recently descanted on them in our review of Mr. Brougham's performance on colonization; which they so much resemble, as to induce in us a belief that they have been taken from that able work, or that the two authors have drawn from the same sources. We are also precluded by our limits from entering on the curious detail of natural history, which adds to the interest and value of the volume; and some particulars of this kind were communicated from another publication, in our 53d Vol. N. S. p. 148. The author modestly admits and apologizes for the literary defects of his performance: but these are neither numerous nor considerable; and they are more than compensated by the value of the information which it communicates, and the good sense of the observations by which it is accompanied.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Tableaux de la Nature, &c. i. e. Views of Nature, or Considerations on the Deserts, the Physiognomy of the Vegetables, and the Cataracts of the Oronoko. By A. De Humboldt. Translated from the German, by J. B. B. Eyriès. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1808. Price 10s. sewed.

THE encouraging reception which these essays experienced in Germany, we are told, induced the translator to extend their circulation through the medium of the French language; and if, in the prosecution of his task, he has occasionally deviated from the original text, the alterations were suggested by the author himself, who purposes to adopt them in a new edition. The dedication consists of only eight words: but, in point of taste and effect, they are equivalent to eight hundred:

"To my Brother,

"WILLIAM DE HUMBOLDT,

"At Rome."

We learn from the preface that several of the passages contained in these volumes, were composed on the very spots on which the scenes described were contemplated; that the author's object is to present such considerations on the interesting aspects of nature as best accord with genuine sentiment; and that, though each memoir is designed to form a whole, it is intended that the general bearing of the publication should be one and the same.

"This method of treating natural history," observes M. Humboldt, "presents great difficulties; such as even the energy and pliancy of the German language, in which I have written my work, have not always been able to overcome. The countless riches, which every where meet the eye of the observer, conjure up a multitude of images that are certainly brilliant, but, by their very accumulation, destroy the repose and injure the general impression which a grand survey of nature is calculated to produce. While we address sentiment and imagination, our style too readily degenerates into poetical prose. These ideas require no farther development, since the ensuing pages will furnish us with too many examples of those wanderings and inequalities of which I have just indicated the source.

"May my sketches, in spite of these defects, which I can much more easily discern than remedy, convey to the reader a portion of that enjoyment which is excited by the contemplation of nature. As that gratification increases with a knowledge of the intimate relationship of parts, which puts the various springs of nature in motion, I have annexed to each memoir additions and explanations, with a reference to the sciences.

"On all occasions, I have directed the mind to that external influence which physical nature exercises on the moral dispositions and destinies of man. My work is chiefly consecrated to the heart that is bruised with misfortune. Let him, who would shun the storms of life, accompany me into the depths of the forests, across the deserts, and over the towering summits of the Andes."

I. *Considerations on the Steppes of the Deserts.*

Those elevated and naked plains, which stretch from the valleys of Caraccas and the lake of Tacarigua; in South America, form a striking and dreary contrast with the rich luxuriance and verdure of the more fortunate tracts by which they are surrounded. The irksome monotony of their aspect has, doubtless, condemned them to long and general obscurity: but a mind of a truly bold and philosophick tone, like that of the present author, is not to be diverted from its purposes by mere appearances, nor deprived of entertainment and instruction even in the midst of the barren wilderness. M. Humboldt's reflections on these immense and unsightly solitudes are often original, and seldom fail to affect either the imagination, or the understanding with grand or with agreeable emotions. We are perfectly aware, however, that we should have perused his dissertation with more uninterrupted satisfaction, if he had moulded his materials into one uniform and consistent mass,

instead of detaching such a large and valuable portion of them into the form of supplementary annotations. We are likewise to regret, that his assertions are not always propounded with that degree of modesty and diffidence, which characterizes and adorns the productions of true genius. Thus he commences the present memoir by stating, without the shadow of evidence, that the granitick chain of mountains resisted the violent action of the waters, when, in the infancy of our planet, their irruption formed the gulph of Mexico. This physical event *may* have taken place, and in an early or a more advanced stage of the earth's existence: but we are not prepared to affirm that it did, and much less to assign the period of its occurrence.

A remarkable trait in the great features of the American *stephes* is the presence of fractured and slightly elevated horizontal strata, occasionally dispersed, and sometimes to a very considerable extent, over the common surface: but no *oasis*, nor scattered ruins, nor fruit trees which had once been cultivated, attest the residence of human beings. The comparative coolness of these regions suggests various pertinent remarks on the general temperature of the new continent, which sufficiently explain the moderation of its heat, without having recourse to the doctrine of the recent formation of the western hemisphere. The following illustrations of the author's argument against this common, but unphilosophical notion appear to be worthy of transcription:

"The great coolness, or rather cold, which prevails, nearly throughout the year, along the coast of Peru, under the tropick and which lowers the mercury in the thermometer to ten degrees [54 1-2 Fahr.] is by no means, as I hope to be able to demonstrate, a consequence of the vicinity of mountains covered with snow, but is rather owing to that fog [*garua*] which veils the sun's disk, and to that very cold current of sea water which rushes, in a northerly direction, from the straits of

Magellan to Cape Parinna. On the coast of Lima, the temperature of the great ocean is 12° 5' [about 59 Fahr.] whereas, under the same parallel, but beyond the limits of the current, it is 21° [79 Fahr.] It is remarkable that such a surprising fact has not been hitherto noticed."

We think that the powerful operation of each of the causes here adduced, cannot be disputed: but neither can we discern any sufficient reason for excluding the cooling influence of snow.

"A very ingenious naturalist, Dr. Smith Barton, of America, has already said, with great justice, 'I cannot but regard as puerile, and by no means proved from physical evidence, the supposition that a great part of America has emerged from the waters later than the other continents.' I, continues M. Humboldt, beg leave also to quote a passage from a memoir, which I composed, respecting the primitive people of America. 'Writers of deserved celebrity have too often repeated that America is in every sense of the expression, a new continent. They allege that its exuberance of vegetation, its assemblage of great rivers, and its grand volcanoes, always in a state of fermentation, declare that the earth, incessantly trembling, and not yet dried, is there less removed from the pristine condition of chaos than in the old continent. Long before I commenced my travels, I was accustomed to regard such notions as at once unphilosophical, and contrary to the generally received laws of physicks. Those images of youth and disorder on the one hand, and of desiccation, and a progressive failure of vigour in the aged earth on the other, can originate only in the minds of such persons as amuse themselves by selecting the points of contrast between the two hemispheres, without comprehending, in a general view, the constitution of our planet. Is the southern portion of Italy a fresher country than Lombardy, because it is almost constantly harassed by earthquakes and volcanick eruptions? Besides, what petty phenomena are the volcanoes and earthquakes of our day, if compared with those revolutions of nature, to which the geologist ascribes the solution and cooling of those masses which formed the mountains, when the earth was yet in a state of chaos! Different causes, in remote climates, would necessarily diversify the effects of physical energies. In the new world, the volcanoes, to the number of fifty four, ought, perhaps, to burn for a longer period, because the chain of eleva-

ted mountains, in which they are situated, is nearer to the sea; and because this circumstance, and the eternal snow which covers them, appear to modify, in a manner hitherto imperfectly appreciated, the energy of subterraneous fire. Earthquakes and eruptions there co-operate periodically. At present, physical disorder, and political tranquillity, reign in the new continent; while, in the old, the discord of nations drives us to seek repose in the bosom of nature. The time, perhaps, may come, when one quarter of the world will occupy the place of the other, in this singular conflict between physical and moral energy. Volcanoes repose for ages, before they are rekindled. The idea that, in the older regions of the world, a certain degree of peace should pervade nature, is a mere illusion of fancy. One side of our planet cannot be older or younger than another. Islands, like the Azores, produced by volcanoes, or gradually formed by the mollusca of coral (such as several islands of the great ocean) are generally more recent than the granitic masses of the central chain of Europe. A country of small extent, like Bohemia, and several of the valleys of the Moon, circularly surrounded by mountains, may remain for a long time covered by water, in consequence of partial inundations, and form a lake. After the fluid has disappeared, the soil, on which vegetation gradually takes place, may, in metaphorical language, be said to be newly formed. But such an aqueous covering, as the geologist conceives to have existed at the formation of the secondary mountains, cannot, from the laws of hydrostatics, be supposed but as enveloping, at once, every country and every climate. The sea cannot sojourn on the immense plains of the Oroonoko and the Amazons, without, at the same time, ravaging the countries which are situated round the Baltic. The dependence and the identity of the secondary strata in the neighbourhood of Caraccas, in Thuringia, and in Lower Egypt, prove, as I have explained in my geological view of South America, that this grand operation of nature was effected over all the earth at the same period."

Besides the more obvious and permanent causes of the heat and aridity which pervade the African deserts, the author surmises that some remote irruption of the ocean may have swept away the vegetable soil, and left behind nothing but sterile sand: but, had such a catastrophe taken place, it is to be pre-

sumed that numerous vestiges of marine productions would be found scattered over, or buried in, those pathless wastes.

Though the great Steppes in South America are covered with a thin layer of vegetable mould, though they are watered by periodical rains, and though they are clothed with gramineous plants, of tall and luxuriant growth, we cannot be surprised that the neighbouring inhabitants, who were originally strangers both to the pastoral and the agricultural life, should prefer the beautiful valleys of Caraccas, the sea-coasts, and the immense basin of the Oroonoko, to a solitude which is destitute of trees and springs: but it is, at the same time, difficult to account for those numerous traces of civilisation, which have been observed on the elevated plains of the mountains in Mexico and Peru. At the height of sixteen or eighteen hundred toises, the author saw the remains of baths and palaces; and he infers, perhaps somewhat hastily, that none, but colonists from the north, could endure such a climate.

Since the discovery of the new continent, even the Steppes have been found susceptible of a scanty degree of population. With the view of facilitating the communication between the coast and Guiana, some towns have been constructed on the banks of rivers; and, among widely scattered huts, herds of oxen, horses, and mules, may now be observed to roam at large, and to attain to a prodigious size, in spite of the dangers and difficulties with which they have to contend, from the extremes of drought and moisture. The effects and contrasts of these extremes are thus forcibly delineated:

"When, in consequence of the sun's vertical rays, which no cloud intercepts, the hardened soil separates into fissures, as if it had been shaken by violent earthquakes; if opposing winds should then happen to impinge on its surface, and if the collision should occasion a rotary motion, the plain exhibits a most unusual spectacle. The sand rises like a vapour

in the midst of a whirlwind, rarified, and perhaps, charged with electricity; resembling a funnel-shaped cloud, the point of which glides along the earth, or like the rushing water-spout that is dreaded by the experienced mariner. The sky, apparently let down, yields only a sombre, troubled, and livid light to the desolated plain. The horizon closes in, at once contracting the desert and the heart of man. Suspended in the atmosphere, which it veils in a thick cloud, the burning and dusty sand augments the suffocating heat of the air. The east wind, instead of coolness, adds fuel to the flame, by bringing along with it the glowing emanations of tracts of land which have been long scorched with heat. The pools, once shaded by the palm-tree, whose verdure has withered in the sun, gradually disappear. As animals become torpid in the ice and snow of the north, so here the crocodile and the boa, deeply buried in the dried clay, are incapable of motion. Aridity every where announces death, and every where haunts the parched traveller, whom the refracted rays of light delude with the phantom of a waving surface. Enveloped in clouds of dust, and tortured by hunger and burning thirst, the cattle and horses wander about in every direction. The latter, stretching out their necks against the wind, greedily inhale the air, in order to discover, by the moisture of its current, the neighbourhood of some pool that is not entirely evaporated.

"The mules, more circumspect and artful, seek to assuage their thirst in another manner. The melocactus, a plant of a spherical form, and marked by numerous furrows, contains, under its prickly covering, a very watery core. The mule, by means of its fore feet, separates the spines, applies its lips with caution, and ventures to drink the refreshing juice: but it is not always with impunity that it partakes of this living vegetable source; for some of them are often seen, whose hoofs have been seriously injured by the prickles of the cactus.

"To the scorching heat of the day, succeeds the coolness of a night which equals the day in duration: but still the cattle and the horses enjoy no repose. Monstrous bats persecute them in their sleep, cling like vampires to their backs, and afflict them with purulent wounds, in which hippoboscæ, musquitos, and a multitude of other stinging insects, take up their abode. Such is the painful existence of these animals, from the moment that the sun's heat has absorbed the water from the earth's surface.

"When, after a long drought, the bene-

ficent season of rain at length approaches, the scene is suddenly changed in the desert. The dark blue of the sky, till then cloudless, assumes a lighter tint. At night, the spectator scarcely recognises the dim quarter of the *cross*, a constellation of the southern pole. The light phosphorescence of the clouds of *Magellan* loses its brilliancy. The vertical stars of the eagle and of the serpentarius, shine with a quivering light, which no longer resembles that of the planets. In the south, arise detached clouds, which bear the figure of remote mountains. The vapours extend like a mist over the whole horizon; and distant peals of thunder proclaim the vivifying rain.

"Scarcely is the surface of the earth moistened, when the misty desert is clothed with *Killingias* and *Paspalums*, of crowded panicles, and with an infinite number of grasses. The herbaceous mimosa unfolds its slumbering leaves to the light, and salutes the rising sun; as do also the aquatic plants, which expand their delicate blossoms, and the birds which warble their harmonious descants. The horses and cattle bound in the plain, and enjoy their existence. The prettily spotted jaguar lies concealed in the long tufted grass; and, by a light bound, like the cat, or the tyger of Asia, it darts on animals as they pass.

"Sometimes, if we may believe the natives, the moistened clay on the borders of marshes is observed to rise slowly in small swellings; a sudden and violent noise, like that which proceeds from small mud volcanoes, is then heard; and the heaved soil is darted into the air like a cloud. Every person who is acquainted with this phenomenon, flies from it with precipitation; because he knows that some monstrous water-snake, or mailed crocodile, here issues from its tomb, and awakes from apparent death, with the first soaking showers.

"The rivers which bound the plain on the south, the Araca, the Apura, and the Payara, gradually swell. Then nature compels those very animals which, during the first half of the year, seemed perishing with thirst on an arid and dusty soil, to lead the life of the amphibious tribes. One part of the desert presents the image of an immense inland sea; and the mares retire, with their foals, to the higher stages, which appear above the surface of the water like long islands. As the unsubmerged portions daily diminish in extent, the animals, pressed against each other, and deprived of pasture, swim for a long while up and down, and pick a scanty subsistence from the flowering panicles of the gramineous plants, which overtop a brownish and fermenting water. Many

young horses, however, are drowned; and many are surprised by the crocodile, which, armed with its tooth-crested tail, breaks their bones, and then devours them. Horses and oxen, which have escaped the voracity of this ferocious reptile, may often be observed to bear on their thighs the marks of its pointed teeth.

"But jaguars and crocodiles are not the only creatures which, in South America, lie in wait for the horse. That animal also experiences a dangerous enemy among the fishes. The marshy streams of Bera and of Rastro are full of electrical eels, whose slimy body, dashed with yellowish spots, communicates, in every direction, and spontaneously, a violent shock. These gymnoti are five or six feet long; and, when they suitably direct the action of their organs, armed with an apparatus of multiplied nerves, they are able to kill the most robust animals. The people of Uritucu have been under the necessity of changing the road on the Steppe, because the number of these eels had increased to such a degree, that, in every year, many horses, struck with their benumbing influence, were drowned in crossing the ford of a small river. All fishes shun the approach of this formidable eel. It even frequently surprises men, who, standing on the steep bank, are fishing with a hook, the wetted line conveying the fatal commotion. In this instance, the electrical fire is disengaged from the very bottom of the waters."

The sketch of the conterminous countries is not less animated and striking; and the whole picture constitutes a novel and interesting piece of descriptive scenery.

In a note of considerable length, M. Humboldt seems to have established the extraordinary fact, that the practice of eating argillaceous earth really prevails among some savage tribes: but the inhumation and the suspended life of the crocodile require to be more amply and satisfactorily detailed, before we can receive the statement as an article of belief.

II. *Ideas of the Physiology of Vegetables.*

This essay occupies by far the largest portion of the second volume, but might have been much condensed, without the smallest injury to the proper treatment of the subject. The introduction, which extends over twenty pages of text, and thirty

five of commentary, is somewhat irrelevant and declamatory; consisting of vague observations on the prodigal diffusion of life in the planet which we inhabit.

To a certain extent, it will be readily admitted that, while particular classes of rocks and mountains, in whatever regions of the world they may be found, are uniformly similar, the same species of plants and animals assume, especially in their groups, diversities of appearance in different climates. In his illustration of this position, M. de Humboldt pointedly alludes to the effects of climate on the formation of the human character and temper. It would be irksome to dwell on such a hacknied topic; but we really cannot concede to this writer that "the character of a people, and the gay or the grave dispositions of men, depend almost entirely on the influence of climate." His reference to Greece, in the first instance, to go no farther, is particularly unfortunate; for what have the genial heats and pure skies of that fine country achieved for its present wretched race of inhabitants?

From an attentive survey of the vegetable forms which occur between the 55th parallel of north and the 12th of south latitude, the author is inclined to reduce them to nineteen; though in a subsequent passage he talks of the *sixteen* principal forms: yet he admits that future discoveries in the southeast parts of Asia, the interior of Africa, New Holland, and that part of South America which is situated between the Amazons and the mountains of Chiquitas, will probably add to the number. In the mean time, we could have wished for a distinct nomenclature and definition of his family likenesses; since, although he mentions them in a desultory manner, his readers will find themselves puzzled to make out a list of his grand divisions. We suspect that his lines of demarcation also are sometimes fanciful. It is indeed to be presumed that all attempts to groupe the pro-

ductions of nature, by their external aspects, will prove abortive; because nature, with reference at least to our senses, recognises no permanent nor obvious distinctions, but blends forms and colours by imperceptible and continuous shades. The painter may catch a few kindred features, but cannot determine the precise boundaries of relationship.

M. de Humboldt's observations of vegetable physiognomy are to be regarded rather as loose hints or memoranda, than as constituting a regular or properly matured treatise. In the single paragraph in which he discusses the numerous tribe of heaths, he observes that they have some resemblance to resinous trees; that the art of husbandry has maintained for ages an unavailing struggle against the encroachments of the common sorts; and that the known species amount to 137. Now, if we once admit the resemblance between heaths and pines, we may multiply vegetable likenesses without end. In many of the northern districts of this island, the native heath has gradually disappeared, in consequence of the introduction of sheep farming; and, seven years ago, not fewer than 250 species of *Erica* were defined by a British botanist. [See Transactions of the Linn. Society, Vol. VI.] In return for such inaccuracies, however, we are sometimes presented with interesting and contrasted views of the physiognomy of vegetation, in the temperate and in the torrid zones.

III. Considerations on the Cataracts of the Oroonoko.

This third memoir derives its principal value from the delineation of striking and majestic scenery, which has seldom been visited by men of taste and information. The name of the river, which was given to it by its first European discoverers, is quite unknown in the inland regions through which it rolls its majestic course, and where its only appellation is *the river*, by way

of eminence. The immense quantity of fresh water, which it discharges in a strong current into the sea, convinced the sagacious Columbus that it proceeded from a continent.

"When," says the author, "we reflect on the immense volume of water which the Oroonoko conveys to the Atlantick ocean, we are tempted to ask whether this river, the Amazons, or the Plata, be the most considerable? but this question, like every thing relative to physical dimensions, is too vague. The mouth of the Plata, which extends to twenty three geographical miles, is obviously the largest: but, when compared with others, this river, like those of England, is of moderate length, and its shallowness at Buenos Ayres impedes the upward navigation. The Amazons is the longest of rivers; its course, from its origin in Lake Lauricocha, to its estuary, being seven hundred and twenty miles: but its breadth, in the province of Jaen de Braco-moros, near the cataract of Rentama, where I measured it, under the romantick mountain of Patachuma, scarcely equals that of the Rhine at Mentz.

"The Oroonoko, at its mouth, seems to be narrower than either the Plata or the Amazons. According to my astronomical observations, its course is only two hundred and sixty miles: but, in the most remote corner of Guyana, at a hundred and forty miles from its junction with the sea, I found that, when its waters were most elevated, this river was sixteen thousand and two hundred feet wide. Its periodical floods occasion a rise of from forty eight to fifty two feet above its ordinary level. We want materials for instituting an accurate comparison among the enormous rivers which traverse the continent of South America; since we are not sufficiently acquainted with the outlines of their channels, nor with their velocity, which must vary in every part of their course."

Though the Oroonoko is formed on a larger scale than the Nile, it presents several analogies to that celebrated river; such as the Delta, which is constituted by the subdivisions of its branches; a regular rise and fall; the largeness and number of its crocodiles; its precipitous course through mountains of granite and syenite, and its more placid progress over extensive plains. Its source, we may add, is equally obscure, or at least equally unexplored.

Near the falls of the Guaharibes, it is so narrow that the natives cross it on a slender bridge of creeping plants. The Guaicas, a race of men who are remarked for their small stature and very white complexions, deter the traveller from advancing farther to the east, by their use of poisoned arrows. The present author treats as fabulous the story of the existence of the *Laguna del Dorado* from which the Oroonoko is said to issue, and which is laid down in Arrowsmith's map as measuring twenty miles in length. About five degrees to the west of this supposed source, is a small, reedy lake, which may, probably, have given rise to the popular tale of *El Dorado*; since in the centre of it is situated the island of *Pumacena*, composed of micaceous schistus, or some glittering rock.

After having pursued various windings of the river, and of the author's *discourse*, we, at length, arrive at the great cataracts of *Aturés* and *Maypures*, where the bed of the stream is straitened by masses of gigantick rocks, and divided into various reservoirs by natural dykes. The water is not here, as at Niagara, heaved at once over a deep precipice, but falls in a graduated series of small cascades, which render the

navigation, at times, dangerous, if not impracticable. "The spectator suddenly beholds a foaming sheet of water, of a mile in length. Masses of rock, of a dark, ferruginous hue, shoot up from it, like lofty towers. Each small island, and each rock, are decked with crowded groups of stately trees. Above the surface of the water, incessantly hovers a thick vapour; and through this cloud of mist, formed by the spray, dart forth the tops of aspiring palm trees.—When the glowing rays of the evening sun are refracted in this mass of suspended vapour, the optical phenomena are truly enchanting. Rainbows alternately appear and disappear; and their image incessantly sports and dances in the air."

In the same strain of bold and picturesque description, this traveller portrays the prominent scenery of his landscapes: but in this, as in the two preceding sketches, a very inconsiderable portion of his writing bears directly on the subject announced in the title.

We rejoice to learn that Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, are steadily proceeding with the publication of the highly interesting details, which have been collected in their long and intrepid peregrinations.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A History of the Island of St. Helena, from its Discovery by the Portuguese, to the Year 1806. To which is added an Appendix. By T. H. Brooke, Secretary to the Government of St. Helena. 8vo. pp. 409. 10s. 6d. Boards.

A Residence of fifteen years at St. Helena, and access to the official records of the island, must be supposed to have rendered Mr. Brooke fully competent to write its description and its history. But when we also consider the perspicuity of his style, and the judgment discovered in his reflections, we are disposed to regret that a mind, which is evidently equal to undertakings of more general interest, should have con-

finied its exertions to a topick of such limited attraction. We are, however, glad to receive this volume from his hands, and may hope, hereafter, to obtain more important proofs of his assiduity and information.

The superficial extent of the island, as we are told by Mr. Brooke, is about 30,000 acres. It is divided by a lofty chain of hills, running nearly east and west in a curved direction; and from this chain, alter-

nate ridges and valleys branch off in various quarters. The summits of several of these hills are very elevated; and one of them, Diana's Peak, rises nearly 2700 feet above the level of the sea. The extent of the island is somewhat less than eleven miles by seven. Springs issue from the side of almost every hill: but, as they have neither volume nor sufficient length of current, they form only inconsiderable rills. We, consequently, find no cascades of any magnitude; for although one stream projects its whole quantity from a height of about 300 feet perpendicular, it becomes a shower before it reaches the cavity below.—The author describes the romantick prospect of Sandy Bay, in the following words:

“The hills on the left, richly clothed with trees to their very summits, display a wonderful contrast to the wild and grotesque nakedness which triumphs on the right, where shelving cliffs, surmounted by huge, perpendicular, or spiral masses of rock, are multiplied under every shape and aspect. The downward view consists of a variety of ridges, eminences, and ravines, converging towards the sea, into one common valley. Among this scenery, are interspersed the dwellings of planters, the different forms of gardens and plantations, and the pasturing of cattle; the prospect closing with the distant sea, rushing in between two black, craggy cliffs, which the surf whitens with its spray.”

The climate may be considered as a medium between those of Europe and those of India, the height of situation counteracting the effects of vicinity to the line. The use of the settlement, to the publick, consists in its being a station of refreshment to homeward-bound Indiamen. South Sea whalers also resort thither, both for fresh provisions and for the protection of convoy in their passage home. The average number of ships which touch annually at St. Helena is 165. Provisions are, consequently, very dear, mutton being from 14*d.* to 18*d.* per lb. pork 18*d.* to 20*d.* fowls 9*s.* to 12*s.* and

geese 25*s.* to 30*s.* The population, exclusive of the garrison, is somewhat above 2000, of whom three fourths are blacks. The price of labour is high, a mechanick requiring from five to seven shillings a day. The sovereignty of the island is completely vested in the East India Company; and the military force consists of a corps of artillery, a regiment of infantry, and the island volunteers.

After having given a very distinct description of the island in his first chapter, Mr. Brooke proceeds to its history, from its discovery by the Portuguese, in 1501, on the 21st May (the anniversary of Helena, mother of the emperor Constantine) to the present time. In this detail, we acknowledge that we have no wish to accompany him, the subject having, in our opinion, very little claim to general attention; and, however important it may be to the East India Company to possess an accurate narrative of the conduct of the different governours, and a collection of the principal island-acts and documents, as exhibited in Mr. Brooke's appendix, the publick would have been more gratified with a shorter statement. Omitting, therefore, that series of local transactions which have assumed a false magnitude in the author's eyes, we shall direct our attention to a few of the valuable observations with which he has interspersed his pages.

The advocate of humanity will learn with satisfaction that the history of St. Helena affords a striking example of the policy of a mild treatment of negroes. Until 1787, the laws relative to them were extremely severe, and conspiracies were frequent among them: but since “they have been placed on a footing more suitable to men than to brutes, no insurrection or even serious risk has either taken place or been apprehended.” Until 1787, the evidence of blacks, although conclusive against persons of their own colour, was not admissible against

whites; and we have some notable examples of the consequences of such a system. In 1785, Elizabeth Renton, a white inhabitant, in a fit of passion, stabbed one of her female slaves with a carving knife; and the slave died in a few moments. The verdict of the coroner was "wilful murder;" and the grand jury presented a bill of indictment to the same effect: but, as the only witness was a black, and of course inadmissible against the accused, she escaped. In 1786, a planter named Worrall, and his slave, were detected in the act of sheep stealing; as the proofs against them rested on the testimony of blacks, the white man could not be brought to trial: but the slave was convicted and sentenced to *death*, although he had acted under the coercion of his master. Such was the law: but the judges were sufficiently equitable to reprieve him, and recommend him to pardon, which was granted.

In the early part of the history of the colony, a system of laws, founded on those of England, was introduced: but it was soon found too complicated for so small a settlement. It was therefore judged expedient to proceed by jury only in criminal cases, and to leave matters of less import to the governor and council, who were recommended not to have "their heads troubled with nice points of the common law of England; but rather, on considering the reason of things, to adjudge of all cases in a summary way, according to equity and a good conscience, without tedious delays, or countenancing litigious persons in their vexatious proceedings."

The inhabitants of St. Helena, however, were not so fortunate in receiving medical as in obtaining legal advice. The wetness of the climate and the moist qualities which they ascribed to yams, their principal article of food, made them imagine that an antidote to such evils was to be found only in the free use of spirituous liquors; and they were

confirmed in this notion by the superficial pretenders to medicine, who in that age acted as surgeons on board of the Indiamen. We give an extract from the letter of a St. Helena governor to the East India Company, dated in 1717.

"As an alteration of weather often happens here in less than an hour's space, from sultry heat to very cold, and the mountain parts of the country are not only windy, but always exposed to great damps and fogs, even in the times we call the dry seasons, we are apt to think it easier to drink water for a constancy in England than in this place. The physical people we sometimes converse with (that is, the ship-surgeons) tell us that strong liquor is necessary to all people who have no other bread but these watery roots (for a yam is called the water parsnip) and we also find it so; wherefore, though we shall encourage temperance and sobriety, as well by our example as precept, yet it is in vain to dissuade the use of arrack among these people, who prefer it before the choicest wines."

In treating of the internal economy of the island, Mr. Brooke describes emphatically, the dangers of impounding the goats, which feed at large on the cliffs and precipices. The negroes, innured to this way through ledges on which a single slip would prove destruction; while the shouts, by which they impel the goats towards the pound, are echoed throughout the abyss beneath. The succeeding little anecdote may give some idea of the nature of the country:

"In the year 1734, a sailor, on his return from the country, wandered among the cliffs at Ladder Hill, which overhang the sea, and found himself at last in a place where he could neither turn, nor sit down, nor discover any method of escape. In this perilous situation he remained until the following morning, when, perceiving a party going to swim, he threw his shoes down to attract notice. He succeeded, and was soon relieved by the natives, who ventured within a few fathoms of him, and lowered down a rope, to which he fastened himself, and was hauled up."

Of the various governours whose transactions are related in the present volume, col. Brooke and col. Patton will principally attract the reader's attention. Colonel Brooke had acquired reputation in the company's service in Bengal, and was appointed governour of St. Helena in 1788. One of his first acts was to disuse the practice of flogging among the military, and to rouse again that sense of shame which had been nearly extinguished by the application of the lash. He commuted stripes for labour, and separated from their comrades those who appeared hardened, allotting them a table by themselves, under the expressive designation of the "miscreants' mess." These marks of odium soon corrected even the worst among the soldiers; and so much improved did their condition become, that numbers of discharged men returning from India undertook a renewal of service in St. Helena. It was also under governour Brooke that the fortifications in the heights were rendered effectual; the use of signals adopted; the access to the landing place improved; the farther importation of slaves interdicted; and the condition of those who were resident on the island ameliorated. He likewise took a most active part in those exertions which terminated in the capture of seven sail of Dutch Indiamen, by the Sceptre man of war, in the year 1795. It deserves notice that the Malays, taken out of the Dutch ships, entered the British artillery service, and proved not only very useful, but extremely peaceable in their conduct. A behaviour, so different from that which is often ascribed to them, is to be attributed to the manner in which they were treated. No European was suffered to strike or chastise them on any pretence whatever; and they were punished by no other authority than

the sentence of a court martial composed of Malay officers. These men were afterwards sent to Ceylon, and a Malay regiment was engrafted on the two companies which had been thus trained at St. Helena.

On governour Brooke's return home, col. Patton became his successor in 1801. He had filled the situation of military secretary to the government of Bengal, and was known to the publick as the author of "the Principles of Asiatick Monarchies." He was successful in improving the ordnance department; in amending the morals of the black inhabitants; in increasing the quantity of timber; and in short in every way in which extensive knowledge and a happy ardour for publick improvement could have scope in the situation which he filled.

The author concludes with several suggestions for the farther improvement of the island. He considers its retention as of great importance to us, although we remain in possession of the Cape; the anchorage at St. Helena being far preferable, because no wreck is ever known to have occurred there, except one, which happened on the day of its first discovery.

We have perused this volume with considerable satisfaction; and in those passages in which our gratification has been interrupted, the fault was not in the execution. Mr. Brooke's language is so generally correct, that we do not recollect any phrase which demands remark, except the following in page 211. "Few are inclined to exertion when the object tends to the advantage of *publick posterity*, rather than to immediate individual benefit." It is to be regretted that the book did not contain a map of the island, in addition to the perspective view of an interior scene, which forms a frontispiece

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Œuvres Choiesies, &c. i. e. The Select Works of the Marshal Prince de Ligne, published by M. de Propiac, forming a Sequel to the "Letters and Thoughts" of the same Author, published by the Baroness de Staël Holstein. 8vo. pp. 444. Paris, 1809.

WHEN we were reading with delight the unpremeditated productions of this author's pen, which we reviewed in our last appendix,* and wondering by what means Madame de Staël had been enabled to obtain them, we did not know that they were extracted, as it now appears they were, from a mass which occupies twenty eight published volumes: but though we might deem it extraordinary, from the distordancy of our home experience, that any editor should present to the world *too little* of his author, we found it difficult to imagine that one who had written with so much good sense, and in so agreeable a manner, should not have furnished, in so long and active a life, more than two small duodecimo volumes worthy of preservation. It was therefore no matter of surprise to us that M. de Propiac, deeming his fair predecessor somewhat too fastidious in her principles of selection, should have wished to enlarge the privilege of admission, for the purpose of introducing a great variety of pieces equally entitled to notice with those which had been already presented to the world. Even now we suspect that these two publications, taken together, form rather a scanty than a too ample specimen of the works from which they are borrowed.†

If Madame de Staël had been necessarily confined within the limits which she adopted, we should

have been disposed to acquiesce in her choice of materials. The prince de Ligne's correspondence with crowned heads on the most important subjects of existing politicks, and his description to his intimate friends of his confidential intercourse with the rulers of the earth, are certainly the most prominently interesting of all his works: but when his editor was at full liberty to add to her selections, and had only to consider whether the publick should be treated with one entertaining volume more or less, her parsimony of citation is the more surprising, from the circumstance of the lady's being herself rather a voluminous author; for what can be more mortifying in itself, or more ominous to the prospect of future literary fame, than that a writer, confessedly popular and ingenious, should be cut down, in his life time,‡ from twenty eight volumes in octavo, to two moderate duodecimos? How few works are susceptible of such mutilation; and how many hundreds of thousands must be extinguished, for ten that are thought worthy of it, and one that survives it!

Of the *Œuvres Choiesies* by M. de Propiac, a small portion consists of letters; the more considerable part being composed of detached essays on various subjects, chiefly political and military: with critical observations on the author's studies (which seem to have been almost entirely historical) curious anecdotes of his

* See Select Reviews, Vol. II. p. 317.

† We might have been led to suppose that some *third* editor, sharing our opinion, had brought forwards a *second sequel*, in two duodecimo volumes, which have been reprinted by Colburn in London, under the title of "*Mémoires et Lettres du Maréchal Prince de Ligne; faisant suite aux Lettres et Pensées du même Auteur, publiées par Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein: contenant des Anecdotes inédites sur les différentes Cours de l'Europe, &c.*" but the only difference between that publication and the volume before us is in the title page and the form.

‡ We were not aware that this old general was still alive, when we reviewed him in our last appendix: but one of the French bulletins speaks of his opposing the late war, in the Austrian cabinet. The authority is not the best; but the fact is probable.

own times, and certain general maxims and reflections, which usually indicate the greatest good sense, and are expressed with ease and felicity. In "all his thoughts, words, and works," it is marvellous to witness the predominancy of the military spirit. Cesar is his hero in ancient history, and Frederick in that of modern times. He is never tired of tracing a parallel between their qualities, their conduct, and even the accidents of their lives. He regards their genius with enthusiasm, and their odious vices with indulgence. The territory of Ligne, from which he drew his fortune and his title, was the scene of some of Cesar's minor operations in Belgick Gaul. Vestiges are still visible of intrenchments thrown up there by the Roman troops; and it is by no means impossible that such a circumstance might communicate the first martial bias to a young and ardent mind. At any rate, it would give the prince a relish for studying Cesar's Commentaries, which he seems to have retained through life. He forms an acquaintance with learned men for the purpose of understanding them more thoroughly; and he never forgets his politeness, except in a remonstrance with La Harpe for undervaluing his favourite hero. When he discusses the wretched state of the Jews, and proposes some methods of mingling them with general society, he falls immediately into a description of Potemkin's Hebrew regiment, called Israelowsky, and sketches the particular services on which they might be usefully employed. When he reports some curious facts relating to the nation of gypsies, or Bohemians, who are extremely numerous in several parts of Germany, he cannot refrain from speculating on the figure which they would make in the ranks. When he treats of landscape gardening, he imperceptibly glides into the same subject; in reference and with subserviency to which he exclusively contemplates, when the fit is on him, all human affairs.

The prince de Ligne, however, is an author whom we would rather make known to our readers by his own conversation, than by our statement of it. The contents of the publication are much too multifarious to be abstracted: but we may range under two or three leading heads the passages which it is our intention to translate. We begin with some anecdotes more or less nearly connected with that mighty subject, the French revolution, and shall first introduce the character of the too famous duke of Orleans.

"What was there in the world purer than the Chevalier de Dufort? [Orleans] Messieurs de Pons, de Thiers, de Coigny, de Ségur [father and son] de Lauzun, de Chabot, de Fitz-James, some others, and myself, would we ever have consented to visit him, if there had been the least appearance of his becoming a monster? We had seen him expose his life, to save that of one of his people. We saw him abjure shooting, and weep, because his servant, rising by mistake from a ditch, received from his gun a few small shot in his neck. I have seen him propose to fight on the footing of a gentleman. He was very particular, in matters that required delicacy, with many persons; adventurous and cool in a balloon; and set a good example at Ushant, whatever might be said; through self love too circumspect and perhaps rapacious in his wagers; frugal in small things, but generous in great. Fatal effect of levity, of disregard of character, which leads to unforeseen crime! fatal effect of ambition, little supported as it was by merit! He was superstitious. I took him one day to a fortune teller in rue-Froid-manteau—the great Etrella. He predicted to him astonishing things, which my want of faith prevented me from valuing or remembering: but I recollect generally that something was said about Versailles and royalty, and I am persuaded that his head was turned by it. If it be so, what dreadful effects have flowed from my imprudence! The fortune teller informed me that I should die seven days after hearing a great noise. I wait the accomplishment of the prophecy: but having since heard the noise of two sieges, and the firing of two magazines, I think that he was deceived.

"The orgies of the duke of Orleans are a fable. He was well mannered even in the worst company; polite, with some hauteur, among men; respectful and attentive with

women; gay in himself, and of a good taste in pleasantries; he had rather the talent of saying good things, than that of supporting conversation. In other circumstances, he would have resembled the regent, whose turn of mind he possessed. He was well made, with a good mein, and handsome eyes. His infamous revolutionary intrigues must have rendered his face red, pimpled,* and hideous; for what passes in the mind is generally painted on the face. Having been his friend (a name of which he knew the value) I must weep for him before I can detest him, and forget the amiable man, before I abhor the wretch who voted for the king's death."

When the prince is talking of Marie Antoinette, considerable allowance will naturally be made for the loyal prejudices of an Austrian grandee.

"That unfortunate princess proved but too strongly, in encountering death, that her delicacy was too great, in not venturing to contradict the king or his ministers. The only serious business in which I ever saw her engaged was in preventing, as being both a French woman and an Austrian, the war which would have been excited, but for her, on the subject of the Scheldt. The ten millions which she engaged the king to lend to the Dutch republick, to pay the expenses of and appease the emperor's brother, gave occasion to that most stupid of all calumnies, that she made over considerable treasure to him. We had no need of it. The affairs of the house of Austria were in better condition than those of the house of Bourbon. The reproaches cast on her luxury were equally ill-founded. There never was a *femme de chambre* to the mistress of a king or a minister who had less. She took so little trouble with her toilette, that she permitted herself for several years to be dressed in the worst possible manner, by one Larceneur, who came to wait on her when at Vienna, that she might save him the pain of a dismissal. It is true that, when she came from under his hands, she drew her own through her hair to make it accord with the character of her face. As to the reproach against her for gambling, I never saw her lose more than two thousand louis; and that was at those games of etiquette, at which she was afraid of winning from those who were obliged to form her party. Often, indeed, after having received, on the first day of a month, 500 louis,

which were, I think, her pocket money, she had not a farthing left. I remember once being obliged to borrow among her footmen, and in her anti-chamber, twenty five louis, which she wished to give to an unfortunate woman. Her pretended gallantry was never any thing but a deep, and perhaps distinguished, sense of friendship for one or two persons, and a general coquetry from wishing as a woman and a queen, to please every body. Even at the period at which youth and inexperience might have engaged her to set herself too much at liberty, not one of us, who had the happiness of daily seeing her, dared to abuse it by the smallest impropriety. She acted the queen without suspecting it, and was adored by those who thought only of loving her."

The succeeding passage may be considered as savouring a little of the scandalous style of gossiping, in which courtiers are apt to indulge themselves at the expense of reformers: yet, if the imputation were decidedly false, Madame de Staël would, perhaps, have noticed it, in order to rescue the memory of her father from the charge of such puerile stratagems.

"M. Neckar had employed M. de Pezai to write anonymous letters to Louis XVI. to speak well of him, and to offer his majesty good advice. Louis read them with pleasure. M. Neckar, wishing to know whether they were agreeable, desired Pezai to write that he would not continue them, unless the king, when passing through a glass door from his cabinet into the gallery, looked in a particular direction, and made a sign. All this was done, and Pezai continued. In these letters, he even went so far as to dictate to the king what he should say. 'You cannot reign, sire, by means of courtesy. Nature has refused it to you. Supply the place of it by a great severity of principles. Your majesty is going presently to a horse race. You will find there a notary, who will write down the wagers between the count d'Artois and the duke of Orleans. When you see him say: 'Why is this man wanted? Needs there be writing between gentlemen? Their word is sufficient.' The incident actually occurred and I was present. Every body exclaimed: What justness of thinking, and what a royal saying!"

* This is a singular trait in the philosophy of physiognomy.

Our sensible author, though attached to the prevailing religion, laughs at the idea of infidelity being produced among men of rank by the manœuvres of a few anti-christian conspirators; and in his entertaining memoir of Bonneval (who began life as a careless sceptick, and concluded it as a devout mussulman) he makes the following observation: "I have considered what principally contributed to his irreligion, and think that it was probably owing to the works of Bayle, that famous Pyrrhonian. As it is only a step from doubt to incredulity, it was that which led him to make so great a progress. Let us not then accuse five or six men of wit, who are named as the perverters of Europe. Bonneval knew nothing of the pleasantries of Voltaire, nor of the contradictions of Jean Jacques Rousseau, nor of the declamations of Diderot, nor of the philosophy of D'Alembert."

We smile at the shrewdness of what is here said on the subject of Voltaire's infidelity, and the best mode of preventing it.

"Had I been as good a Christian as I am at present, and not quite so young as I was when at Ferney, I would lay a wager that I could have reconciled Voltaire to Jesus Christ, principally by telling him that his stupid enemies were infidels, and that he was commonly reported to be a Jew. The very next day, we should have had a libel against Jews and infidels. 'Quick, quick, father Adam,' he would have said, 'leave your children; and say mass directly; I believe in it, and shall attend it constantly every day.'

The worthy marshal is, on all occasions a warm advocate for the principles of toleration, not more from a sense of its justice and humanity, than with a view to sound policy. His good sense and good nature equally revolt against every kind of persecution, of which he distinctly perceives the natural tendency to

defeat itself, and to perpetuate the supposed mischiefs which it most earnestly labours to prevent. In this case, not only does "increase of appetite grow by what it fed on," but the food is multiplied in proportion as it is devoured.

The short biographical sketch of the count de Bonneval is very spirited, but is followed by a few particulars, written by the count himself, with which we were more amused. We need hardly state that he was a subject of France by birth, and of Austria, by a long service in her armies; or that he engaged in disputes with leading men in the two governments, which made it necessary for him to take refuge in Turkey. Here he was vehemently reclaimed by both his courts, and was liable to be punished by either as a deserter. The grand signior could no longer resist the menaces of Austria; and the order for Bonneval's arrest was on the point of arriving at Serai, in Dalmatia, where he had taken refuge, when he resolved to declare himself a Turk:

"At Serai he had met a Turk whom he had formerly known at Milan in the service of a lady, his relation. This domestick was taken in the wars of Hungary, and afterward became a Mohammedan. The count de Bonneval had him near his person, and inquired of him whether he knew at Serai any good Mussulman who was capable of keeping a secret. He said yes:—'Go and seek for that man, and bring him hither.'—He then shut himself up in a chamber with these two men, and gave orders to the one who was in his service* to ask him whom he had brought, whether he knew positively the words which designate the faith of Mohammedans. The question was put, and the answer was yes, that he knew the words;—'tell him to pronounce them, and I will repeat them after him,'—which was immediately done. The count again ordered these men to keep silence, and accompany him to the Pacha's. All the three went there, and he desired them to declare in the Pacha's presence, how he the count de Bonneval, was a mussulman. This declaration being made, the Pacha

* It is evident, though not distinctly stated in the narrative, that this domestick acted as an interpreter between the Frenchman and the Turk.

embraced him, kissed him, and loaded him with a thousand caresses. The order of the grand signior for delivering him to the Germans arrived two days afterward, and could not be put in execution."

As to the embarrassing ceremony of circumcision, it was avoided by the good offices of the same two friends, who testified that all had been regularly done; and who could not be contradicted by the other assessors, in consequence of the large quantities of wine which they were persuaded to drink, under the name of sherbet. The count, however, gravely kept his bed for some days. Though he wore the turban, and outwardly conformed with great decency to all the Turkish customs, till the time of his death, it is reported that his chief pleasure consisted in privately resuming the habiliments of his country. "When sure of being seen by nobody, he took the pains to put on shoes and white stockings, which formed a singular contrast with his shorn head and well furnished chin."

The author's "*Coup d'Œil sur les Jardins*," is throughout so delightful, that we could transcribe the whole of it with pleasure; and the more so, as it includes judicious criticisms on the most celebrated gardens in this country: but, though it is much too long for insertion, we cannot refrain from copying the exordium:

"I should wish to inspire all the world with my taste for gardens. It seems to me impossible that a bad man should possess it: he indeed is incapable of any taste: but if I, for that reason, esteem the searcher of wild plants; the active conqueror of butterflies; the minute examiner of shells; the sombre lover of minerals; the frozen geometrician; the three lunatics of poetry, musick, and painting; the absent author;

the abstract thinker; and the discreet chymist; there is no virtue which I do not attribute to him who loves to talk of gardens and to form them. Absorbed by this passion, which is the only one that increases with age, he daily overcomes those which derange the calmness of the soul or the order of society. When he has passed the draw-bridge of the city gate, the asylum of moral and physical corruption, to go and work in his lands or enjoy them, his heart rejoices at the sight of nature, and experiences the same sensation as his lungs, on receiving the pure air which refreshes them."

One of the most remarkable qualities in the writings of the prince de Ligne is the lively colouring which pervades all his descriptions. It is peculiarly exemplified in his picture of the modern Jews, and in all his details on the state of Warsaw and of Poland, at the period immediately preceding the annihilation of that injured country. We can scarcely forgive him for his paper on the latter subject, on account of its total contempt of the principles of liberty: but when he talks of the decayed nobility of Poland, stalking in half starved dignity through their vast and dark apartments, surrounded by valets who want liveries, and pages who quarrel for a meal, while Jews direct the reluctant cultivation of the mortgaged domains, with scourges in their hands, we are transported in imagination to the mournful scene. Many passages, which carry this excellence to the highest pitch, and many others which abound with pithy observations and knowledge of the world (particularly *la Vie d'un Militaire*) our limits forbid us to cite: but we trust that most of our readers will have recourse to the work itself, in order to ascertain the justness of our panegyrick.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Romantick Tales, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. 1808.

MR. LEWIS has, in one respect, profited by experience. He trusts less and less to his own genius, and it is possible (to say probable would

be too much) that in a few years more he may know himself sufficiently to cease writing altogether. He has now descended to "Roman-tick Tales;" a species of composition which, perhaps, of all others, requires the least ingenuity, the least knowledge of the world, the least skill in portraying character, and (as the stories are detached and short) the least stretch of invention. Yet even to so light a task as this, the modesty of this author would not suffer him to aspire; and these tales are principally taken from foreign languages.

"I am equally unwilling," he declares in his preface, "to take any merit to myself, which does not justly belong to me, and to deprive another of that praise which is his due; but I find it difficult to point out exactly what portion of the following work is my individual property. Even in those tales which are least my own, I have made so many and such important alterations, omissions, and interpolations, that it would have been less trouble to write an *entire new work*."

On a subject of such prodigious importance, the author cannot, certainly, be too solicitous to prevent his readers from falling into error, especially as the texture of the stories is such, that, without express caution, many readers would have suspected they were Mr. Lewis's own. The latter part of this statement is no more new than the practice for which it is meant to apologize. Among others, Dryden has used it, in his preface to the *Mock Astrologer*; but, however boastfully such declarations may be made, it is not to be expected that a judicious reader will admit a bad performance, however difficult, as equivalent to a good one; or be satisfied with an author, who, having discovered something very contemptible, bestows great pains in making it—no better than he found it.

"But I doubt not," he continues, "any such work, composed by my own unassisted abilities, would have been greatly inferior to the present. In this dilemma,

I believe the best and shortest way will be to request my readers to ascribe whatever pleases them, to the authors of the original tales, and to lay all the faults at *my door*."

Mr. Lewis chooses the largest, though not the most agreeable share. But he knows not what he is undertaking. Let him claim only half the faults, and he will soon find himself overburdened.

The first romance, called "*Mistrust, or Blanche and Osbright*," is principally borrowed from a German tragedy. It has more merit than many of the tales, and some of the situations are contrived with ingenuity. The subject is, the feuds of two families, which are involved in distress and animosities, through their mutual suspicions, excited by fallacious circumstances. But, surely, few can admire such descriptions as these:

"His heart was the seat of agony; a thousand scorpions seemed every moment to pierce it with their poisonous stings; but not one tear forced itself into his blood-shot eye balls; not the slightest convulsion of his gigantick limbs betrayed the silent tortures of his bosom.

"His glaring eyes were stretched widely, as if their strings were on the point of breaking, and the flames which blazed in them, were red and livid. Disdain seemed to curl his lips and expand his nostrils.

"His eyes blazed; his mouth foamed; his coal black hair stood erect, in which he twisted his hands, and, tearing out whole handfuls by the roots, he strowed them on the coffin which stood beside his feet."

This is the true High Dutch bombast; but there is a more serious objection to this romance, the morals of certain personages in it. A knight (Sir Ottoker) is guilty of a gross and evident lie; and yet he is represented as a noble and heroick character. Count Rudiger is depicted as follows.

"He was not a villain; on the contrary, crimes filled his soul with horror and indignation; nay, he possessed a thousand noble, generous, and heroick feelings—but he was the slave of tempestuous passions."

Yielding to these passions, he be-

comes the seducer of a nun; he causes a kinsman and guest to be murdered within the precincts of his own castle; and, lastly, stabs his own son, whom he mistakes for the daughter of his enemy. And such a man is "not a villain." He possesses noble, generous, and heroick feelings, by thousands.

This romance is followed by some ballads, the poetry of which is in general despicable. For instance:

"Of the noise was well aware he,
In the dungeon's depth who lay;
Holy cross and blessed Mary,
Wherefore shout the Moors to day?"

Again:

"Till with quick impatience glowing,
Vowed the king in angry speech,
Till on earth the shield was seen, no
Bread should in his realm be broke,
Sayst thou? cried with joy Guarino,
(Hark and heed the words he spoke.)"

This and the next poem are translated from the Spanish. In "King Rodrigo's Fall," the reader is presented with a thought not often paralleled.

"The fish in anxious terror sighed,
So rude a tempest shook the wave:"
O! mutis quoque piscibus,
Donature cycni, si libeat, sonum."

These must have been odd fish! Doubtless, the lines are faithfully translated from the original, but, though sighing may be customary with the gudgeons in Spain, surely Mr. Lewis had better have made one more "important alteration," and not have disgusted the English reader by so unnatural a thought. We have read in burlesque of "fishes beginning to sweat;" but the true sentimental, sighing, Spanish smelt is to us a non-descript.

Who can forbear admiring the almost Hibernian simplicity of this stanza?

"The tower then went she round and round,
Art here my love in fetters bound?
Oh speak one word, my Rupert dear,
And tell me if my voice you hear?"

"Sir Guy the Seeker" is a tale of terror, founded on an English tradition. It consists of the adventures of Sir Guy with a *red hot conjuror*, in an enchanted castle. The raging of the sea, among rocks, is thus elegantly described.

"The spray as it broke, appeared like smoke,

From a sea volcano pouring;
And still did it rumble, and grumble,
and tumble,
Rioting! raging! roaring."

But as the reader is doubtless surfeited, for the present, with Mr. L's poetry, we proceed to the next tale, entitled "The Anaconda." This is certainly the best romance (though not the most original) in the whole collection. Its subject is the exertions of two faithful friends to relieve a gentleman, who is besieged in his pavilion by the enormous serpent, called the Anaconda. This hideous monster is well described, and the horrors of its appearance displayed to the best advantage. It is a pity that the best tale in the work (and almost the only good one) should be introduced by so paltry and improbable an incident as that which precedes it.

The ballad call the "Dying Bride," is not worth notice.

"The Four Facardins," is translated from the French of count Antoine Hamilton, who in another tale, called "Fleur d'Epine," has, with equal humour and elegance, bantered the fondness of his countrymen for such tales as those in the Arabian Night's Entertainments.

The translator says of it in his preface:—

"It was left imperfect, and, indeed, it is most likely, that the author never intended to finish it, and wrote without any settled plan. Yet I believe, few people have ever read it without feeling regret at its abrupt termination. This deficiency I have endeavoured to supply; the brilliance of colouring, the playfulness of imagination, those easy graces and that felicity of expression, which give such a charm to the French tale, I well knew to be quite be-

yond my reach, and I have not even attempted to imitate them. My utmost aim has been to finish those adventures by some means or other, which count Hamilton had left imperfect; and conscious that to rival the first part in wit, would for me be a hopeless attempt, I have only endeavoured to make the second surpass it in extravagance."

Mr. Lewis is totally mistaken if he imagines that extravagance alone can render a tale like this amusing. No reader of taste admires a story merely because the adventures are strange and unnatural. Mr. L. may invent as many flying tigers and galloping joint stools as he pleases; but if his tale is destitute of the whimsical turn of thought, and the elegant *naïveté*, which should form the principal ornament of compositions like these, it is scarcely fit to amuse children, and unworthy to keep company even with Little Thumb and Jack the Giant Killer.

The first part of the "Four Facardins," is not deficient in spirit and liveliness. The addition made by Mr. Lewis, falls infinitely below the original. It is not merely in humour and imagination that the French author leaves his imitator far behind, but also in this grand point; in knowing when to leave off. Some readers may be disappointed at the abrupt conclusion of the original story, but none can wish that it had been longer. What then are we to think of an author who writes a second part equal in length to the first? It is impossible to keep the attention so long fixed upon objects so essentially out of nature. In Mr. Lewis's hands, the story becomes intricate and fatiguing. He has kept his word in not rivaling the easy graces of the French tale; but he has substituted for "brilliance of colouring," glaring absurdity; and for "felicity of expression," gross vulgarity. For instance:

"A fig for the stars!" cried the giant; "they don't know what they talk about; for it was but last night, that I read in them these identical words, written in a very neat running hand: 'Sapinella of Jut-

land shall never marry Facardin, prince of Ophir."

"Here she began to weep, as if she meant to set the room afloat."

"He vowed to make your mother laugh on the wrong side of her mouth."

"He gave my mouth such a slicer, that he slit it completely from ear to ear."

"The lions soon found that there went two words to that bargain."

"If you refuse to conclude your adventures yourself, may I never speak again if I don't do it for you with two yards and a half of whipcord: now that's flat."

Perhaps Mr. Lewis is unfortunate enough to imagine, that there is great humour in making kings and princes talk like English apprentices, and an Asiatick hero call a conjurer "Doctor," and talk of a "university degree;" while a Bac-trian princess trusts to the "information of newspapers." The prince of Ophir fancies he hears a lady called "bone of his bone, &c." and a party meet at Delhi "on the first of April," which, Dinarzade observes, must have been done for the purpose of "making April fools of them." This is not burlesque; it is mere senseless absurdity.

The moral is, "get married, and do not waste your time on childish stories." The latter piece of advice is unnecessary; for those who have heard or read this through will surely never wish for another childish story. The author *very needlessly* adds: May you sleep soundly.

"Oberon's Henchman" has more poetical merit than any other of the metrical tales, though in the best parts the good and bad are constantly intermixed.

"My Uncle's Garret Window" (from the German) is the account of a sort of sentimental *espionnage*, and consists of observations made by means of a pocket telescope, and from a garret window, on the motions of a family opposite. From circumstances thus observed, and from the gestures of the different characters (who, very *fortunately*, transact all matters of importance in

the front rooms, while the window-shutters are unclosed at almost all hours of the night) a story is collected. The tale contains nothing new, but the idea of a romance in pantomime, which is not very ingenious.

"Bill Jones," founded on a seaman's narrative, has some good and many bad lines. The following circumstance is horrible and disgusting.

"You won't!" says the captain; "time will show

If you keep your word or not;
For now in the negro kettle below,
Old dog, your scoundrel limbs I'll
throw,
And I'll see what fat you've got!"

To make amends, these lines are natural and affecting. Speaking of his wife and children, who perished by a fire, the sailor says:

"Still do I hear their screams for aid,
Which to give was past man's power!
I saw in earth their coffins laid:
Well! my heart of marble must be made,
Since it did not break that hour!"

"Amorassan," an Eastern Tale, of German origin, is the history of a certain grand vizier, who wishing to pursue a course of uniform rectitude, applies to the magick art, and summons from the frozen regions of the north, a spirit who is to "unmask the wilful hypocrisy of those who surround him, and dispel the involuntary illusions of his own enthusiastick heart." The event is, that by constantly seeing the baseness of those who call themselves his friends, and finding his benevolent intentions checked by a foreknowledge of their consequences, he becomes gloomy and miserable. The same, or nearly the same idea, has often been used before, and with better success. The progress of this narrative is languid; the incidents follow one another slowly; and the hero excites but little interest.

But there is in this tale a passage too offensive to pass unnoticed. The spirit tells Amorassan:

"I used to hear much about such things when I lived in the court of Solomon.

"Amorassan. Of Solomon the wise?

"The Spirit. Aye, the wise — as he was called. I was his slave, and in his latter years his constant companion. It was in my society that he learned that every thing on earth was vanity."

As long as Mr. Lewis amuses himself *peaceably* with genii, spirits, and such imaginary beings, he can excite no feeling but pity or contempt; but when he mingles his own feverish dreams with the sacred truths of scripture, the profanation must not pass without the severest animadversion. It would be well if he would borrow a bible, and consider before he ventures such an insinuation as "*the wise—as he was called,*" whom and what it is that he is thus ridiculing. He would find, that the wisdom of Solomon was the immediate and peculiar gift of God; and therefore not to be tampered with in the slightest degree. If this has no weight with the author himself, yet he should have some regard for the *prejudices* of his readers.

Indeed, a strain of disrespect for the scriptures pervades most parts of this work. Witness the following instances.

In "Blanche and Osbright," the hero, entering a monk's cell, is taken by him for the archangel Michael. "He was so convinced of this," says the author, "*that he was on the very point of asking news of the Dragon.*"

In the "*Four Facardins,*" Part II.

"A pigeon, to which I was helped, proved so extremely old and tough, that in my conscience I believe it was the same that carried Noah the olive branch."

"A Soprano (who looked like Methusalem) favoured us by warbling Solomon's Song."

Dinarzade (*quoting the New Testament*) compares long petticoats to charity, because they "*frequently cover a multitude of defects.*"

Could not Mr. Lewis be content with absurdity, bombast, and vulgarity?

Such are these tales, and certainly the author has at least evinced a very disinterested spirit, in compiling, for the amusement of a very few readers, a work from which he can himself derive so very little credit. To suppose these tales will be re-

membered, would be the most illiberal thing we could surmise of Mr. Lewis's readers; that they may be speedily and utterly forgotten, is the most charitable wish we can form for him.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Belisaire: Belisarius, by Madame de Genlis. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 8s. London. 1808.

NOVELS, like fleeting meteors, generally cross our Panoramick horizon unnoticed; but the name of Madame de Genlis, at least, may be allowed to attract attention. We own, at the same time, that we opened these volumes with no highly favourable impression. We recollected Marmontel's philosophical rhapsody, on the same subject, written for the purpose of inculcating those baneful political doctrines, so terribly illustrated by the devastation of Europe. We recollected too, some of this lady's former productions, in which sanctified effusions of visionary, romantick devotion were blended, by main force, with disgusting scenes of profligacy and vice.

Our apprehensions, however, as to the moral tendency of this publication, were soon happily relieved. Belisarius, the famous general, the saviour of the empire, reduced, by the ingratitude of a capricious sovereign, to the last degree of human wretchedness, bereft of sight, is exposed, chained on a rock, in the wilds of the Thebaid. In this situation he is relieved by a hermit of the desert. At first he vents his rage in bitter imprecations against an insensate court. His haughty soul breathes nothing but revenge. The hermit listens to his tale of woe; soothes his sufferings by commiseration; calms his irritated feelings by religious considerations; and, to give a greater weight to his exhortations, discovers to the wonder-struck hero, that his liberator is Gelimer, king of the

Vandals, formerly dethroned and led in chains by Belisarius himself, but now his protector and his guide. It being admitted that Belisarius is deeply impressed with the divine doctrine of returning good for evil, every deed of heroism becomes credible in him, and we are not astonished at seeing the Christian hero, led by his holy guide, forgiving his enemies, and again delivering his ungrateful country.

Such was not the character of the dogmatizing Belisarius of Marмонтel: for who can believe, or who will trust in the forgiveness of a philosopher? But, as Madame de Genlis observes, in the historical notice affixed to this novel: "Religious sentiments are an inexhaustible source of the pathetick and sublime. Religious belief being once admitted, the beautiful in morals ceases to be ideal; the most exalted, the most heroick conceptions of imagination have already been realized, beyond the possibility of doubt. Virtue knows no bounds, and perfection is no longer a chimera." P. 168, vol. II.

It is but justice to the writer, to observe, that notwithstanding her errors, she has constantly professed those doctrines, and zealously defended the cause of religion against the unbelieving party of her countrymen. In this she has been powerfully assisted by the best French writers of the present day: such as Bonnard, Chateaubriand, Fiévée, &c. This kind of warfare has been carry-

ing on for some time, attended with much personal rancour; and the French tyrant, so suspicious in politics, kept, at first, the balance pretty even between the two parties, as might be expected from his total indifference to religion. But, on his return from Poland, he affected to fear, that those disputes would occasion dangerous animosities. In fact, he was conscious that many applications, not very favourable to his blood thirsty ambition, might be made, and really had been made, from the publications of the religious party. All Christians were, in consequence, turned out of their employments, whether profitable or honourable, in the various literary departments, to make room for unbelievers, whose compliance was perfectly unreserved and complaisant.

But, from this digression, which we hope may be forgiven, we return to Madame de Genlis's *Belisarius*. In praising her intentions we have conscientiously allowed her all the merit she is fairly entitled to. As a literary production, this work is hardly worth notice. Now and then, some brilliant passages remind us of the author's known talents; but the whole bears evident marks of haste and negligence. It is a wanton abuse of her facility in the knack of writing. The characters are faintly drawn; the situations are indicated rather than expressed, and the natural consequence is, a total deficiency of interest, although a very good novel might certainly be made on the plan suggested by Madame de Genlis.

We shall say nothing on the merit or demerit of historical novels in general. We leave this *grand* question to the learned frivolity of our neighbours; convinced, that provided a production of this kind be harmless in its moral tendency, it matters but little, whether fictitious adventures are attributed to imaginary heroes, or to historical personages; keeping, however, in mind, the precept of Horace, *notandi sunt tibi mores*. Yet, when the real manners, sentiments, and actions of the persons introduced are correctly represented, and the opinions of their age and country are also set before us truly, we are of opinion that this attention to costume and character enhances the consideration at all times due to the labours of genius. As to the events of real history, to seek them in works of imagination is illusory, and generally dangerous.

We shall conclude this article by a curious observation of Madame de Genlis. After remarking that the cruel punishment of Belisarius is by no means an authenticated fact, she thinks, that the only authority which sanctions the popular notion of his blindness, is a beautiful picture by Vandyck, now in the possession of the duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick. In this picture, the Grecian hero is represented sitting, while the boy who serves him as a guide tends the casque of the warrior to receive the alms of a soldier heart-struck by the misery of his general,

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Naufraigia, or Historical Memoirs of Shipwrecks, and of the Providential Deliverance of Vessels. By James Stanier Clarke, F. R. S. Chaplain of the Prince's Household, and Librarian to His R. H. 12mo. 2 vols. 13s. Boards.

NOT only does this publication furnish a series of relations which will interest the sons of Neptune, incite

them to bear the hardships of his reign, and furnish them with hints for expedients in misfortune, but it

will amuse the general reader, by the nature and variety of its contents.

In the section relative to Alexander Selkirk, and the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Mr. Clarke seems to incline to an opinion which has been started, that Daniel Defoe was not, in fact, the author of that popular book; and he quotes, from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. lviii. Pt. 1. p. 208, a letter to Mr. Urban on the subject, which we are also inclined to transcribe.

"DUBLIN, Feb. 25, 1788.

"Mr. Urban,

"In the course of a late conversation with a nobleman of the first consequence and information in this kingdom, he assured me that Mr. Benjamin Holloway, of Middleton Stony, assured him some time ago, that he knew for fact, that the celebrated romance of Robinson Crusoe

was really written by the earl of Oxford, when confined in the Tower of London; that his lordship gave the manuscript to Daniel Defoe, who frequently visited him during his confinement; and that Defoe, having afterwards added the second volume, published the whole as his own production. This anecdote I would not venture to send to your valuable Magazine, if I did not think my information good, and imagine it might be acceptable to your numerous readers; notwithstanding the work has heretofore been generally attributed to the latter." "W. W."

The inquiry is not, perhaps, of much consequence, unless it were also contended that lord Oxford did not take the real adventures of Selkirk as the basis of his narrative; yet we should be glad to have the question decided, as a piece of literary history.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

A TOUR IN FRANCE. 1802. 8vo. pp. 91. Price 2s. 6d. London. 1808.

THIS is, apparently, the production of a lady, who quitted England, with English ideas in her mind, and a strong sense of the "domestick comforts" of her native land. She observes, that the French language has no term which fully conveys the meaning of this English expression; and she might have observed, that the language is not to blame in this; for why should it comprise an expression for the use of a people, to denote an enjoyment of which they are totally ignorant? The sex of the author precluded her from information on the enormities of that profligacy which pervades Paris, and its environs. She saw, indeed, the baths of madame Buonaparté, now the empress Josephine, and the paragon of virtue! but the sliding pictures that amuse the bather, were not shown to her. This must be taken as an honourable tribute to the national delicacy of an English lady! We might say the same of occurrences at the Palais Royal, and the cabinets at the Petit Trianon.

This cause, too, may account for the absence of politicks from the pamphlet, beyond such as occurred to the observation of the writer. We are disposed, therefore, to place the greater confidence in her remarks; and we wish that it were in her power to furnish information, equally correct, on *the time present*.

We do not recollect to have seen the pomposity of the chief of the French government, and of Madame; in their habitations and establishments, more amply described than by our traveller: and we avail ourselves of her details, to convey some ideas on the subject. An irresistible bias, also, to exercise our panoramick *second sight*, impels us to add, as another inducement, the *presentment* of a period, possibly at no great distance, when description will be all that remains of this magnificence. The Panorama may then be appealed to in proof that such things really *did exist*. We confess it is our opinion, that the vice of the Palais Royal will outlive the grandeur of the

Thuilleries. A *decent* idea of that den of iniquities, may be gained from the following passage.

"Amongst the present wonders of Paris must be reckoned the palais royal, formerly the residence of the duke of Orleans, but now converted into a most extraordinary scene of vice and dissipation. It is a world of itself, and as wicked a world as any in existence. Many of the inhabitants never stir beyond the gates; for within them they have every thing they can want; eating, drinking, and lodging, in the highest style; elegant shops for every sort of article; every kind of amusement and dissipation, and every species of folly and extravagance. The buildings of the first court are converted into the Palais of the Tribunal, one of the legislative bodies [1802] from thence is a passage, through an arch, into the inner court, which is a handsome garden in the French style in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded by buildings of a regular and beautiful appearance. The two long sides consist of seventy six windows, and the ends of thirty six. Considering this as a single palace, its length and extent is immense, equal to some of our largest squares. None of the other royal palaces in France are near so extensive. The duke of Orleans only inhabited the first square. The second, which surrounds the garden, was built by him for his adherents and followers during the revolution, and it was at that period a dreadful scene of profligacy and wickedness. It is now converted to a variety of purposes. The garden is constantly full of loungers of every description. The underground buildings, which were formerly cellars, are now fitted up very neatly into ball rooms, theatres, musick rooms, and for other public spectacles, and only open at night.

"The ground floor is a range of piazzas, all round the square, full of elegant shops; and these piazzas, as well as the gardens, are constantly full of company. The first floor above this consists of lodging houses, restaurateurs, coffee houses, and circulating libraries; and the second story, of gaming houses, billiard rooms, &c. The means of vice, extravagance, and dissipation, contained within these walls, cannot be described; but they are sufficient to corrupt a whole nation, and it is supposed to be the most complete nest of profligacy in all Europe. All ranks and degrees may here find their amusements for every hour in the day. The cellars, which are fitted up, are cheap places of amusement for the common people, where the bourgeoisie, and even the dame, in her wooden shoes,

may have her ball, her play, or her concert, for 2*d.* or 3*d.* and it is lamentable to see the tradesman and artificer, and his family, instead of spending a rational evening together, and resting from the labours of the day, descending into these caverns to spend their nights in dissipation and vice."

Speaking of the new imperial apartments in the Thuilleries, our author says:

"I shall only notice five rooms. The first is the common drawing room, where madame and her company retire to drink coffee after dinner. It is hung with purple silk, and at every seam a gold bead is passed from the top to the bottom, the cornice very highly gilt and finished, and the ceiling very finely painted. The looking glasses, which are fine plates and immensely large, are on a plan singular and elegant. Instead of being framed, they seem inserted in the wall, and the silk hanging drawn back in a drapery, with gold cords and tassels, as if to show them partially, that it gives the idea of the whole room being looking glass, and only shown in different places. The chairs and sofa were purple satin embroidered, and frames superbly gilt, and highly finished. There was a fine lustre in the middle of the room, and a profusion of beautiful ornaments on the chimney piece, tables, and different places, consisting of small statues of exquisite workmanship, urns of alabaster, and the finest Seve china, beautiful time pieces, gilt figures with sconces, tripods, &c.

"The elegance of this room is only a gentle preparation for the splendour of the next, which is Madame Buonaparte's state drawing room. Its brilliancy is very striking on first entering, and an improvement is made on extravagance in the hangings, which I thought too heavy for elegance. The walls are hung with yellow silk, and instead of being plain and straight, it is plaited all round in thick plaits, and fastened in different places with gold cord, and great quantities of fine gold fringe and tassels, and other ornaments are introduced; but it is too fine to be elegant. The glasses are in the same manner as in the other room, but if possible, more magnificent. There are a dozen chairs, and a sofa of the most beautiful gobelins tapestry, lately finished at the manufactory in Paris. The backs and seats are tapestry natural flowers (superiour to any embroidery) on a yellow ground, and the frames of the chairs are gilt. There are a dozen smaller chairs set in front of them, for use,

of yellow satin and gold, and in the middle of the room was the finest lustre I ever beheld. It cost an enormous sum for glass. Its immense size, and the profusion of gilt ornaments about it, must render it very beautiful when it is lighted up, and reflected in the looking glasses. On each side the room, are two inlaid Sienna marble tables in gilt frames, very beautiful. They were formerly, as well as several other ornaments, part of the fine furniture of Versailles; and this room, like the other, is finished with a profusion of beautiful figures, urns, tripods, time pieces, and other ornaments in white marble, alabaster, bronze, fine china, and gilding.

"We were next introduced into the bed chamber of citizen Buonaparte and his lady, and it seemed more like what we read of eastern magnificence than any thing in this part of the world. There was such a profusion and variety of finery, that it is not easy, correctly to describe this room. The bed hangings were rich blue silk, trimmed in every direction with extremely superb gold fringe, the counterpane was the same silk, with the fringe all round, and rich gold tassels at the corners of the bolsters. On the bedstead nothing was to be seen but gilding and carving, devices of figures, cornucopias of flowers, and every elegant ornament. The canopy was a dome carved and gilt, and round it a drapery of blue silk; with as much gold fringe and finery about it as the court dress of a birth day dutchess. The walls were hung with blue silk, with a rich gold moulding, and covered with fine pictures, three superb pier glasses, and a chrystal lustre in the middle of the room which cost 10,000*l*. This was part of the finery at Versailles, and though sovery expensive, being all wrought chrystal, is not so brilliant as that in the drawing room. The wash-hand basins, ewers and other utensils in the room were of the finest Seve china, the most beautiful of the kind, and in ornamental forms. There were also two little footstools of Madame's, of blue velvet in gilt frames, and trimmed with gold fringe.

The next room was madame Buonaparte's dressing room where she breakfasts, and receives her morning company. This room is very elegant, but being more a family room, is less magnificent than the others;

but it had a number of beautiful and expensive ornaments, and amongst others, a work box brought from England by Lauriston, as a present to madame. It is inlaid, and richly ornamented with cut steel, and all the implements within it, of the finest cut and polished steel.

"Beyond this room was Buonaparte's library, dressing room, and private cabinet. In the latter were the busts of Charles Fox and lord Nelson, neither of them well executed.

"Another room worthy of notice was the citizen's *salle à manger*, where he usually dines, *en famille*, and with private friends. It is a very elegant room, lately fitted up with hexagon ends, very highly finished with painting, gilding, and very superb lustres and mirrors. This simple citizen lives in a princely style, with respect to his establishment; his liveries are very magnificent, dark green so covered with gold lace, that very little of the cloth is to be seen, and the liveries of his black servants are an improvement upon this finery, being green velvet very richly embroidered with gold. And with hypocritical, affected abhorrence of every thing princely or superb, Madame has her *ladies in waiting*, and her *maids of honour*."

An anecdote of the present sovereign of these apartments, occurs in p. 79, which is very characteristick of the man:

"We were told that on the evening the news of the emperor Paul's death arrived, who was his dear friend and ally, Madame Bonaparte had an assembly which the consul honoured with his presence. He was unfortunately sitting with his feet under a table of a very fine set of Seve china, when the despatches were put into his hands, announcing this event, which proved such a check at that time to his schemes of ambition and plunder, that the agitation of the moment overcame all idea of dignity and decorum; he threw up his feet, overturned the table, threw a dish of coffee out of his hand into the fire, dashed down a pair of wax candles that stood in his way, and flew out of the room in a state bordering on insanity."

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Cottagers of Glenburnie; a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-Nook. By Elizabeth Hamilton. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. Boards.

THE second title of this tale almost serves to announce the great

mixture of Scotch dialect which it contains; enough is however intelli-

gible to gratify every reader of taste, and every lover of humour; and perhaps few writers, without "overstepping the modesty of nature," can produce scenes and situations equally comick, or, without departing from the airiness of narration, administer counsel equally weighty. We the

less regret that our limits do not permit us to make extracts from this work, because we rather wish to induce than to supersede the perusal of it; and we are convinced that no extracts can afford so much pleasure as the whole tale will inevitably yield.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Beauties selected from the Writings of James Beattie, L. L. D. arranged in a perspicuous and pleasing Manner, under the following Heads: Poetical, Moral, Philosophical, Theological, Critical, and Epistolary. To which are prefixed, a Life of the Author, and an Account of his Writings; together with Notes on the first Book of the Minstrel. By Thomas Gray, L. L. B. 12mo. 5s. 6d. 1809.

THIS must be an acceptable little volume to the admirers of Dr. Beattie; and who does not admire him, and his poetry in particular, the whole of which is here collected? A few notes to the Minstrel, communicated in the completest confidence of friendship, by the poet Gray, are also inserted; but these are neither numerous nor very important. We have several sketches of the life of Beattie, besides the elaborate narrative of sir William Forbes. The best of these, we think, is that prefixed to a very pleasing edition of the Minstrel, by Mr. Alexander Chalmers. This, however, by Mr. Mudford, is very respectable.

The extracts from the prose works are judiciously selected and not improperly arranged. We beg, however, to protest against the assumed commendation in the title page, which tells us, that they are "arranged in a perspicuous and pleasing manner." Whose remark is this? Does the editor say so of himself? If so, it is a culpable vanity; and if added by the publishers, it is an impertinent puff. It is for the purchaser and reader to determine what degree of praise is to be given to the arrangement or merit of a work to which the patronage of the publick is solicited.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Memoirs of Maria, Countess D'Alva; being neither Novel nor Romance; but appertaining to both. Interspersed with historick Facts and comick Incidents. In the course of which are introduced, Fragments and Circumstances not altogether inapplicable to the Events of this distracted Age, and to the Measures of the Fore-sighted Defenders of our Holy Faith. In two Vols. By Priscilla Parlante. 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 1s. 1808.

THIS is most certainly a whimsical title; but we are not prepared to say it is inaccurate. It may be affirmed, however, without danger of contradiction, that in these volumes there is *stuff* enough, according to the nature and condition of modern novels, to have made twenty for the Minerva or any similar press. Who Priscilla Parlante may be, we pretend not to know; but the writer has a marvellous and exuberant fancy, and tells her tales of wonder well. Yet it is rather hard upon us

to be called out of our way to read near a thousand pages of such matter; and we hope that Priscilla Parlante will in future be a little more merciful, and circumscribe her vivid imagination. It is, indeed, inscribed to the "Man in the Moon;" and we will not promise, that if another production of this kind, of this extent, and from this writer, come before us, we shall not refer the readers of it to that same worthy and exalted personage.

SPIRIT OF 'THE MAGAZINES.

WATERSPOUTS.

THE following paper, on an extremely curious subject, has lately been communicated to the publick in the Naval Chronicle, by captain Ricketts, of the Royal Navy, who has expressed his wish, in which we heartily coincide, that gentlemen of the navy would note whatever interesting operations of nature they behold, and direct them to usefulness by transmitting them to respectable publications, on the judgment of the editors of which they can rely.

This paper is distinguished by describing a much nearer situation to an object of the kind, than any we remember to have perused. We may almost consider captain Ricketts as having been in the waterspout; at least on the edge of it; as the circumstance of dampness, felt by himself and others, in their linen, and that of the wetness of one part of the main sail, sufficiently indicates.

But captain R. has not noticed the state of the atmosphere, before, during, and after the passage of this phenomenon; what was the degree of cold, whether rain, or hail, or snow fell a little before, or soon after; the distance from the nearest land, in the course of the wind; the depth of the sea, or the vicinity of rocks. It does not appear that the hour of the night was marked; and the relator does not say, explicitly, that "sharp and heavy rain" fell; though his words favour that opinion. That fact would have been of consequence. On the whole, though we are much obliged to the captain for what he has stated, yet, after attending to our remarks, we doubt

not, but he would observe many other particulars, in a phenomenon of the same kind, should fortune favour him with the sight.

We have endeavoured to supply these omissions, by the description M. Michaux gives of several waterspouts, seen by him and his sons, at Nice. These observers were not so near as, we incline to think, might *safely* be wished, to the objects seen; but many of their remarks agree with those of captain R. The *mistiness* of these objects, and their analogy to the general nature of clouds, well deserves repeated examination, and if ascertained, may determine at the same time, under what circumstances they may be approached with safety. Are these phenomena equally frequent over *deep* seas, as over seas of moderate depth? Is the vicinity of land favourable to their formation? M. Michaux's paper has the advantage of figures. Those seen by captain R. in the day time, *might* have had a similar advantage.

Waterspouts, as seen from his Majesty's Brig, *El Corso*, William Ricketts, esq. Commander, in the Mediterranean and Adriatick Seas, 1800—1801.

From the sensation of alarm generally prevailing in ships on the approach of waterspouts, and the serious consequences that may result from the endeavours of mariners to avoid them, I have been induced to believe that any communication, tending to throw light on the subject, cannot fail to prove very desirable.

Previous to the month of July,

1800, my opinion of waterspouts was formed on the basis of those popularly inculcated among sailors. By them I was led to imagine that *all* waterspouts were solid columns of water, *pumped* up, as it were, by the action of the clouds from the sea, the vicinity to which was attended with imminent danger, as well from a vortex created by the ascending fluid, as from the occasional fall of a tremendous deluge from above; and it was under considerable apprehensions arising from such impressions, that at the latter end of July, 1800 (while sailing among the Lipari Islands) I was suddenly awakened by a hurried exclamation from the officer on watch, that a waterspout was near, and would soon be aboard us. On my reaching the deck (which was done without the delay of dressing) I immediately perceived from the larboard quarter, that a phenomenon of that nature was actually approaching us. The night at this time was dark and calm, though the water was slowly undulated. The clouds were generally low, black, and stationary, while the object of alarm, but a few yards from the quarter, appeared as part of a cloud itself descending in a tapering and circular form to the sea. Hardly had we time to make these observations, before the spout (accompanied by a broken sound of sharp and heavy rain) moving at the rate of two knots, proceeded gloomily towards us, almost touching our stern, and in less than two minutes more, the whole phenomenon, without any visible alteration of form, had suddenly and totally disappeared. It was particularly remarked, that the moment the spout had proceeded beyond the larboard quarter, a light air of wind came in from that point, as though we had been becalmed by its approach; and, on examination, the afterpart of our main sail was found to be wetter than the rest.

As soon as the latter circumstances, and the dampness sensibly

felt by all those who stood only in their linen on deck, no doubt could possibly be entertained that, had the popular notion of a created vortex, &c. been correct, inevitable destruction must have followed. It afterwards became, with me, a matter of doubt, how far experience would prove the received opinions to be just. Respecting the propriety of these doubts, a very fine opportunity of judging not long afterwards occurred. It was in the month of November, 1801, whilst cruising along the Istrian shore, that, soon after noon, our attention was excited by the appearance, in the south, of a lofty, black, inverted column resting, as it were, on the sea, and reaching to the clouds. Round the lower extremity of this column there arose a thick and voluminous vapour (resembling steam) which, on its attaining a moderate height, flew out in scroll or volute-like forms, to the east and the west. Whilst we were occupied by the above phenomenon, our attention was hastily diverted by what, at *first*, appeared only a small agitation of the water; afterwards, by observing this water rise into a vapour; and, ultimately, by seeing that vapour ascend in the form of a cloudy pillar from the sea. In the meantime [that is, from the moment the vapour began to appear] a dark cloud, immediately over, was observed to be dilating itself, downward, into the shape of an udder, from whence there instantly descended a pillar, similar, in figure and colour, to the former.

It was then directly remarked, that, although the velocity of both these pillars, or parts of a pillar, was increasing as they drew near, yet, that the speed of the upper one was considerably greater than that of the lower; this disproportion continuing till they had nearly united, when a junction, on both sides, was rapidly formed. During the period of making the latter remarks, the column first noticed was suddenly divided more than two-thirds down,

the superiour part flying upwards, like the curling of a shaving, whilst the other sunk away with a vapour, which had previously begun to subside. In several other parts of the same dark cloud, great downward swellings, or udders, appeared; under which, but not always in a vertical direction, the water was seen to foam, and vapours of different elevations arose, producing an effect extremely curious, and altogether difficult to describe. In all, seven waterspouts were completely organized, out of which number, two were made as curves, retaining that shape throughout; one enlarged its original curve, till it became a perpendicular; two others, leaning obliquely, never altered their position till broken; and the remainder, being at *first* vertical, were always the same, and beautifully formed.—However curious, on perusal, may seem the preceding remarks, there remains one still more extraordinary to be stated. It is, that straight up the centre of several spouts (like quicksilver in a glass tube) we could distinctly mark the ascension of a fluid, light in its colour, and subject to great variations in its pace; but it was constantly observed, that the nearer the spouts approached to perpendicular, the more actively the fluid was moved. The durations of the above phenomena were from three to five minutes: and it is proper to observe, that *not the smallest symptom of falling water was, at any time, seen*, though one of the spouts was scarcely constructed before it was destroyed. It is necessary to add, that our estimated distance from them was from six to eight miles, and that the wind was considered as light, though it had blown fresh, for several days before, from the southeast, accompanied with almost continual rain.

Observations on Waterspouts, seen from Nice. By M. Michaud, Correspondent of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Turin.

After a mild season for the great—
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east part of the month of December 1788, at Nice, where the winter is not in general severe, with clear weather in day time, our atmosphere underwent a total change on the day of the new moon, which was the 27th of that month. On that day a very violent storm of wind arose, attended with a degree of cold as acute as ever, was known in the memory of man. The sky became covered with clouds, and snow fell to the depth of more than eight inches.

The severe cold had frozen the snow, and rendered it so compact that, notwithstanding the influence of several days of clear weather soon afterwards, in which the heat of the sun was very perceptible, there was not the least drop of water fell from the eaves of the house in which I dwell, which is exposed to the sun in winter for eight hours, and, being situated near the sea, is perfectly sheltered on the north side by the eminence of the rock of the castle. This fact appeared very surprising to me, after a residence of about forty years in this town. Several old persons remarked, that this snow would wait for another fall before it melted, and I found, by the result, that the observation was true.

On Sunday, January 4, 1789, at the phasis of the first quarter of the moon, the cold was again renewed, and continued severe on the Monday and Tuesday. At eight in the morning I first observed an immense mass of clouds towering upwards, and extending from northeast to south, which rose towards the zenith, by advancing to the westward. Accustomed as I am to consider these clouds according to the system of my old professor of natural philosophy, Father Beccaria, I concluded that they would proceed to desolate our fields, the fruits of which, particularly the oranges and lemons, had already perished by the antecedent cold. And as a strong wind then prevailed over the face of the sea, I foretold to my two eldest sons, that it was

very probable we might discover some waterspout in the course of the day. In fact, about five minutes after ten in the morning, I observed on the sea, at the distance of not more than a musket shot from the shore, a round space of ten or twelve toises in diameter, in which the water did not really boil, but seemed ready to boil. For there appeared all round, and sometimes within the circle, vapours in the form of mists, eight toises and more in height, having the appearance, though on a scale incomparably larger, of those vapours which rise from the surface of water beginning to simmer. I saw clearly that this was, if I may so express myself, the embryo of the foot of a waterspout driven along by the wind, while the clouds were not sufficiently advanced to afford the stem a body. It continued, therefore, to move before the wind from east to west, keeping, to my very great surprise, its surrounding vapours elevated, like sails, notwithstanding the extreme force of impulsion which drove it towards the shore. As soon as it came near the land, the circle was contracted, the mass of vapour became of less dimensions, and at the moment it touched the land it was at once overset by the wind, under the appearance of a long train of mist, which was speedily dissipated. I then perceived that the hope I had formed of seeing waterspouts during the day, was on the point of being realized: but as my occupations demanded my attendance elsewhere, I charged my two eldest sons to watch alternately at the window, in order that the phenomenon might not pass unobserved.

At last, about eight minutes before noon; my second son came to me, exclaiming: "Father, here is a very superb waterspout." His earnestness was equal to that of a sailor, who, after a long and tedious voyage, first discovers land. I followed him to the window, and beheld an immense waterspout passing majestically be-

fore Nice. The clouds had already occupied, not only the upper and southern part of the atmosphere, but they had proceeded towards the west, so as to cover the whole extent within my view; with this circumstance, nevertheless, that they had left uncovered beneath and towards the south, a part in the form of a segment of a circle, through which, at an extreme distance, some clouds were discerned, upon which the sun threw the colours of the morning.

The foot of this waterspout, was so ample, that a man of war of 100 guns, with all its sails, might have been enveloped and even concealed in it. Hence, from the circular form of the foot of this waterspout, some judgment may be made of the volume of vapour it afforded.

Instead of the tranquillity it exhibited at its first appearance, this lower part assumed the resemblance of the crater of a volcano, with this exception, that it threw out nothing but large streams of cloud and spouts of seawater. But it threw these in parabolick streams from the centre to the circumference, and all around, with such impetuosity and violence as to render it very evident to us, that an inexpressible effervescence must have prevailed in the interior basin, though the great distance, and the opacity of the surrounding vapour, prevented us from seeing it.

The diameter of the waterspout, and that of its expanded upper part, were large in proportion. Its colour was a very deep indigo, the same as that of the clouds, which extended from east to west.

While we were looking at this extraordinary appearance, which my sons beheld for the first time, and which seemed to have concentrated all their senses in one, on a sudden an impetuous shower of hail discharged itself against the windows in grains of the size of pistol and musket balls. We immediately suspended our observations, in order to

close the shades of both stories of the house, in which the whole family assisted, for fear of having the windows absolutely broken to pieces, as happened a few years before. But I soon perceived that this precaution was absolutely useless, or at least unnecessary; for the hail, though in a few minutes it covered the ground to the height of four inches, did not, in the least, damage the trees in the garden behind our house. It consisted merely of large flakes of snow rounded by the wind in their fall, and possessing neither the weight nor the hardness of hail. Upon opening some of the pieces I found them to consist of a thin, compact shell, nearly empty within, excepting a few rays from the centre to the circumference. The degree of congelation in these balls was so slight that they began to melt the moment they touched the ground, and accelerated the fusion of the snow which had fallen before.

This frozen snow, which during its fall had obscured the air sufficiently to prevent our seeing the waterspout through the blinds, having ceased, we resumed our observations with all possible diligence, and beheld another waterspout somewhat inferior in magnitude to the former which had disappeared. It followed nearly the same course as the other. By the account of time employed by each in its successive passage, I estimated that the one before us must have been the third; nevertheless, by confining my narration to what I really saw, it must be considered as the second only. This waterspout having continued its course towards Antibes, we observed that it began to contract in all its dimensions, some time before it arrived at the shore, and that the foot was reduced to nothing when it touched the ground. It contracted insensibly upwards; the expanded, conical part became broader and more rare; and the whole joined the mass of clouds in the same manner as one mist incorporates with another. I returned

towards the place where I had discovered the first waterspout, and was greatly surprised at discovering a new foot ready formed, without any descending spout. My astonishment was founded on these three circumstances:

1. The existence of the foot of the waterspout without its stem or body; for before this observation, I considered it as indubitable that the enveloped matter of the foot or recipient was a production of the body of the waterspout itself, or an expansion of its proper substance. Now I saw clearly enough in this phenomenon, the identity of the substance, which composes clouds and mists, and that it was not supplied by the waterspout. The embryo of the spout which I had seen at ten o'clock, appeared to show that it was probably produced by the sea.

2. I was surprised to see that this foot was stationary at the place of its formation, whereas those which I had before seen were carried swiftly along by the wind. For though it was not impossible but that this foot might be carried by a motion along the line of sight, and consequently not perceptible to me; it was at least certain, that it gained nothing from east to west, that is to say, from my left to my right, the direction in which the sea, the clouds, and the other waterspouts which had travelled so far in so short a space of time, were carried.

3. I was astonished, that the body of the waterspout being wanting, which, according to my notions, might increase the intensity of the power by which this appearance is produced, it was, nevertheless, possible that this envelope should be capable of remaining upright and stationary. In this uncertainty, I suspended my reflections to observe the result. I remarked a kind of teat or protuberance, projecting obliquely from the lower part of the clouds which arrived from the east. The foot continued motionless, and the protuberance preserved its oblique direction,

till the moment when, by the action of the wind, it arrived at the foot; at which instant we all three observed the protuberance direct itself perpendicularly towards the foot, and like an immense sack of gauze unroll itself from the extremity; when the folds of this sack disappeared, and the body of the waterspout, which was gray and transparent, fixed itself in the bottom of the foot, assumed the vertical position, and became larger in diameter. My second son, who, as well as his elder brother, possesses a very clear sight, immediately exclaimed: "See, father, how rapidly the vapours fly up through the bag." I saw, in fact, that they seemed to expand it with a kind of tension, at the same time giving it a deep indigo colour, which was communicated to the cloud. At the same instant the colour of the whole waterspout became so deep that we could distinguish no motion in its expanded part. We observed only that the whole phenomenon moved from east to west, and was destroyed on the coast of Provence. Lastly, a fourth was formed, which was destroyed in the same manner, without any such reproduction, beyond the hills of Antibes, because, their course being more oblique towards the north, they could not meet the gulph Jean, and the prolongation of their track was altogether over land. A fall of snow succeeded immediately afterwards, which was of the usual density and configuration. It lasted all the rest of the afternoon and the following night, so that on the following day there was as much snow on the ground as before. It afterwards rained for a long time, which cleared the country of the snow that had accumulated. As the impetuous wind of the preceding day continued with undiminished force through the whole night, and the other accessory circumstances were likewise present, I think there is reason to conclude that new waterspouts must have been formed in the afternoon, and perhaps

in the night of the 6th; but the obscurity of the atmosphere, from the fall of the snow, did not permit me to observe them. I shall therefore proceed to make some remarks on the wind which caused this phenomenon.

Though the velocity of this wind was nearly equal to that of the greatest storms in our seas, the waves were not proportionally deep. Two circumstances appeared to concur in producing this effect; the first, that by the form of our coast, an east wind cannot have passed over so great an extent of sea as a wind from the southwest, from which quarter our greatest storms come. This cause is constant, with regard to our local situation. The other circumstance was, that the wind did not blow obliquely downwards, but moved parallel to the surface of the sea. This supposition, which is the only one that requires proof, was confirmed, at the time of observation, by the appearance of a small Cálalan vessel, which the wind of the 6th of January blew ashore near Nice. I saw her pass before my windows, driven by a force she was incapable of resisting. She did not labour much, but came to an anchor at a little distance, from which, however, the violence of the wind drove her on shore, though without considerable damage, since she was got off a few days after, and pursued her voyage. The force of this wind was seen not only in the instance of this vessel, but in a considerable number of others which were lost on the neighbouring shores.

March 19, the wind, which had begun the preceding evening, blew with a degree of impetuosity less than that of the 6th of January. The clouds were accumulated from the east towards the west; but they were much less condensed than at that time. At forty minutes after eleven in the morning, we observed two waterspouts, which moved at the same time, the one after the other. The most remarkable circumstances in these waterspouts were: 1. The

prodigious enlargement of a protuberance from the extremity of which hung a kind of spout, which was incomparably thinner; but the wonder disappears, when we reflect that the following spout, which maintained itself in the same state as those we had before observed, robbed the preceding one in some measure of its support; so that this enlargement was, as it were, a commencement of dissolution, and the thinness of it was a proof of the little intensity of electric power then acting; a conclusion which is also confirmed by the following circumstances. 2. The incapacity in the feet of these two waterspouts to elevate their surrounding plumes. They were reversed by a force which prevented their rising in a perpendicular direction, like those of the preceding waterspouts. At the extremities of the plumes here described, as well as at the centre of the circle near the surface of the sea, there was formed a small atmosphere: but as it was not extensive, the vapours were so few that we had very little snow, which continued for about half an hour; when the weather cleared up. During the transition of these waterspouts very distant thunder was heard five or six times.

It follows, 1. That there is a real ebullition in the sea, at the place circumscribed by the foot of the waterspout. 2. That the vapours of the water which must arise, are the product of an evaporation which must separate fresh water from the salt; it being ascertained by experiment, that distillation is the only method by which seawater can be rendered completely fresh.

I can affirm, without fear of contradiction, by experience, that this foot, or atmosphere as it may be called, is nothing but the matter of clouds and mists.

What then, is the agent, it may be asked, which causes this ebullition in the sea, and raises the vapours through the waterspout to the cloud? Simply to affirm that this agent is electricity, without further proof, is

in fact to say nothing: but I should be happy to be anticipated by philosophers of greater skill in this theory, and think it better to suspend my judgment than yield to the seductive pleasure of explaining every thing, by adding to the mass of error in natural philosophy.

The second fact, which presents itself in our observations, is, that two causes unite in the formation of waterspouts, or rather two different modifications of the same cause. When the foot appears without the waterspout; it is not the productive cause, but rather an effervescence which prevails in the sea at that place. But how many interesting questions might be asked respecting this part of the phenomenon! What cause is so powerful as to retain the foot, and keep it motionless, notwithstanding an impetuous, easterly wind, until the projection in the cloud which is to form the waterspout, shall arrive directly over it? Was the apparent bag which developed itself from the cloud, pre-existent in the projecting part? As I can make no satisfactory reply to these and other questions which might be proposed, I shall proceed to the third remarkable fact.

3. When the foot of the waterspout begins to approach the earth, its diameter contracts; its height is diminished; and its volume becomes less and less; so that the foot is reduced to nothing at the instant it touches the shore. From the attentive examination I have made, it has appeared that the foot even of the greatest waterspouts began to diminish when the depth of the sea beneath became less than the elevation of the foot itself above the surface. If this be true, as I think it is, it may be concluded that the effervescence which supplies the spout with water, and forms the surrounding vapours of the foot, extends itself in depth nearly as much as the foot itself rises above the sea, and that materials for the supply of vapour become defective in quantity in proportion to the shallowness of the water.

Some Account of a Journey to the Frozen Sea, and of the Discovery of the Carcase of a Mammoth. By M. M. Adams, of St. Petersburg.

I WAS informed at Jakoutsck by M. Popoff, who is at the head of the company of merchants of that town, that they had discovered, upon the shores of the Frozen Sea, near the mouth of the river Lena, an animal of an extraordinary size; the flesh, skin, and hair were in good preservation, and it was supposed that the fossile production, known by the name of mammoth horns, must have belonged to some animal of this kind.

Mr. Popoff had, at the same time, the goodness to communicate a drawing and description of this animal. I thought proper to send both to the president of Petersburg academy. The intelligence of this interesting discovery determined me to hasten my intended journey to the banks of the Lena, as far as the Frozen Sea, and I was anxious to save these precious remains, which might, perhaps, otherwise be lost. My stay at Jakoutsck, therefore, only lasted a few days. I set out on the 7th of June, 1806, provided with some indispensable letters of recommendation, some of which were addressed to the servants of the government, and others to merchants, from whom I hoped to derive some advantages. On the 16th of June I arrived in the small town of Schigarsk, and towards the end of the same month I reached Kumak-Surka. From this place I made an excursion, the express object of which was to discover the mammoth. And I shall now give a sketch of my journey.

The contrary winds, which lasted during the whole summer, retarded my departure from Kumak-Surka. This place was then inhabited by forty or fifty TOUNGOUSE families of the Batouline race. Fishing was their ordinary occupation, and the extreme activity of these people filled me with admiration. The women, old men, and even children, laboured

with indefatigable assiduity in laying up provisions for winter. The strongest went a fishing, the less robust were occupied in cleaning and drying the fish. The whole shores were covered with scaffolding, and the cabins so filled with fish that we could scarcely enter them. An innocent gayety reigned in every countenance, and all exhibited the utmost activity. The fishermen sang while casting their nets, and others were dancing the Charya, which is a dance peculiar to the country. I cannot sufficiently express the emotions of joy which I felt at the sight of these pleasing scenes.

I was convinced, while upon the spot, that the inhabitants of the north enjoy happiness, even in the midst of the frozen regions.

But what astonished me still more, was the picturesque view of the opposite side of the Lena. This river, which is one of the largest in Siberia, majestically rolls its waters through the mountainous chain of Versché-jansk. It is here, near its mouth, entirely devoid of islands, and much narrower, deeper, and more rapid, than in any place of its course. The mountains here appear in a great variety of forms. They are of a brilliant whiteness, and of a savage and horrid aspect. Sometimes they represent immense columns which rise into the clouds; sometimes they resemble the ruins of ancient forts, and as if they were parts detached from the mutilated remains of grotesque and gigantick figures.

Further off, the horizon is terminated by a chain of high mountains, where eternal snow and ice dart back the rays of the sun.

These landscapes are of exquisite beauty. An expert draughtsman would look in vain for similar views in any other place of Siberia; and I am not astonished that the picturesque situation of Kumak-Surka

should become the object of a national song, known solely on the shores of the Frozen Sea.

The course of the winds having at last changed, I thought of pursuing my route, and I had my rain-deer brought across the river. Next day, at daybreak, I set out, accompanied by a TOUNGOUSE chief, OSSIP SHOUMACHOFF, and by BELLKOFF, a merchant of Schigansk, and attended by my huntsman, three Cossacks, and ten TOUNGOUSES.

The TOUNGOUSE chief was the first person who discovered the mammoth, and he was proprietor of the territory through which our route lay. Bellkoff, the merchant, had spent nearly his whole life on the shores of the Frozen Sea. His zeal, and the details he procured me, have the strongest claims to my gratitude. I am even indebted to him for the preservation of my life at a moment of imminent danger.

At first I found great difficulty in sitting upon a rain-deer; for, the saddle being attached by a girth of leather only, it was very insecure, and often occasioned me very disagreeable falls. Besides, my position was very inconvenient for want of stirrups, which are never used among the TOUNGOUSES.

On our route we traversed high and rugged mountains, valleys which followed the course of small rivulets, and parched and savage plains, where not a shrub was to be seen. After two days travelling, we at last approached the shores of the Frozen Sea. This place is called, by the TOUNGOUSES, Angerdam, or Terra Firma. In order to attain the mammoth, it was necessary to traverse another isthmus, called BYKOFFSKOY-MYS or TUMUT. This isthmus, which projects into a spacious gulf, is to the right of the mouth of the Lena, and extends, as I was informed, from southeast to northeast for about thirty or thirty five wersts.* Its name is, probably, derived from two points,

in the form of horns, which are at the northern extremity of this promontory. The point on the left hand, which the Russians call, by way of eminence, BYKOFFSKOY-MYS, on account of its great extent, forms three vast gulfs, where we find some settlements of Jakouts. The opposite point, called MAUSTACH on account of the great quantity of floating wood found upon its shores, is one half smaller; its shore is lower, and this district is completely inhabited. The distance from one point to the other is estimated at four leagues and a half, or forty-five wersts. Small hills form the higher part of the peninsula of TUMUT; the remainder is occupied by lakes, and all the low grounds are marshy.

The isthmus we have mentioned is so narrow, at some places, that the sea may be seen on both sides. The rain-deer perform a periodical transmigration every year, during which they abandon these places, in order to proceed, by the Frozen Sea, towards BORSCHAYA and UITJANSK, and, for this purpose, they collect in large troops about autumn. In order to hunt these animals with greater prospect of success, the TOUNGOUSES have divided the peninsula into cantons, separated by palings. They frighten the deer by loud cries, which they utter all at once, by letting dogs loose at them, and by fans which they attach to the palings, and which are agitated by the wind. The terrified rain-deer throw themselves into the water, in order to reach some neighbouring island, where they are pursued and killed by the hunters.

On the third day of our journey we pitched our tents a few hundred paces from the mammoth, upon a hillock called KEMBSAGASHAETA, which signifies the stone with the broad side.

SCHOUmachoff related to me the history of the discovery of the mammoth in nearly the following terms:

"The TOUNGOUSES, who are a

* Ten wersts are equal to six English geographical miles.

wandering people, seldom remain long in one place. Those who live in the forests often spend ten years, and more, in traversing the vast regions among the mountains. During this period they never visit their homes. Each family lives in an isolated state from the rest. The chief takes care of them, and knows no other society. If, after several years absence, two friends meet by chance, they then mutually communicate their adventures; the various success of their hunting; and the quantity of peltry they have acquired. After having spent some days together, and consumed the little provisions they have, they separate cheerfully; charge each other with compliments for their respective friends; and leave it to chance to bring them together again. Such is the way of life of these innocent children of nature. The Tougouses who inhabit the coast differ from the rest, in having more regularly built houses, and in assembling, at certain seasons, for fishing and hunting. In winter they inhabit cabins, built close to each other, so as to form small villages.

"It is to one of these annual excursions of the Tougouses, that we are indebted for the discovery of the mammoth. Towards the end of August, when the fishing in the Lena is over, Schoumachoff is in the habit of going along with his brothers to the peninsula of Tumut, where they employ themselves in hunting, and where the fresh fish of the sea, furnish them with wholesome and agreeable nourishment.

"In 1799, he had caused to be built for his women, some cabins upon the shores of the lake Onroul; and he himself coasted along the seashore for the purpose of searching for some mammoth horns. One day he perceived in the midst of a rock of ice an unformed block, which did not at all resemble the floating pieces of wood usually found there. In order to examine it more closely, he clambered up the rock and examin-

ed this new object all around; but he could not ascertain what it was. *The year following* he discovered, on the same spot, the carcass of a sea cow [*Trichecus Rosmarus.*] He perceived at the same time that the mass he had formerly seen was free from the ice, and by the side of it he remarked two similar pieces, which he afterwards found were the feet of the mammoth. About the close of *the next summer*, the entire flank of the animal and one of the tusks had distinctly come out from under the ice. On his return to the shores of the lake Onroul, he communicated this extraordinary discovery to his wife and some of his friends; but their manner of regarding the subject overwhelmed him with grief. The old men related, on this occasion, that they had heard their forefathers say, that a similar monster had formerly shown itself in the same peninsula, and that the whole family of the person who discovered it had become extinct in a very short time. The mammoth, in consequence of this, was unanimously regarded as auguring a future calamity, and the Tougouse chief felt so much inquietude from it, that he fell dangerously ill; but becoming well again, his first ideas suggested to him the profit he might gain by selling the tusks of this animal, which were of an extraordinary size and beauty. He, therefore, gave orders to conceal carefully, the place where the mammoth was, and to remove all strangers from it, under various pretexts, charging, at the same time, some trusty dependants not to suffer any part of this treasure to be carried away.

"But the summer being colder, and more windy than usual, kept the mammoth sunk in the ice, which scarcely melted at all that season. At last, *about the end of the fifth year* afterwards, the ardent desires of Schoumachoff were happily accomplished. The ice which enclosed the mammoth being partly melted, the

level became sloped, and this enormous mass, pushed forward by its own weight, fell over upon its side on a sand-bank. Of this, two Tougouses were witnesses who accompanied me in my journey. In the month of March, 1804, Schoumachoff came to his mammoth, and, having got his horns cut off, he exchanged them, with Baltounoff, the merchant, for merchandise of the value of fifty roubles. On this occasion a drawing of the animal was made, but it was very incorrect. They described it with pointed ears, very small eyes, horse's hoofs, and a bristly mane along the whole of his back; so that the drawing represented something between a pig and an elephant."

Two years afterwards, being the *seventh from the discovery* of the mammoth, a fortunate circumstance occasioned my visit to these distant and desert regions, and I congratulate myself on having it in my power to ascertain and verify a fact, which would otherwise be thought so improbable.

I found the mammoth still upon the same slope, but completely mutilated. The prejudices against it having been dissipated, because the Tougouse chief had recovered his health, the carcase of the mammoth might be approached without any obstacle. The proprietor was content with the profit he had already derived from it, and the Jakouts of the neighbourhood tore off the flesh, with which they fed their dogs. Ferocious animals of the north pole; white bears, gluttons, wolves, and foxes preyed upon it also, and their burrows were seen in the neighbourhood. The skeleton, almost completely unfleshed, was entire, with the exception of one of the fore feet. The spondyle, from the head to the *oscoccygis*, a shoulder-blade, the pelvis, and the remains of the three extremities, were still tightly attached by the nerves of the joints, and by strips of skin on the exterior side of the carcase. The head

was covered with a dry skin; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of bristles. All these parts must, necessarily have suffered by a carriage of 11,000 wersts. The eyes, however, are preserved, and we can still distinguish the ball of the left eye. The tip of the under lip has been eaten away, and the upper part being destroyed, exhibited the teeth. The brain was still within the cranium, but it appeared dry.

The parts least damaged are a fore foot and a hind one. They are covered with skin, and have still the sole attached. According to the assertion of the Tougouse chief, the animal had been so large and well fed, that its belly hung down below the knee joints. This mammoth is a male, with a long mane at his neck; but it has no tail and no trunk. The skin, three-fourths of which are in my possession, is of a deep gray, and covered with a reddish hair and black bristles. The humidity of the soil where the animal has lain so long, has made the bristles lose some of their elasticity. The entire carcase, the bones of which I collected upon the spot, is four archines and a half high, by seven long, from the tip of the nose to the coccyx [about nine feet high by fourteen feet long] without, however, comprehending the two horns, each of which is a toise and a half long, and both together weigh ten pouds [nearly 400 pounds.] The head alone weighs eleven pouds and a half [4 1-2 cwt.]

The principal object of my care was, to separate the bones, to arrange them, and place them in safety. This was done with the most scrupulous nicety; and I had the satisfaction of finding the other shoulder-blade, which lay in a hole. I afterwards caused the skin to be stripped from the side upon which the animal had lain; it was very well preserved.— This skin was of such an extraordinary weight, that *ten persons*, who were employed to carry it to the sea-side, in order to stretch it on float-

ing wood, moved it with great difficulty. After this operation, I caused the ground to be dug in various places, in order to see if there were any bones around, but chiefly for the purpose of collecting all the bristles which the white bears might have trodden into the wet ground on devouring the flesh. This operation was attended with difficulty, as we wanted the necessary instruments for digging the ground. I succeeded, however, in procuring, in this manner, more than one poud [forty pounds weight] of bristles. In a few days our labour was ended, and I found myself in possession of a treasure, which amply recompensed me for the fatigues and dangers of the journey, and even for the expenses I had incurred.

The place where I found the mammoth is about sixty paces distant from the shore; and from the fracture of the ice, from which it slid, it is about one hundred paces distant. This fracture occupies the middle, precisely, between the two points of the isthmus, and is three wersts long, and even in the place where the mammoth was, this rock has a perpendicular elevation of thirty or forty toises. Its substance is a clear ice, but of a nauseous taste: it inclines towards the sea: its summit is covered with a bed of moss, and friable earth, half an archine in thickness. During the heat of the month of July, a part of this crust melts, but the other remains frozen.

Curiosity prompted me to ascend two hillocks, equally distant from the sea. They were of the same composition, and also a little covered with moss. At intervals I saw pieces of wood, of an enormous size, and of all the species produced in Siberia; and also, mammoth horns in great quantities, frozen between the fissures of the rocks. They appeared to be of an astonishing freshness.

It is as curious as it is difficult to explain, how all these things should be found collected here. The inhabitants of the coast call this kind of

wood *Adamsokhina*, and distinguish it from the floating wood, which, descending the great rivers of Siberia, falls into the ocean, and is afterwards heaped upon the shores of the Frozen Sea. This last kind they call *Noahsokhina*. I have seen, in great thaws, large pieces of earth detach themselves from the hillocks, mix with the water, and form thick and muddy torrents which roll slowly towards the sea. This earth forms, in different places, lumps which sink in among the ice. The block of ice, where the mammoth was found, was from thirty five to forty toises high; and, according to the account of the Tougouses, the animal, when first discovered, was seven toises from the surface of the ice.

The whole shore was, as it were, covered with the most variegated and beautiful plants produced on the shores of the Frozen Sea; but they were only two inches high. Around the carcass we saw a multitude of other plants, such as the *Cineraria aquatica*, and some species of *Pedicularis*, not yet known in natural history.

While waiting for the boats from Terra Firma, for which I had sent some Cossacks, we exerted all our endeavours to erect a monument to perpetuate the memory of this discovery, and of my visit. We raised, according to the custom of these countries, two crosses with analogous inscriptions. The one was upon the rock of ice, forty paces from the shelf from which this mammoth had slid, and the other was upon the very spot where we found it. Each of these crosses is six French toises high, and constructed in a manner solid enough to brave the severity of many ages. The Tougouses have given to the one the name of the cross of the ambassadour, and to the other, that of the cross of the mammoth. The eminence itself received the name of *Selichaëta*, or mammoth mountain. This last will, perhaps, some day or other, afford some traveller the means of calculating,

with sufficient precision, how much the mountains of ice, lose annually, of their primitive height.

I found a great quantity of amber upon the shores; but in no piece whatever could I discover the least trace of any marine production.

Our Cossacks not having arrived in time with the boat, I was obliged to return to the continent with my rein-deer, without waiting for them. The vessel, in the mean time, had cast anchor in the bay of Borchaya, three hundred wersts from the isthmus where I was. We arrived without any accident, after a journey of eight days. A week afterwards I had the satisfaction to see the mammoth arrive. Our first care was to separate, by boiling, the nerves and flesh from the bones. The skeleton was then packed, and placed at the bottom of the hold. When we arrived at Jakoutsk, I had the good fortune to purchase the tusks of the mammoth; and thence I despatched the whole for St. Petersburg.

Are the mammoth and elephant animals of the same species? The teeth of the mammoth are harder, heavier, and more twisted in a different direction than the teeth of an elephant. Ivory turners, who have wrought upon these two substances, say that the mammoth's horn, by its colour and inferior density, differs considerably from ivory. I have seen some of them which formed, in their curvature, three fourths of a circle. And at Jakoutsk, another of the length of two toises and a half, and which were an archine thick, near the root, and weighed seven pounds. It is to be remarked, that the point of the tusks on the exterior side, is always more or less worn down. This enables the inhabitants of the Frozen Sea to distinguish the right from the left tusk.

The mammoth is covered with a very thick hair over the whole body, and has a long mane upon its neck. The bristles, of the length of two

feet, which were found upon the head, the ears, and the neck of the animal, must necessarily have belonged, either to the mane or to the tail. Schoumachoff maintains that he never saw any trunk belonging to the animal; but it is probable that it was carried off by wild beasts; for it would be inconceivable that the mammoth could eat with so small a snout, and with such enormous tusks, if we do not allow it to have had a trunk. The mammoth, according to these indications, would, consequently, belong to the elephant species. M. Blumenback, in his system, actually calls it *Elephas primævus*.

The mammoth in my possession is quite different from that found near New York, which had carnivorous teeth.

Another question still remains to be decided. Has the mammoth, originally, inhabited the countries of the pole, or those of the tropicks? The thick hair with which this animal is covered seems to indicate, that it belonged to the northern regions. To this it does not seem reasonable to start objections, although several writers have done so; but, what remains inexplicable is, to ascertain, how came the mammoth to be buried in the ice. Two years ago similar relics were found in the environs of Kirengsk, upon the banks of the Lena, at a greater distance from the sea, and they had fallen into the bed of the river. Others have been found in provinces further south; on the Wolga; and they have been discovered in Germany and in Spain. These are just so many incontestable proofs of a general deluge. It appears undeniable to me, that there has existed a world of a very ancient date; and Cuvier, without intending it, gives evident proofs of this in his system, by the twenty four species of animals, the races of which are extinct.

MICHAEL ADAMS.*

Petersburgh, August 20, 1807.

* The author of the above offers his skeleton for sale, and means to employ the money it shall produce to him, in a journey towards the north pole, and particularly in visiting the island of Ljachow, or Sichow, which, from information received in his late journey, he believes to be a part of the continent of North America.

The following Account of a singularly romantick Mountain, in the Island of Ceylon, is from Cordiner's Description of Ceylon.

THE stupendous mountain of stone, called, by the Dutch, Adam's Brecht or Berg, by the Cingalese, Mulgeerelenna, *alias* Mulgeeregalla, is one entire rock, of a smooth surface, rising in the form of a cube, on two sides completely perpendicular. From a measurement lately made it was found to be only three hundred feet high. It strikes the beholder, however, as being much more; and the Cingalese, the only inhabitants of this part of the country, say, that by dropping a rope from the top to the bottom of the rock, they ascertained the height to be three hundred and forty cubits. We ascended its highest summit, on the side where the rising is most gentle, by a winding flight of stairs, formed of five hundred and forty five deep steps of hewn stones. These stairs must have been a work of prodigious labour, and are said to have been constructed fifteen hundred years ago, at a period long before European conquerors made their appearance in the island. At one place it is necessary to ascend a part of the rock which is nearly perpendicular. There, twenty hollow steps are hewn out of the stone on a smooth surface, by the side of which is hung an iron chain to assist the traveller in climbing. To render the ascent less dangerous, it is prudent to put off one's shoes; but coming down is attended with more difficulty, and requires still greater caution. A journey up such a flight of steps affords a powerful exercise to the lungs; and, under the full blaze of the meridian sun, the excessive heat cannot be described. On the summit, which is circular and level, stands a bell-shaped tomb of Buddha, similar to that which accompanies every temple dedicated to the Cingalese divinity. From this eminence we are gratified with a sight of one of the most extensive and romantick prospects which nature can display. The

eye looks down upon a wide country, in appearance the richest and most luxuriant which imagination can conceive. The nearest mountains look like hillocks. Mighty ranges of hills rise one behind another, the most distant appearing the most majestick. Green valleys wind among them like rivers; and the fields are enclosed with borders of trees and flowering shrubs planted without the aid of art. In cutting down the *jungle* and clearing the soil for the purpose of agriculture, belts of wood have been allowed to stand, dividing and protecting the cultivated grounds, and presenting a highly ornamental as well as useful enclosure. A level country appears running behind many of the mountains, the picturesque appearance of which is heightened by multitudes of massy rocks and aged trees. On one side, the view is terminated by the sea, at the distance of eight miles, making a large sweep along the coast, on which we discover the situations of Tengallee, Matura, and Belligam. In another direction, the prospect is bounded by fine mountains within the British territories. In a third, we look into the wild dominions of the king of Candy. The broadest valleys resemble the most beautiful parts of Yorkshire, in England, but are still more highly adorned. The whole scenery combined exhibits an appearance of the most perfect culture, disseminated through an extensive province, the hedges of which have been nourished with care, and the woods and lawns laid out by a person of the finest taste.

On the second flat from the top is the entrance into a remarkable cave. By some violent convulsion, the solid mass seems to have been split asunder; the perforation at first descending perpendicularly, then slanting, and issuing out, about the middle of the rock, in a round orifice, through which we see the light, and

part of the country below. People have gone down into the cave, and when at the end of it could discover no means of descending to the ground. On the same flat stands an elegant bogaha, or hallowed fig tree, having a circular wall, three feet high, built, at some distance, round it, the intermediate space filled with earth, and a small temple erected under the shade of its spreading boughs.

About half way up the staircase are two gloomy temples of Buddha contiguous to one another. They are both caverns excavated out of the solid rock. Front walls and tiled roofs are united to a projecting cliff, which is formed, within, into arched domes. In each of these temples is an image of Buddha, in a reclining posture, forty-five feet in length, and of proportionable breadth, formed of stone and plaster. There are, likewise, a great many statues, of the common size, standing in ranks, all in the dress of Buddha, and called his disciples. The inner walls are covered with hieroglyphick paintings, not meanly executed. One of these sanctuaries is at present undergoing repair. The roof is heightened by a strong fire kindled within the cave, occasioning large splinters to fall from the hollow cliff, and supplying materials for building the walls. Before the portal of this temple stands a square reservoir of good water, enclosed with walls of hewn stone. About fifty steps from the bottom of the rock are two other temples, executed and furnished in the same manner.

At the foot of this rock are situate the houses of the priests, built of stone and lime, with tiled roofs, and stored with every comfort necessary to their happiness. Ten of the sacerdotal order reside here, some of them old men, others only boys, all having their heads shaved bare, and wearing the same yellow mantle, which is the dress of Buddha, and very graceful. Those who have been once dedicated to the priesthood

never engage in any secular employment beside decorating the temple and designing historical painting on the walls. In the province of Matura there are said to be two thousand individuals of that description, a great many temples of Buddha, and a considerable number of inhabitants. It is the most beautiful and best cultivated tract in the southern corner of the island, and yields a considerable revenue to government. It abounds in oranges, pomegranates, pineapples, and other fruits, all of the most delicious quality. But, notwithstanding the advantages which this part of the country enjoys, it is unhealthy; and the inhabitants are frequently attacked with fevers, attributed to the quantity of putrid vegetable matter, obstructed circulation, and sudden transitions from sultry heat to chilly cold. We descended, however, from the mountains without feeling any unpleasant consequences, and not a little captivated with the striking aspect of the province which we visited. There is something so extravagantly romantick in those sequestered spots, that they inspire the mind with unusual pleasure. A traveller, who delights to contemplate the face of sportive nature, may there behold her unblemished features and undisguised charms; and a person who is fond of meditation and recollection of past events, may here enjoy all the luxury of solitude. Every discordant passion is lulled to rest. The most complacent benevolence warms the soul; and the mind triumphs in unbounded freedom amidst peaceful tranquillity. The wildness and luxuriance, the sublimity and beauty of the scenes, probably equal any combination which rural grandeur can display. Whilst employed in contemplating them, the power of utterance is lost in silent admiration, and the eye wanders with astonishment and rapture from the rocky brow of the lofty mountain to the rich pastures of the fertile valley.

The following Description of the Eight-armed Cuttle-fish, is extracted from Shaw's Zoological Lectures.

MR. PENNANT, in the fourth volume of his *British Zoology*, speaking of the eight-armed cuttle, tells us, he has been well assured from persons worthy of credit, that, in the Indian seas, this species has been found of such a size as to measure two fathoms in breadth across the central part; while each arm has measured nine fathoms in length; and that the natives of the Indian isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order to cut off, immediately, the arms of such of those animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water and sink it. This has been considered as a piece of credulity in Mr. Pennant, unworthy of a sober naturalist.—It is certain, however, that a great variety of apparently authentick evidences seem to confirm the reality of this account. The ancients, it is evident, acknowledged the existence of animals of the cuttle-fish tribe of a most enormous size. Witness the account given by Pliny, and others, of the large *Polypus*, as he terms it, which used to rob the repositories of salt fish on the coasts of *Carteia*, and which, according to his description, had a head of the size of a cask that would hold fifteen amphoræ; arms measuring thirty feet in length, of such a diameter that a man could hardly clasp one of them; and beset with suckers, or fasteners, of the size of large basins that would hold four or five gallons apiece. The existence, in short, of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe in the Indian and northern seas can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been much exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observable about the coasts of the European seas. A modern naturalist chooses to distinguish this tremen-

dous species by the title of the Colossal cuttle-fish, and seems amply disposed to believe all that has been related of its ravages. A northern navigator, of the name of Dens, is said, some years ago, to have lost three of his men in the African seas, by a monster of this kind, which unexpectedly made its appearance while these men were employed, during a calm, in raking the sides of the vessel. The Colossal cuttle-fish seized these men in its arms, and drew them under water, in spite of every effort to preserve them. The thickness of one of the arms, which was cut off in the contest, was that of a mizen-mast, and the acetabula, or suckers, of the size of potlids.

But what shall we say to the idea of a modern French naturalist, who is inclined to suppose, that the destruction of the great French ship, the *Ville de Paris*, taken by the English during the American war, together with nine other ships which came to her assistance, on seeing her fire signals of distress, was owing, not to the storm which accompanied the disaster, but to a groupe of Colossal cuttle-fishes, which happened at that very time to be prowling about the ocean beneath these unfortunate vessels?

These accounts, whether true or false, naturally recall to our recollection the far-famed monster of the northern seas, often mentioned in a vague manner, under the name of *Kraken* or *Korven*. The general tenour of these accounts is, that in some parts of the northern seas, during the heat of summer, while the sea is perfectly calm, a vast mass, resembling a kind of floating island, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, is seen to rise above the surface, appearing to be covered with a profusion of sea-weeds, corals, and other marine substances. When it is fully risen, it seldom fails to stretch up several enormous arms,

of such a height as to equal that of the masts of a ship; and after having continued in this position for some time, it again slowly descends. From the general description thus given of its shape, it has been supposed that it is a species of *sepia*, or cuttle-fish.

Linneus, in the first edition of his work, entitled *Fauna Suecica*, as well as in the earlier editions of his *Systema Naturæ*, seems inclined to admit the existence of this animal, and forms a genus for it under the name of *Microcosmus*.

Description of the Grotto of Zinzanusa, or the ancient Temple of Minerva, near the Town of Castro, in Apulia.

[Extracted from a letter from Naples, written at the end of May, 1809.]

NEAR the little town of Castro, beneath overhanging rocks, are several grottos, which can only be approached by means of small boats. The most remarkable is, the grotto of Zinzanusa, which has given name to the others, and of which the sides, incessantly beaten and hollowed out by the waves, seen from a distance, resemble tattered garments.

These grottos are situated at the bottom of a small gulf, which, extending itself in a half circle, forms a kind of port. From this part nothing is visible but a mass of blocks of rock, ranged like the steps of a staircase. From the highest of these steps we discover a vault supported by a hundred columns of hewn stone. In the midst, among these columns, rises a spring of fresh water, and not far off, runs a gallery of rocks dangerous to be followed, because of the inequalities of the surface, and of the frightful gulfover which it hangs. Arrived at the end of this gallery, we discern a grotto of a rectangular form, the most regular and interesting of all that are hitherto known, among these rocks. Four rows of columns support and embellish this natural palace. The two first are only demi-columns, intended to ornament the walls. The two others are composed of whole columns, rising singly or in couples. They are all of the same proportions, and divide the rectangular space into three parts. The walls are covered with inscriptions, of which nobody has yet been able to

determine the import, or even in what language they are written.— There are also small idols and statues, images of animals (among others, the figure of an owl, the symbol of Minerva) flowers, fruits, and foliages, in carved work, and of very correct design.

In one of the three divisions stands a large table, supported on each side by two columns. The ceiling is formed by the natural arch, to which the walls are built up. The vault, somewhat sunk, is encrusted with brilliant crystals, arranged in the most elegant forms; stalactites of the same kind cover the columns and the whole interior of the grotto. By the light of torches, I fancied that I perceived all the ideal images with which the imagination of the poet has peopled the palace of Armida.

The highest columns are about 70 palms [20 feet] in height: their diameter is somewhat more than two palms [8 inches.] Small openings formed in the wall, and closed with stones which may be removed, lead to grottos not so extensive, nor equally interesting, yet curious to behold. Every where we discern the hand of man. Remains of ashes and coals, manifest that these places have, at some period served for human habitation. Bones and tombs have also been found. In one of these caves there is a well. In another is a column higher than those of the temple. There is even one which seems not to have been placed

The in its proper situation: it re-
lying on the floor.

The grottos hitherto known occupy the extent of a mile. The greatest is that beyond the rectangular one. It has not yet been explored; its depth, the mud with which it is filled, and the stench which issues from it, having prevented its being examined. In all the cavities which have been entered, only one small orifice to admit light has been noticed.

The learned prelate Mgr. Duca, bishop of Castro, sent to the former king of Naples a small statue, and some pieces of crystal, which had been, with great labour, detached from the walls. He proposed that these grottos should be carefully inspected, and drawings made of whatever was worthy of being examined. He stated also his sentiments on the antiquity and destination of these excavations; but his advice was not followed, and one of the most remarkable monuments of early ages was forgotten.

This work, beyond a doubt, must

be attributed to the first inhabitants of the kingdom of Salentum, or to the Greeks who settled there under the conduct of Iapyx, or under that of Idomeneus. Both fable and history unite to place this temple of Minerva in the remotest antiquity. The wonders it contained rendered it famous among the ancients.

Many ancient writers, among them Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Servius, and Virgil, agree in saying, that long before the fall of Troy, there was, on the shore of Iapyx, a very rich and famous temple of Minerva. Some add, that here was kept the Palladium, or statue of Minerva, taken from the Trojans by Ulysses and Diomed. Others say that Diomed, after the sackage of Troy, consecrated to Minerva the arms which he had received from Glaucus, son of Priam. Virgil has availed himself of the celebrity of this temple, and has also increased it, by describing Eneas as landing on this shore, after quitting that of the Acro-Ceraunians, or Epirus, which is directly opposite.

Jackson, in his Account of the Empire of Morocco, gives the following Anecdotes of the Serpents of that country.

THE Boah, or desert snake, is an enormous monster, from twenty to eighty feet long, as thick as a man's body, and of a dingy colour. This inhabitant of Sahara is not venomous, though it is not less destructive. The Arabs (speaking of it figuratively) affirm, that, as it passes along the desert, it fires the ground with the velocity of its motion. It is impossible to escape it. It will twist itself round an ox, and after crushing its bones, will swallow it, gradually, after which it lies supinely on the ground two or three days, unable to proceed till the animal be digested. Two of these monsters stationed themselves near the road from Morocco to Terodant, near to the latter city, a few years since. One of them was killed. The other remained there several days, and prevented travel-

lers from passing the road. They were both young ones, being about twenty feet long. Various stories are related by the Arabs of Sahara respecting the Boahs, but they are mostly ingenious fables, originally intended to inculcate some moral truth, or trait of human nature, which, by the embellishments of tradition, added to the credulity of the Arabs, are now related as facts. Without speaking of all the various kinds of serpents which are either timid, harmless, or not venomous, I must observe, that:

The domestick serpents claim some attention. In the city of Morocco these animals abound. There is scarcely a house without its domestick serpent, which is sometimes seen moving along the roofs of the apartments. They are never molested

by the family, who would not hurt them on any consideration, conceiving them a benediction on the household; they have been known to suck the breasts of women whilst asleep, and retire without offering any further injury. They are so susceptible as to be sensible of enmity towards

them, and it is thought imprudent, incur their displeasure. For this air, son the inhabitants of Morocco treat them kindly, and as members of the family, not wishing to disturb an animal that claims the rights of hospitality by settling in their house.

MISCELLANY.

FEUDAL CLAIMS.

THE following is a specimen of as curious a claim as has been set up since the days of Eolus, of doubtful fame. It has the advantage of being a faithful record from the annals of history.

In the end of the fourteenth century, the celebrated, but long since destroyed, monastery of Augustinians, at Winshieur, in the province of Overysse, were desirous of erecting a windmill, not far from Zwolle; but a neighbouring lord was desirous to prevent them, by declaring that the *wind* in that district belonged to him. The monks, unwilling to give up the point, had recourse to the bishop of Utrecht, under whose jurisdiction the province had continued since the tenth century. The bishop, highly incensed against the pretender, who wished to usurp his authority, affirmed that the *wind of the whole province belonged to him*, and gave the province express permission to erect a windmill wherever they thought proper.

TURKISH SCIENCE.

A Turkish merchant observing me direct my instrument towards the city, had the curiosity to look into the glass, and was surprised to see a tower turned upside down. He immediately spread a report that I was come to overturn the city [Alexandria.] It was mentioned to the governour; and my Janissary would no longer walk with me, when I proposed carrying my instrument with me. Near a village of the Delta, an honest peasant paid great attention to my operations, as I was taking

different angles. To show him something curious, I made him look through the same glass. He was greatly alarmed to see the village to which he belonged, turned upside down. My servant told him, that government were offended with that village, and had sent me to destroy it. He instantly entreated me to wait but a few moments, that he might have time to save his wife, and his cow. He then ran in great haste towards his house, and I went again on board my boat.—*Neibuhr*.

Turkish Opinions of Musical Science.

We played some solemn tunes, which are more to the taste of the orientals, than our gayer musick. He seemed to be pleased, and offered each of us an half-a-crown at parting. The Arabs refuse no presents, however small; and he was not a little surprised, when we declined accepting his money; especially, as he could never conceive what inducement any person could have to learn musick, if not to gain by it. *Neibuhr*.

UNCOMMON METEOR.

Ferentino, June 15, 1808. May 21, about 3 o'clock in the morning, at the rising of the moon, the atmosphere of this town and its vicinity became suddenly extremely dark, for a few moments; after which certain fiery meteors, violently agitated, appeared on the adjacent mountains, which, *on their approaching each other, formed two distinct globes of fire,* when with the velocity of a cannon ball they darted from east to south, and with a tremendous noise united, and afterwards burst, making a still more

An explosion, which was heard over the adjacent country. These singular phenomena have very much excited the curiosity of the naturalists, and have struck, with dreadful panick, the timid and superstitious inhabitants; but we have not heard of their having done the least damage in the country.

The peculiar circumstance of the union of these bodies will not fail to excite notice. The appearance deserved correct, and even scrutinizing, examination.

Hindoo Veneration for venomous Serpents at Vizigapatam.

July 6, 1809. This week we have killed two venomous snakes. One was found near the dwelling house of Ananderayer, who, two nights ago, felt it at his side when he awoke; but, providentially, it made off without hurting him. The natives (who are very averse to killing these animals, because they are the objects of their worship) earnestly entreated us to spare their lives, and to deliver them over to their care. However, as we could see no good end to be obtained by such a measure, we despatched them. The natives immediately exclaimed, with enthusiastick joy: "They are gone to be eternally happy in the presence of Vishnu!"

FEMALE NUDES THREATENED.

Augsburg, Sept. 13, 1809.—The inn-keeper André Hofer, chief of the insurgent mountaineers in the Tyrol, has issued a proclamation which is distinguished by its religious tenour. It treats of the sins of the people, and of the repentance necessary to be instantly exercised, in order to avoid the further visitations and chastisements of God. This instrument concludes in these terms:—"Many of my brethren, in arms, are scandalized that the women expose too much of their arms, and their bosoms, or display them through transparent dresses, whereby they give occasion to guilty passions, which cannot but be singularly dis-

pleasing to God, as well as to every one bearing the name of Christian. It is hoped, therefore, that these women, to turn away Divine wrath, will reform their fashions immediately; otherwise, if they do not, they will have nobody to blame but themselves, if their uncovered parts should be covered in a manner not very pleasing to them."

THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

MR. J. WEBER, author of the interesting *Memoirs of the late Queen of France, MARIE-ANTOINETTE*, has lately been honoured with a very flattering mark of approbation from her majesty, the queen of Sicily. That sovereign has not only condescended to address to Mr. W. a letter, replete with sensibility, and at the close of which she subscribes: "I am ever your grateful friend, Charlotte," but has added, with her own hand, a postscript to the following purport: "I have been deeply affected by the perusal of your volume, and with this proof of grateful remembrance on your part, for the memory of my unhappy sister! The sufferings of her latter years have embittered the remainder of my days. We were sisters, friends, and companions from our infancy. What indissoluble bonds! And, therefore, my grief for the irreparable loss of her, will accompany me to the tomb."

CLOCK, AT BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

EVERY traveller knows, that the computation of time, in this city is, one hour in advance. Various reasons are assigned for this usage. A story, however, prevails, that when the cathedral was built, the architect, by mistake, turned the side whereon was placed the sun-dial, too much to the east, and caused this erroneous reckoning. There have been several attempts made to reform the singularity. Some years ago an Englishman went to reside at Basle, and being desirous of setting the Baslois right in this particular, he used his utmost endea-

vours, by writing and persuasion, to convince them of the absurdity of continuing so erroneous a method for computation. He gained many proselytes to his opinion, but the bulk of the people thought no way could be right but the old, and his efforts ended in his being ridiculed. A caricature represented this reformer as a goat making a run at the hands of the clock, to drive them an hour later, while the people were pulling him back by the tail.

ANECDOTES OF COLBY.

The aptitude and quaintness of remark frequently made by the sons of Neptune are almost proverbial. Sleeping, one night, with that worthy and meritorious officer, captain Colby (then a midshipman, but now admiral Thornborough's captain, on board the Royal Sovereign) it occurred to me, that I had drawn too large a portion of the bed covering from him; and, as the weather was severe, I kindly inquired if he was in want of any *clothes*? He replied laconically: "I want a COAT most cursedly."

When serving on board *the* *reclined*, bust as a lieutenant, captain *their*, borough commander, Mr. Colby had the misfortune to lose his arm, in the engagement fought off Bantry bay, between sir J. B. Warren and admiral Bompard, by which the invasion of Ireland was frustrated. He was raising the spyglass to reconnoitre the enemy, at the moment that a cannon ball tore his arm off just above the elbow, and it was attached only by a long sinew that encumbered his knees. In relating this transaction afterwards, he gallantly observed: "Though *disarmed*, I had not *struck*: they both *struck* and were *disarmed* presently after!"

When landing some troops at Quiberon Bay, and manœuvring in the best manner to effect the disembarkation with the least possible loss, Mr. Colby was shot through the hat. Upon jocosely observing to him, that he, perhaps, bobbed his head to avoid the danger, he facetiously remarked: "It is no reproach to a British officer to prevent the enemy from *seeing through him*."

POETRY.

A RECIPE TO MAKE A KISS.

FROM rose-buds yet unblown, whose
vernal morn
Perfumes the gale, unconscious of a thorn,
The purest purple take; and steal from
May
The pearl that gems the lawn when springs
the day;
Crop the young violet from her scented
bed,
And spoil the primrose of its velvet head,
With love's own odours charged; and
steeped in joy,
The honeyed labours of the hive employ;
But search, with care, the aromatick work,
Lest *danger* in the sweet temptation lurk,

And mar the luscious toil; for should'st
thou leave
One sting behind, 'twould all thy hopes
deceive.
Into the fragrant mass, let Zephyr fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring;
The chirp of beauty's darling bird prepare,
And mix the murmurs of the turtle there;
Her smiles and graces Venus must infuse,
And thrice embalm the whole with Cy-
prius dews.
Now tell me, shepherds, in what happy
grove
Dwells this fair bud of hope, this plant of
love?—
On *Laura's lips* resides the nectared bliss,
And *lovers* mould the rapture to a *kiss*.

INSCRIPTIVE LINES,

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST,
TO MRS. SOPHIA LEE.

LADY, revered and loved ! whose forceful
lyre

Waked in my boyish heart its earliest fire,
First touched its passions into joy or wo,
'Till Fancy flushed with emulation's glow,

Lady ! whom every muse conspires to
crown

With chariest honours, and a late renown;
Who rov'st, a minstrel free, through un-
traced bowers,
And twin'st historick shades with fiction's
flowers,

Lady ! though golden cords obey thy hand,
And *I* may scarce one vocal reed com-
mand,

Though thou on Fame's enthroning height
dost reign,
Whilst envious bounds *my* baffled steps
detaim,

Yet, Lady ! deign thy smile, nor yet refuse
This lowlier tribute of a lowlier muse;
From *thee*, my FOUNDLING BOY implores
a name,
From *thee*, whose smile is joy, whose
praise is fame.

WILLIAM DIMOND.

July 19, 1809.

A SUMMER EVENING BY THE
SEA-SIDE.

O'ER the smooth surface of the sand/
beach,

'Tis sweet at eve to seek our placid way,
Where every wandering wave the mind
may teach,

As rolls to shore the soft and snowy
spray,

Now the still air is barely heard to sigh;
No noise of busy man offends the ear;
The half-heard waves upon the shingles
die,

And scarcely rock the sea-weed floating
near.

Their mildly solemn murmur on the shore
Is more than pleasing to the pensive
soul;

The soothing sound delights the bosom
more

Than loud-tongued pleasure's frenzy-
like control.

How tranquil now the ocean's silvered
wave,

As sinks the day's bright lord beneath
the tide;

While the soft lustre that his last ray gave,
Still tips the sails as slow the vessels
glide.

Who, that ne'er saw its rage when tem-
pests rise,

Would think to see how calmly now it
sleeps ?

Its surgy waves will seem to strike the
skies,

When the wild whirlwind o'er its surface
sweeps.

Yet, that it is so, yonder cliff will tell,

Whose crumbling sides resist the waves
in vain:

Impelled by storms, they rush with awful
swell,

And drag its falling atoms to the main.

So 'tis with man, where dark deception's
smile

Dwells on the countenance so seeming
fair;

With smooth tongued art he works his la-
tent guile,

And plants the sharpest thorn of dire
despair.

But should suspicion glance a curious eye,
To scan his deeds; he throws the veil
aside;

And passion's loudest tempest bursting
nigh.

Shows with what turpitude his heart is
died.

SONG.—[In Up all Night.]

Old Flam was a lawyer so grim,
He married his maid, people say;
But scarce was the honey-moon dim,
When the Devil, cried Flam, come away !
Oh ! Oh ! Story of wo, when the Devil
cried Flam come away,

How she wished that the tear drop would
fall,

But poor Mrs. Flam could not weep;
And soon in a black velvet pall,
She popped the old lawyer to sleep.

Oh, Oh, &c. &c.

She thought of her love as she lay,
When the ghost of the late Mr. Flam,
In his green velvet cap came to say,
"Phoo! nonsense! your grief is all sham."
Oh, Oh, &c. &c.

Quoth she: "Ghost, I'm no longer thine,
I won't lie alone in the dark,
For to-morrow at half after nine,
Mr. Flam, I shall marry your clerk."

Oh, Oh, &c. &c.

THE RUNAWAY.

AH! who is he by Cynthia's gleam
Discerned, the statue of distress:
Weeping beside the willowed stream
That bathes the woodland wilderness?

Why talks he to the idle air?

Why, listless, at his length reclined,
Heaves he the groan of deep despair,
Responsive to the midnight wind?

"Speak, gentle shepherd! tell me why?"
—"Sir! he has lost his wife, they say."
"Of what disorder did she die?"
—"Lord, sir! of none—she ran away."

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

SIR,

HAVING observed, in a late number of your interesting miscellany, a letter from Dr. Lettsom, mentioning a method of taking off impressions of leaves, plants, &c. I beg leave to mention to you a way which, though not so expeditious as that mentioned by Dr. L. is, I think, more accurate in taking off the most minute veins and fibres.

The method I allude to is this:—Take half a sheet of fine wove paper, and oil it well with sweet oil: after it has stood a minute or two, to let it soak through, rub off the superfluous oil with a piece of paper, and let it hang in the air to dry. After the oil is pretty well dried in, take a lighted candle, or lamp, and move the paper slowly over it, in a horizontal direction, so as to touch the flame, till it is perfectly black. When you wish to take off impressions of plants, lay your plant carefully on the oiled paper, and lay a piece of clean paper over it, and rub it with your finger, equally in all parts, for about half a minute: then take up your plant, and be careful not to disturb the order of the leaves, and place it on the book, or paper, on which you wish to have the impression. Then cover it with a piece of blotting paper, and rub it with your finger for a short time, and you will have an impression superiour to the finest engraving. The same piece of black paper, will serve to take off a great number of impressions; so that when you have once gone through the process of blacking it, you may make an impression in a very short time.

The principal excellence of this method is, that the paper receives the impression of the most minute veins and hairs; so that you may take the general character of most flowers, much superiour to any engraving. The impressions may afterwards be coloured according to nature,

Your's, &c.

Hull, Sept. 23, 1809.

W. H. L.

MAKING LAKE.

A German chymist has made known the following process for making a beautiful lake.—Take any quantity of cochineal, on which pour twice its weight of alcohol, and as much distilled water. Infuse for some days, near a gentle fire, and then filter. To the filtered liquor add a few drops of the solution of tin, and a fine red precipitate will be formed. Continue to add a little solution of tin every two hours, till the whole of the colouring matter is precipitated. Lastly,edulcorate the precipitate by washing it in a large quantity of distilled water, and then dry it.

From the analysis of the fresh leaves of blue wolfs-bane [*aconitum napellus*,] cultivated in a garden near Paris, M. Steinacher has found, that this vegetable contains green fecula, an odorant gaseous substance, which he suspects to be virulent; muriate of ammonia, carbonate of lime, and phosphate of lime.

PAINTING ON GLASS.

SEVERAL German artists have of late turned their attention to the art of painting on glass. Professor Frick, of Berlin, has made great improvements in the burning of pictures in glass, and has recently finished a beautiful painted window for the catholic church in that city. M. Buhler, of Urach, in Wirtemberg, also burns colours in glass so exquisitely, that his works are not to be distinguished from the best of the ancients.

TERRA MARMOROSA.

MR. JOHN PENWARNE, has obtained his majesty's letters patent, for his valuable invention of the Terra Marmorosa, by which plaster-casts are made to resemble, both in hardness and colour, the most beautiful statuary marble; a discovery highly interesting to the lovers of the fine arts.

CARROTS, A CURE FOR ULCERS.

MR. RICHARD WALKER has published, in the *Medical Journal*, some observations which demonstrate the extraordinary effects of carrots, in the cure of sores and ulcers, whether venereal, cancerous, or scrophulous, by correcting their morbid disposition. The method of preparing the roots is as follows: The carrots having been previously cleaned, by scraping and washing, are cut into thin, transverse slices, and boiled till quite tender; after which they are taken out of the water, and beaten in a mortar, to the consistence of a soft pulp. This may either be applied in portions with the hand, and kept on with a cloth and roller, or it may be spread upon a cloth, and laid on like a common poultice. It is best when fresh prepared, and should be changed twice a day. This simple application, corrects the fetor of ill-conditioned sores; reduces them to a perfectly healthy, or good-conditioned state and thickness; and diminishes the discharge.

METEORICK STONES.

M. G. B. SAGE has ascertained the existence of alumine in meteorick stones; a circumstance not noticed by Klaproth, Fourcroy, or Vauquelin who have given analyses of those substances. This he ascribes to their having employed fusion

through the medium of alkalis, which is known to alter the nature of some earths. Having vitriolized some of the meteorick stones of Aigle and Salles, near Villefranche, in the Lionese, M. Sage obtained alum from both, but in unequal proportions; the former, yielding one fourth, but the latter, not more than one eighth. As the fracture of stones, of this description, shows, very imperfectly, the arrangement and brilliancy of the native iron which they contain, the same chymist, in order to examine it on a large surface, has had a vase turned from an aerolite of Salles. It exhibits parcels of iron of irregular configurations, which have a silvery lustre, intermingled with very small spots of a greenish yellow, disseminated in a quart-zose gangue of ashen gray.

M. RAMPASSE has discovered in an old quarry, upon a hill, near Bastia, in Corsica, a calcareous earth, embedded in a stratum of calcareous stone, and containing, among other substances, various kinds of bones. Several specimens of these he has transmitted to Paris, for the inspection of M. Curvier, who states, that among them is a head well characterized, which must have belonged to the genus *lagomys*, of which there are at present but three species known, all of them discovered in Siberia, by Pallas.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

✂ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

Articles of literary intelligence inserted, by the booksellers in the **UNITED STATES' GAZETTE**, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Edward Earle, Philadelphia,

Republished—William Tell; or Switzerland Delivered. By the Chevalier de Florian. With the life of the Author prefixed. Translated from the French by W. B. Hewetson.

By Lewis and Weaver, Philadelphia,

Republished—The second volume of the History of England.

By Bradford and Inskoep, Philadelphia,

Published—No. 2, of the Mirror of Taste, and Dramatick-Censor. Embellished with an elegant Portrait of the late Mrs. Warren. The Play, annexed to this

number, is the new and much admired Comedy of Man and Wife; or, More Secrets than One. By Samuel James Arnold, esq.

Also—An Oration, Commemorative of the Character and Administration of Washington. Delivered before the American Republican Society of Philadelphia, on the 22d February, 1810. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

[We are informed that the publishers of Dr. Caldwell's Oration, intend to appropriate the profits that may arise from the sale of the work, towards assisting in the erection of a permanent tribute of respect to the memory of Washington.]

By Thomas de Silver, Philadelphia.

Republished—A Description of the Popular and Comick New Pantomime, of Mother Goose or, the Golden Egg. Price 25 Cents.

By Madame Le Pelletier, Baltimore,

Published—No. 1. of a Journal of Music, composed of Songs, Romances, Duets, &c. Overtures, Rondos, &c. By the most eminent authors. To be continued semi-monthly, at 12 dolls. per annum.

By C. S. Van Winkle, New York,

Published—An Appeal to the People; being a Review of the late Correspondence and Documents, relating to the Rejection of the British Minister: including an Examination of the "Arrangement" of April last. By the Editor of the New York Evening Post.

By Ezra Sargeant, and by Williams and Whiting, New York,

Published—A Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland, and two passages over the Atlantick, in the years 1805 and 1806. By B. Silliman, Professor of Chymistry and Natural History in Yale College.

By William Elliot, New York,

Published—Torpedo War, and Submarine Explosion, Embellished with five Engravings. By Robert Fulton, Fellow of the American Philosophical Society, and of the United States' Military and Philosophical Society.

"The Liberty of the Seas will be the happiness of the Earth."

Republished—The Novelist, No II, containing "The Robbers," and "The Revenge." By Mrs. Opie.

By Robert Mc'Dermut, N. York,

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"———Not unknown to me the glow,
"The warmth divine that poets know."
SHAW'S MS.

By Bernard Dornin, at his Roman Catholick Library, Baltimore,

To republish—Authentick Documents, relative to the miraculous cure of Winefrid White, of Wolverhampton, at St. Winefrid's Well, alias Holy Well, in Flintshire, on the 28th of June, 1805. With observations thereon, by the Right Rev. John Milner, D. D. Bishop of Castaballa, V. A. F. S. A. Lond. and Cath. Acad. Rome.

"It is good to hide the secrets of the king, but it is honourable to reveal and confess the works of God."

Tobias C. 12, V. J.

E. Sargeant, New York,

To republish—The Quarterly Review, from the commencement of the Series, in February, 1809.

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Pinkerton's New Modern Atlas, No. II. containing Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Southern Italy. 1l. 1s.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Dr. Buxton will shortly publish an Essay on the use of a regulated Temperature in Winter Cough and Consumption; including observations on the different methods of producing such a temperature in the chambers of invalids.

Mr. Janson, who, two years ago, published a quarto work of Travels in the United States of America, has another in the press, which will contain a continuation of his remarks on that country, in the form of a novel.

Major Moor's Hindoo Pantheon which is nearly ready for publication, will be illustrated by 105 plates, containing considerably more than a thousand mythological figures and subjects; all taken from original images, pictures, excavations, colossal, and other statues, obelisks, coins, medals, &c. and never before engraved.

The Letters of Miss Anna Seward are in the press, and will be published in five volumes post octavo, with portraits and other plates.

The Rev. Mr. Chirol, one of his Majesty's Chaplains at the French Chapel Royal, St. James's, has just completed a work on a question of the highest importance, which has never before been discussed: Whether a boarding school, or domestic education, is best calculated for females. This work, at once didactic, philosophical, moral, and religious, will appear in the course of December, in one handsome octavo vol.

The author of the Refuge, has in the press, a piece on the sufferings of Christ.

Dr. Stancliffe, well known as a popular lecturer, is about to publish a volume of Chymical Experiments, for the use of students, consisting of nearly one thousand, in the various branches of that science. This work, Blair's Grammar of Chymistry, and Nicholson's Dictionary, will form a complete course for students.

The Rev. George Crabbe has in the press a new volume of poems, entitled The Borough, in an octavo volume.

Mr. Mortimer's new Dictionary of Commerce, Trade, and Manufactures, will appear in a few days.

Mr. George Ensor, has nearly ready for publication, the first part of a Treatise on National Government.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR APRIL, 1810.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE COLUMBIAD; A Poem. By Joel Barlow. pp. 454. quarto. Philadelphia, 1807
Reprinted for Phillips, London. 8vo. pp. 420. 1809.

AS epick poetry has often been the earliest, as well as the most precious production of national genius, we ought not, perhaps, to be surprised at this goodly firstling of the infant muse of America. The truth, however, is, that though the American *government* be new, the *people* is, in all respects, as old as the people of England; and their want of literature is to be ascribed, not to the immaturity of their progress in civilisation, but to the nature of the occupations in which they are generally engaged. These federal republicans, in short, bear no sort of resemblance to the Greeks of the days of Homer, or the Italians of the age of Dante; but are very much such people, we suppose, as the modern traders of Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow. They have all a little Latin whipped into them in their youth; and read Shakspeare, Pope, and Milton, as well as bad English novels, in their days of courtship and leisure. They are just as likely to write epick poems, therefore, as the inhabitants of our trading towns at home; and are entitled to no more admiration when they succeed, and to no more indulgence when they fail, than would be due, on a similar occasion, to any of those industrious persons.

Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Barlow, we are afraid, will not be the Homer of his country; and will never take his place among the en-

during poets either of the old or of the new world. The faults which obviously cut him off from this high destiny, may be imputed partly to his country, and partly to his subject; but chiefly to himself. The want of a literary society, to animate, control and refine, and the intractableness of a subject which extends from the creation to the millennium, and combines the rude mythologies of savages with the treaties and battles of men who are still alive, certainly aggravated the task which he had undertaken with no common difficulties. But the great misfortune undoubtedly is, that Mr. Barlow is, in no respect, qualified to overcome these difficulties. From the prose which he has introduced into this volume, and even from much of what is given as poetry, it is easy to see that he is a man of a plain, strong, and resolute understanding; a very good republican; and a considerable despiser of all sorts of prejudices and illusions; but without any play or vivacity of fancy; any gift of simplicity or pathos; any loftiness of genius, or delicacy of taste. Though not deficient in literature, therefore, nor unread in poetry, he has evidently none of the higher elements of a poet in his composition; and has, accordingly, made a most injudicious choice and unfortunate application of the models which lay before him. Like other persons of

a cold and coarse imagination, he is caught only by what is glaring and exaggerated; and seems to have no perception of the finer and less obtrusive graces which constitute all the lasting and deep-felt charms of poetry. In his cumbrous and inflated style, he is constantly mistaking hyperbole for grandeur, and supplying the place of simplicity with huge patches of mere tameness and vulgarity. This curious intermixture, indeed, of extreme homeliness and flatness, with a sort of turbulent and bombastick elevation, is the great characteristic of the work before us. Instead of aspiring to emulate the sublime composure of Milton, or the natural eloquence and flowing nervousness of Dryden, Mr. Barlow has bethought him of transferring to epic poetry the light, sparkling, and tawdry diction of Darwin, and of narrating great events, and delivering lofty precepts in an unhappy imitation of that picturesque, puerile, and pedantick style, which alternately charms and disgusts us in the pages of our poetical physiologist. Infinitely more verbose and less spirited than Darwin, however, he reminds us of him, only by his characteristic defects; and, after all, is most tolerable in those passages in which he reminds us most of him.

Such is the general character of this transatlantic epic, as to style and taste in composition. As for the more substantial requisites of such a work, it is, unfortunately, still more deficient. Though crowded with names, and confused with incidents, it cannot properly be said to have either characters or action. In sketching the history of America from the days of Manco Capac down to the present day, and a few thousand years lower, the author, of course, cannot spare time to make us acquainted with any one individual. The most important personages, therefore, appear but once upon the scene, and then pass away and are

forgotten. Mr. Barlow's exhibition, accordingly, partakes more of the nature of a procession, than of a drama. River gods, sachems, majors of militia, all enter at one side of his stage, and go off at the other, never to return. Rocha and Oella take up as much room as Greene and Washington; and the rivers Potomack and Delaware, those fluent and venerable personages, both act and talk a great deal more than Jefferson or Franklin.

It is plain, that in a poem constructed upon such a plan, there can be no development of character, no unity, or even connexion of action, and consequently no interest, and scarcely any coherence or contrivance in the story. Of a work of this magnitude and curiosity, however, it is proper that our readers should be enabled, in some measure, to judge for themselves; and, therefore, we shall proceed to lay before them a short abstract of the plan, and to subjoin such extracts as are calculated to convey a just notion of its execution.

Columbus, it is well known, was repaid for his great discovery with signal ingratitude; and was at one time loaded with chains, and imprisoned on the instigation of an envious rival. The poem opens with a view of his dungeon, and a long, querulous soliloquy addressed to its walls. All on a sudden, the gloom is illuminated, by the advent of a celestial personage; and the guardian angel of America is introduced by the name of Hesper, who consoles and soothes the heroic prisoner, by leading him up to a shadowy mount, from which he entertains him with a full prospect of the vast continent he had discovered, and sets before him, in a long vision, which lasts till the end of the poem, all the events which had happened, and were to happen, in that region, or in any other connected with it.

Thus, the whole history, past, present, and future, of America, and in-

clusively of the whole world, is delivered in the clumsy and revolting form of a miraculous vision; and thus truth is not only blended with falsehood and fancy, but is presented to the mind, under the mask of the grossest and most palpable fiction. Mr. Barlow, of course, judges differently of his plan, and maintains, not only that it gives great interest and dignity to the story, but that it has enabled him "to observe the unities of time, place, and action, more rigidly than any other poet; the whole action consisting in what takes place between Columbus and Hesper, which must be supposed to occupy but a few hours." There never was so cheap and ingenious a method of satisfying the unities as this. Here is a poem of some seven or eight thousand verses, containing a sketch of universal history, from the deluge to the final conflagration, with particular notices of all the battles, factions, worthies, and improvements in America, for the last half century; and when we complain of the enormous extent and confusion of this metrical chronicle, we are referred to some fifty forgotten lines at the outset, from which it appears, that Columbus came to the knowledge of all these fine things by seeing them rehearsed before him one dark night, on the top of a mountain in Spain. If this apology is to be received, Mr. Scott might hold out his beautiful *outlaw*, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, as a perfect pattern of the unities; since the whole story is told in one afternoon, in the dressing room of the dutchess of Buccleugh. The ancient poets, in like manner, had nothing more to do than to prefix a notice, that the whole piece was dictated to them by a muse in any given grotto or bower. Nay, even a degenerate modern, it would seem, might, upon the same principle, securely evade this most rigorous law of the unities, by merely notifying in verse, that his rambling epick was all com-

posed by him in the course of one term, and within the precincts of one garret. Is it possible that self-partiality should have so far blinded a man of Mr. Barlow's acuteness, as to make it necessary to remind him, that the unity which the reader requires in a long poem, must be in the subject, and not in the manner of introducing it; and that the miscellaneous history of four thousand years does not become one story, by being represented in one vision, any more than by being bound up in one volume? It is time, however, to give a short sketch of this visionary legend.

The first part of it belongs rather to geography than to civil history, and contains a long description of the American hills, lakes, rivers, and vegetable productions. The next chapter goes on to the animal kingdom, and is chiefly occupied with the physiology of its human natives, and a theory about its population. Two whole books are then devoted to the fabulous exploits of Manco Capac and Oella, the Osiris and Isis of the Peruvian mythology; their institutions civil and religious; and their conquest and conversion of the more ferocious savages around them. After this, there is a very short sketch of the Spanish oppressions, followed out by a speculation upon the popish superstition, the Jesuits, and the inquisition. The voyages of sir Walter Raleigh, and the colonisation of Virginia, are then commemorated: and the next book contains the history of the Canadian war 1757, with the defeat of Braddock and the death of Wolfe; and then begins the story of the colonial war, which is given with considerable detail in the course of the two following books. This ends the historical, and introduces the prophetic part of Mr. Barlow's poem. The eighth book is dedicated to a survey of the progress which America is destined to make in art, virtue and happiness; and the ninth and

tenth, which close the work, to a view of the general happiness of mankind, when all the nations of the earth shall have been taught, by the example of America, to renounce war and violence, to unite in one great, federal republick, and to hold a grand, annual congress of sages in Egypt, for the purpose of renouncing all prejudices, and consulting for the general happiness. With this beatifick vision Hesper closes his splendid exhibition; and leaves Columbus quite comforted and satisfied in his dungeon.

Before proceeding to lay before our readers any of the passages which make up this comprehensive detail, it is proper, and indeed in some respects necessary, to apprise them, that this American bard frequently writes in a language utterly unknown to the prose or verse of this country. We have often heard it reported, that our transatlantick brethren were beginning to take it amiss that their language should still be called English; and truly we must say, that Mr. Barlow has gone far to take away that ground of reproach. The groundwork of his speech, perhaps, may be English, as that of the Italian is Latin; but the variations amount, already, to more than a change of dialect, and really make a glossary necessary for most untraveled readers. As this is the first specimen which has come to our hands of any considerable work composed in the American tongue, it may be gratifying to our philological readers, if we make a few remarks upon it.

It is distinguished from the original English, in the first place, by a great multitude of words which are radically and entirely new, and as utterly foreign as if they had been adopted from the Hebrew or Chinese: in the second place, by a variety of new compounds and combinations of words, or roots of words, which are still known in the parent tongue: and, thirdly, by the pervers-

sion of a still greater number of original, English words from their proper use or signification, by employing nouns substantive for verbs, for instance, and adjectives for substantives, &c. We shall set down a few examples of each.

In the first class, we may reckon the words *multifluvian*—*cosmogyal*—*crass*—*role*—*gride*—*conglaciate*—*colon* and *coloniarch*—*trist* and *contristed*—*thirl*—*gerb*—*ludibrious*—*croupe*—*scow*—*emban*—*lowe*—*brume*—*brumal*, &c. &c.

The second class is still more extensive, and, to our ears, still more discordant. In it we may comprehend such verbs as, to *utilise*, to *vagrate*, to *oversheet*, to *emphalm*, to *inhumanise*, to *transboard*, to *reseck*, to *bestorm*, to *ameed*, &c. &c. such adjectives as *bivaulted*, *imbeaded*, *unkeeled*, *laxed*, *forestered*, *homicidious*, *millennial*, *portless*, *undungconed*, *lustred*, &c.—*conflicting fulminents*; and a variety of substantives formed upon the same plan of distortion.

The third, or last class of American improvements, consists mainly in the violent transformation of an incredible number of English nouns into verbs. Thus we have: “to *shade* the soil”—“to *sledge* the corn”—and “to *keel* the water.” We have, also, the verbs, to *breeze*, to *rainbow*, to *hill*, to *scope*, to *lot*, to *lamp*, to *road*, and to *reroad*, to *fang*, to *fray*, to *bluff*, to *tone*, to *forester*, to *gyve*, to *besom*, and fifty more. Nor is it merely as verbs that our poor nouns are compelled to serve in this new, republican dictionary; they are forced, upon a pinch, to do the duty of adjectives also; and, accordingly, we have science distinguished into moral science and *physick* science; and *things* discussed with a view to their *physick* forms and their final ends.

The innovations in prosody, are not less bold and meritorious. We have *galaxy* and *platina* with the middle syllable long:

"New constellations, new galaxies rise."

"The pale *platiná* and the burning gold."

Contents, *allied*, *bombard*, and *expansé*, are accented on the first syllable:

"Each through the adverse ports their *contents* pour," &c.

And *empyrean* is made short in the penult; as in that fine line,

"Empalms the *empyrean*, or dissects a gaz."

The rhymes are equally original:—*plain* rhymes to *man*—*blood* to *God*, and *share* to *war*, in three successive couplets.

Before closing these hasty and imperfect notices of the characteristic of this new language, it seems proper to observe, that if Mr. Barlow's authority is to be relied on, it may also be known from all other tongues, by an utter disregard of all distinction between what we should call lofty and elegant, and low and vulgar expressions. These republican literati seem to make it a point of conscience to have no aristocratical distinctions—even in their vocabulary. They think one word just as good as another, provided its meaning be as clear; and will know no difference, but that of force and perspicuity. Thus, we hear of rivers that *tap* the upland lakes; and are told that, in North America, there are "hills by hundreds," of such a height, that, if set beside them,

"Taurus would shrink; Hemodia *strut* no more."

In the same taste, in an elaborate description of the celebrated feat of William Tell, our attention is particularly directed to the stretching of his *knuckles* as he draws the cord, and to the skill with which "*he flicked the pistin*" off his boy's head. Niagara, we are afterwards informed, "*bluffs high his head*,"

"And Chili *bluffs*, and Plata *flats* the coast."

And in a pompous description of a storm, we see the crew "*spring to quarters*," "*haul their wind*," and

get their shrouds *afoul*; and learn, after all, that

"Crew and cargo glut the watery grave."

The great river Plata, too, appears with extraordinary magnificence:

"And highland drains with *lowland drench* repays."

Inland navigation is justly extolled for the saving which it occasions in the *carrier's* toil. Contagion is said to be promoted by "heaps of putrid meat;" and steams are represented as arising from her "*box*." With an equal regard to dignity, the flames in a great conflagration, are represented as "*sucking up the cinders*." Some of the republican forces are said to be "*hard pushed*;" and other are obliged to "*climb hard*" up a hill, to get out of the reach of the enemy. The tripod of the Delphick priestess, moreover, is elegantly called her "*stool*;" and the watchword of the night-sentinels is pleasantly termed "*sty*."

From the view which we have now given of the diction of this American epick, it might, perhaps, be concluded, that the whole must be equally unintelligible and intolerable to an English reader; and that we could not be serious in saying, that Mr. Barlow had stolen the style of Darwin, who versifies, in general, with great elegance, and seldom mixes any thing with his English but terms of science or of art. The truth is, however, that the greater part of Mr. Barlow may be understood by a careful reader, even in this country: that his versification is, generally, both soft and sonorous; and that, notwithstanding the occasional lowness and constant want of purity of his diction, there are many passages of rich and vigorous description; and some that might lay claim even to the praise of magnificence. The fatal want of simplicity, passion, and character, unfortunately leave no room to doubt of his destiny as an epick poet; but there is a power, now and then, both in his descriptive and didactic passages,

that, under stricter management, might turn to some account in another department of poetry. That he resembles Darwin, no one, we think, will doubt, after glancing at the following passages:

"Indignant Frost, to hold his captive, plies
His hosted fiends that vex the polar skies,
Unlocks his magazines of nitrick stores,
Azotick charms and muriatick powers;
Hail, with its glassy globes, and brume
congealed,
Rime's fleecy flakes, and storm that heaps
the field.

The loosen'd ice-isles o'er the main
advance,

Toss on the surge, and thro the concave
dance;

Whirl'd high, conjoin'd, in crystal moun-
tains driven,

Alp over Alp, they build a midway heaven;
Whose million mirrors mock the solar

ray,
And give condensed the tenfold glare of
day,

As tow'rd the south the mass enormous
glides,

And brineless rivers furrow down its
sides;

The thirsty sailor steals a glad supply,
And sultry trade-winds quaff the boreal
sky.

But oft insidious death, with mist o'er-
strown,

Rides the dark ocean on this icy throne;
When ships through vernal seas with
light airs steer

Their midnight march, and deem no dan-
ger near.

The steerman gayly helms his course along,
And laughs and listens to the watchman's
song." &c. p. 26—8.

The same tone pervades the fol-
lowing account of the origin of the
Mississippi.

"High in the north his parent fountains
wed,

And oozing urns adorn his infant head;
In vain proud Frost his nursing lakes
would close,

And choke his channel with perennial
snows;

From all their slopes he curves his count-
less rills,

Sweeps their long marshes, saps their set-
tling hills;

Then stretching, straightening south, he
gayly gleams,

Swells through the climes, and swallows
all their streams;

From zone to zone, o'er earth's broad sur-
face curled,

He cleaves his course, he furrows half the
world;

Now roaring wild through bursting moun-
tains driven,

Now calm reflecting all the host of heaven;
Where Cynthia pausing her own face ad-
mires,

And suns and stars repeat their dancing
fires.

Wide o'er his meadowy lawns he spreads
and feeds

His realms of canes, his waving world of
reeds,

Where mammoth grazed the renovating
groves,

Slaked his huge thirst, and chilled his
fruitless loves." &c. p. 31.

And this sketch of the feats of
Prometheus, though more nearly ap-
proaching to a caricature of the origi-
nal faulty model.

"Prometheus came, and from the floods of
day

Suns his clear soul with heaven's internal
ray.

Probes the dense earth, explores the
soundless main,

Remoulds their mass through all its three-
fold reign,

O'er great, o'er small extends his physick
laws,

Empalms the empyrean or dissects a gaz,
Weighs the vast orbs of heaven, bestrides
the sky,

Walks on the windows of an insect's eye,"
&c. p. 128.

For the lovers of well sounding
catalogues, there is a great deal of
such melodious, natural history as
the following.

"Where Mexick hills the breezy gulph
defend,

Spontaneous groves with richer burdens
bend.

Anana's stalk its shaggy honours yields,
Acassia's flowers perfume a thousand
fields,

Their clustered dates the mast-like palms
unfold,

The spreading orange waves a load of
gold,

Connubial vines o'ertop the larch they
climb,

The long-lyed olive mocks the moth of time,
Pomona's pride, that old Grenada claims,
Here smiles and reddens in diviner flames;
Pimento, citron, scent the sky serene,
White woolly clusters fringe the cotton's green,
The sturdy fig, the frail deciduous cane
And foodful cocoa fan the sultry plain."
p. 35.

A modern battle, Mr. Barlow observes in his preface, is "far more magnificent, more sonorous, and more discolouring to the face of nature, than an ancient one could have been; and is consequently susceptible of more pomp and variety of description." He adds also, that he found these descriptions particularly easy to write. It is but just, therefore, to present the reader with a specimen of one of them. The following exhibits, we think, in very fair proportion, the characteristic faults and excellences of this writer.

"As hovering clouds, when morning beams arise,
Hang their red curtains round our eastern skies,
Unfold a space to hail the promised sun,
And catch their splendours from his rising throne;
Thus glowed the opposing fronts, whose steely glare
Glanced o'er the shuddering interval of war.

From Albion's left the canonade began,
And pour'd thick thunders on Hesperia's van,
Forced in her dexter guards, that skirmisht wide
To prove what powers the forest hills might hide;
They break, fall back, with measured quickstep tread,
Form close, and flank the solid squares they led.
Now roll, with kindling haste, the long stark lines,
From wing to wing the sounding battle joins;
Batteries and field-parks and platoons of fire,
In mingled shocks their roaring blasts expire.
Each front approaching fast, with equal pace,
Devours undaunted their dividing space;

Till, dark beneath the smoke, the meeting ranks
Slope their strong bayonets; with short firm shanks
Protruded from their tubes; each bristling van,
Steel fronting steel, and man encountering man,
In dreadful silence tread. As, wrapt from sight,
The nightly ambush moves to secret fight;
So rush the raging files, and sightless close
In plunging thrust with fierce conflicting foes.
They reach, they strike, they stagger o'er the slain,
Deal doubtful blows, or closing clench their man,
Intwine their twisting limbs, the gun forgo,
Wrench off the bayonet and dirk the foe;
Then struggling back, reseize the musket bare,
Club the broad breech, and headlong whirl to war.
Ranks rush on ranks with equal slaughter gored;
Waru dripping streams from every lifted sword
Stain the thin carnaged corps, who still maintain,
With mutual shocks, the vengeance of the plain.
At last, where Williams fought and Campbell fell,
Unwonted strokes the British line repel.
The rout begins," &c. p. 227, 228.

There is a sea-fight given with still greater detail; but more horribly crammed with bloodshed and bombast; and exhibiting, in a very striking way, the greatness of this author's mistake as to the true fountains of force and grandeur in description. The first four lines are laudable.

"So, hazing thro the void, at first appear
White clouds of canvass floating on the air,
Then frown the broad, black decks, the sails are stayed,
The gaping portholes cast a frightful shade,
Flames, triple tiered, and tides of smoke, arise,
And fulminations rock the seas and skies.
From van to rear the roaring deluge runs,
The storm disgorging from a thousand guns,

Each like a vast volcano, spouting wide
His hissing hell-dogs o'er the shuddering
tide,

Whirls high his chainshot, cleaves the
mast, and strows

The shivered fragments on the staggering
foes;

Whose gunwale sides with iron globes
are gored,

And a wild storm of splinters sweeps the
board.

Nor sun nor sea nor skyborn lightning
gleams,

But flaming Phlegethon's asphaltick
streams

Streak the long gaping gulph; where vary-
ing glow

Carbonick curls above, blue flakes of fire
below.

The huddling troops, infuriate from de-
spair,

Tug at the toils of death, and perish
there;

Grenados, carcasses their fragments
spread,

And pikes and pistols strow the decks
with dead.

Now on the Gallick board the Britons
rush,

The intrepid Gauls the rash adventurers
crush.

There swells the carnage; all the tar-beat
floor

Is clogg'd with spatter'd brains and glued
with gore;

And down the ship's black waist fresh
brooks of blood

Course o'er their clots, and tinge the
sable flood." p. 233-235.

The final surrender of Cornwallis
is described with considerable pomp
of numbers; and is, perhaps, among
the most unexceptionable passages
in this division of the poem.

"Cornwallis first, their late all-conquer-
ing lord,

Bears to the victor chief his conquer'd
sword,

Presents the burnisht hilt, and yields with
pain

The gift of kings, here brandisht long in
vain.

Then bow their hundred banners, trailing
far

Their wearied wings from all the skirts of
war.

Battalion'd infantry and squadron'd horse
Dash the silk tassel and the golden torse;
Flags from the forts and ensigns from the
fleet

Roll in the dust, and kiss Columbia's feet.
Here Albion's crimson Cross the soil o'er-
spreads,

Her Lion crouches and her Thistle fades;
Indignant Erin rues her trampled Lyre,

Brunswick's pale Steed forgets his foamy
fire,

Proud Hessia's Castle lies in dust o'er-
thrown,

And venal Anspach quits her broken
Crown.

Long trains of wheel'd artillery shade the
shore,

Quench their blue matches and forget to
roar;

Along the encumber'd plain, thick planted
rise

High stacks of muskets glittering to the
skies,

Numerous and vast. As when the toiling
swains

Heap their whole harvest on the stubbly
plains,

Gerb after gerb the bearded shock ex-
pands,

Shocks, ranged in rows, hill high the bur-
den'd lands;

The joyous master numbers all the piles,
And o'er his well earn'd crop complacent
smiles:

Such growing heaps this iron harvest yield,
So tread the victors this their final field."

p. 243-44.

These upon the whole are very
favourable specimens of Mr. Bar-
low's modern heroicks. When he
proceeds to immortalize the worthies
of the revolution war, his inferiority
to Homer becomes rather more con-
spicuous.

His picture of modern War, *spit-
ting* out pikes, muskets, and mortars,
is not less preposterous; nor can we
say much for such couplets as the
following.

"Blaze-trailing fuses vault the night's dim
round,

And shells and langrage lacerate the
ground." p. 223.

The most absurd passage, how-
ever, of the whole poem, is that in
which the river Delaware is repre-
sented as opposing Washington's
passage and calling in the aid of
Frost to render his waves innaviga-
ble. The gross stupidity of the fic-
tion can only be surpassed by the

heavy turbulence of the execution. Mr. Barlow must submit to have part of this precious passage extracted.

"The god perceived his warning words were vain,
And rose more furious to assert his reign,
Lash'd up a loftier surge, and heaved on high

A ridge of billows that obstruct the sky;
And, as the accumulated mass he rolls,
Bares the sharp rocks and lifts the gaping shoals.

Forward the fearless barges plunge and bound,
Top the curl'd wave, or grind the flinty ground,
Caren, whirl, right, and sidelong dasht and tost,

Now seem to reach and now to lose the coast.

Still unsubdued the sea-drench'd army toils,
Each buoyant skiff the flouncing godhead foils;

He *raves and roars*, and in delirious wo
Calls to his aid his ancient, hoary foe,
Almighty Frost, &c.

Roused at the call, the monarch mounts the storm;

In muriat flakes he robes his nitrous form,
Glazes thro' the compound, all its blast inhales,

And seas turn crystal where he breathes his gales.

Earth heaves and cracks beneath the alighting god;

He gains the pass, bestrides the roaring flood,

Shoots from his nostrils one wide, withering sheet

Of treasured meteors on the struggling fleet;

The waves *conglaciate* instant, fix in air,
Stand like a ridge of rocks, and shiver there.

The barks, confounded in their headlong surge,

Or wedged in crystal, cease their oars to urge;

Some with prone prow, as plunging down the deep,

And some remounting o'er the slippery steep." p. 184—186.

Then comes the angel Hesper, who mauls the poor god of frost with the trunk of a tough fir tree, and knocks the ice to pieces, in which the boats had been entangled.

"Stroke after stroke with doubling force he plied,

Foiled the hoar fiend and pulverized the tide.
The baffled tyrant quits the desperate cause;

From Hesper's heat the river swells and thaws.

The fleet rolls gently to the Jersey coast,
And morning splendours greet the landing lost." p. 189.

The philosophick, or prophetick part of the poem, in which the author, reviewing the past destiny of man, ventures to delineate his future progress, is far superiour, in our estimation, to the narrative or historical part. His retrospects have far more breadth and dignity; and his anticipations far more spirit than his chronicle. We take the following passage almost at random:

"At last, a soil more fixt, and streams more sweet

Inform the wretched migrant where to seat;

Euphrates' flowery banks begin to smile,
Fruits fringe the Ganges, gardens grace the Nile;

Nile, ribb'd with dikes, a length of coast creates,

And giant Thebes begins her hundred gates,

Mammoth of human works! her grandeur known

These thousand lustres by its wrecks alone;
Wrecks that humiliate, still, all modern states,

Press the poised earth with their enormous weights,

Refuse to quit their place, dissolve their frame,

And trust, like Ilium, to the bards their fame.

Memphis amass'd her piles, that still o'er-climb

The clouds of heaven, and task the tooth of time;

Belus and Brama tame their vagrant throngs,

And Homer, with his monumental songs,
Builds far more durable his splendid throne,

Than all the Pharaohs with their hills of stone.

High roll'd the round of years that hung sublime

These wondrous beacons in the night of time;

Studs of renown! that to thine eyes attest
The waste of ages that beyond them rest;

Ages, how fill'd with toils! how gloom'd with woes!

Trod with all steps that man's long march compose." p. 286.

The origin and progress of superstition, is drawn with the same strong hand:

"And where the mosque's dim arches bend on high,
Mecca's dead prophet mounts the mimic sky;

Pilgrims, imbanded strong for mutual aid,
Through dangerous deserts that their faith has made,

Train their long caravans, and famish'd come

To kiss the shrine and trembling touch the tomb,

By fire and sword the same fell faith extend,

And howl their homilies to earth's far end.

Phœnician altars reek with human gore,
Gods hiss from caverns or in cages roar,
Nile pours from heaven a tutelary flood,
And gardens grow the vegetable god.
Sun, stars, and planets round the earth behold

Their fanes of marble and their shrines of gold;

The sea, the grove, the harvest, and the vine

Spring from their gods and claim a birth divine;

While heroes, kings and sages of their times,

Those gods on earth, are gods in happier climes." p. 292—3.

The following reflections on the sad alternation of light and darkness, of civilisation and barbarism, that has marked the past history of the species, are expressed with power and feeling.

"What strides he took in those gigantic times

That sow'd with cities all his orient climes!
Did not his Babylon exulting say,
I sit a queen, &c.

Where shall we find them now? the very shore

Where Ninus rear'd his empire is no more:
The dikes decay'd, a putrid marsh regains
The sunken walls and tomb encumber'd plains.

The fox himself has fled his gilded den,
Nor holds the heritage he won from men;
Lapwing and reptile shun the curst abode,
And the foul dragon, now no more a god,

Trails off his train; the sickly raven flies," &c. p. 295—6.

After a transient glimpse of the glories of Greece, the author proceeds:

"Yet from that splendid height o'erturn'd once more,

He dash'd in dust the living lamp he bore.
Dazzled with her own glare, decoy'd and sold

For homebred faction and barbarick gold,
Greece treads on Greece, subduing and subdued,

New crimes inventing, all the old renew'd;
Canton o'er canton climbs; till, crush'd and broke,

All yield the sceptre and resume the yoke." p. 296—7.

These and other instances awake in the mind of Columbus some sad forebodings, that the returning tide of violence and superstition may again blot out the intelligence which seems so firmly established.

"The two broad continents their beams combine

Round his whole globe to stream the day divine,

Perchance some folly, yet uncured, may spread

A storm proportion'd to the lights they shed,

Veil both his continents, and leave again
Between them stretch'd the impermeable main;

All science buried, sails and cities lost,
Their lands uncultured, as their seas uncross'd.

Till on thy coast, some thousand ages hence,

New pilots rise, bold enterprise commence,

Some new Columbus (happier let him be,
More wise and great and virtuous far than me)

Launch on the wave, and tow'rd the rising day

Like a strong eaglet steer his untaught way,

Gird half the globe, and to his age unfold
A strange new world, the world we call the old.

From Finland's glade to Calpe's storm-beat head

He'll find some tribes of scattering wild men spread;

But one vast wilderness will shade the soil,

No wreck of art, no sign of ancient toil
Tell where a city stood, nor leave one
trace
Of all that honours now, and all that
shames the race." p. 300-1.

The angel allays these apprehensions, by reminding him of the mighty changes that have been wrought on the frame of human society by the press, the magnet, and the spirit of commercial independence; and proceeds to lay before him the enchanting scenes of human innocence and enjoyment which await those later times, when war shall have ceased, and self-interest and philanthropy been discovered to coincide.

"The Hero look'd; beneath his wondering eyes
Gay streamers lengthen round the seas
and skies;
The countless nations open all their stores,
Load every wave and crowd the lively
shores;
Bright sails in mingling mazes streak the
air,
And Commerce triumphs o'er the rage of
war.

From Baltick streams, from Elba's
opening side,
From Rhine's long course and Texel's labouring
tide,
From Gaul, from Albion, tired of fruitless
fight,
From green Hibernia, clothed in recent
light,
Hispania's strand that two broad oceans
lave,
From Senegal and Gambia's golden wave,
Togo the rich, and Douro's viny shores,
The sweet Canaries and the soft Azores,
Commingle barks their mutual banners
hail,
And drink by turns the same distending
gale.
Where Asia's isles and utmost shorelands
bend,
Like rising suns the sheeted masts ascend;
Coast after coast their flowing flags unrol,
From Deimen's rocks to Zembla's ice-
prompt pole,
Where Behren's pass collapsing worlds
divides,

Where California breaks the billowy tides,
Peruvian streams their golden margins
boast," &c. p. 321-2.

"Again he look'd. Another train of
years
Had roll'd unseen, and brighten'd still
their spheres;
Earth more resplendent in the floods of day
Assumed new smiles, and flush'd around
him, lay.
Green swell the mountains, calm the
oceans roll,
Fresh beams of beauty kindle round the
pole;
Thro' all the range where shores and seas
extend,
In tenfold pomp the works of peace
ascend.
Robed in the bloom of spring's eternal
year,
And ripe with fruits the same glad fields
appear;
O'er hills and vales perennial gardens run,
Cities unwall'd stand sparkling to the sun;
The streams all freighted from the bound-
less plain
Swell with the load and labour to the
main,
Whose stormless waves command a
steadier gale
And prop the pinions of a bolder sail." p. 337-8.

The last scene of the vision is the grand congress of sages, who are to assemble from all corners of the world, in the central plains of Egypt, to consult for the happiness of the federated universe; and, finally, to abjure all the prejudices by which men are now divided and debased. A statue is erected to the genius of human kind, and

"Beneath the footstool all destructive
things,
The mask of priesthood and the mace of
kings,
Lie trampled in the dust; for here at last
Fraud, folly, error, all their emblems
cast.
Each envoy here unloads his wearied hand
Of some old idol from his native land;
One flings a pagod on the mingled heap,
One lays a crescent, one a cross* to sleep;
Swords, sceptres, mitres, crowns, and
globes and stars,

* We have put this word in italicks, not to insinuate any charge of impiety against Mr. Barlow, but to guard him against that imputation. From the whole strain of his poem, in which he speaks with warm approbation of reformed Christianity; specifies the

Codes of false fame, and stimulants to wars,
Sink in the settling mass: since guile began,
These are the agents of the woes of man."
p. 340.

Our readers, we suspect, have now enough of this performance. As a great national poem, it has enormous—inexpiable—and, in some respects, intolerable faults. But the author's talents are, evidently, respectable. And, severely as we have been obliged to speak of his taste and his diction, in a great part of the volume, we have no hesitation in saying, that we consider him as a giant, in comparison with many of the puling and paltry rhymsters, who disgrace our English literature by their occasional success. As an epick poet, we do think his case is desperate; but, as a philosophical and moral poet, we think he has talents of no ordinary value; and, if he would pay some attention to purity of style, and simplicity of composition, and cherish in himself a certain fastidiousness of taste—which is not yet to be found, we are afraid, even among the better educated of the Americans—we have no doubt that he might produce something which English poets would envy, and English critics applaud. In the mean time, we think it quite certain, that his present work will have no success in this country. Its faults are far too many, and too glaring, to give its merits any chance of being distinguished; and, indeed, no long poem was ever redeemed by the beauty of particular passages; especially if its faults were owing to affectation, and its beauties addressed rather to the judgment than to the heart or the imagination. If it will be any comfort to Mr. Barlow, we will add, that we doubt very much

whether *any* long poem of the epick character will ever again be very popular in Europe. All such works have necessarily so much of imitation about them, as nearly to extinguish all interest or curiosity in the reader, and, at the same time, to lead to dangerous comparisons. The style and title of an epick poem, immediately puts us in mind of Homer, Virgil, and Milton; and who can stand against such competitors? We even suspect, if we must tell the whole truth, that the works of those great masters themselves were better suited to the times that produced them, than to the present time. Men, certainly, bore long stories with more patience of old, than they do now. Witness the genealogies and monkish legends and romances which delighted our remoter ancestors, and through which even vanity is now scarcely sufficient to drag a few of their descendants. Epick poetry is the stage beyond these; and though the inimitable merit of the composition, as well as traditionary fame, will ensure the immortality of a few great models, we doubt, very much, whether it would be in the power, even of equal talents, to add another name to that illustrious catalogue. In the present state of society we require, in poetry, something more natural or more impassioned, and, at all events, something less protracted and monotonous than the sober pomp and deliberate stateliness of the epick.

There is one thing, however, which may give the original edition of Mr. Barlow's poem some chance of selling among us: and that is, the extraordinary beauty of the paper, printing, and embellishments. We do not know that we have ever seen a handsomer book issue from the

purity and evangelical charity of the priesthood as one of the prime blessings of his millennium; and breaks out into a holy rapture on the prospect of the coming of the Redeemer; we are satisfied that he here speaks of the cross, merely, as the emblem of the low and persecuting superstition of the erusaders, papists, and other sectaries, who make the crucifix an object of idolatrous veneration,

press of England; and, if this be really and truly the production of American artists, we must say, that the infant republic has already attained to the very summit of perfection in the mechanical part of bookmaking. If her home sale can defray the expense of such a publication as the present, it is a sign that a taste for

literature is spreading very widely among her inhabitants; and whenever this taste is created, we have no doubt that her authors will improve and multiply, to a degree that will make all our exertions necessary to keep the start we now have of them.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, with some of the Letters of her Correspondents, Part the First. Containing her Letters from an early age to the age of twenty three. Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. M. P. her Nephew and Executor. 2 vol. 12mo. pp. 630. London, 1809.

THESE two sizeable volumes contain a selection from the letters written by Mrs. Montagu while under the age of twenty three. Now, considering that this celebrated lady lived to be upwards of eighty, and probably did not grow less communicative as she grew older and better known, it certainly was not without some alarm, that we ventured to calculate, by this scale, the probable bulk of the whole publication. We have read through this introductory part of it, however, without any extraordinary impatience; and trust that, when the time comes, we shall be endowed with strength sufficient to do the same duty to the successive parts which may be awaiting us.

A considerable portion of the letters now before us are published, we should suppose, rather as curiosities, than on account of their intrinsic excellence. Several of them, and by no means the worst in the collection, were written, it seems, while the author was under fifteen years of age; and would certainly be considered as extraordinary performances, even in this age of premature womanhood and infant accomplishment. The subsequent letters, indeed, scarcely keep the promise that is held out by those early effusions. They are not at all more lively or more natural; and are all the worse, we think, for being

more plentifully garnished with moral reflections and morsels of elaborate flattery. If the correspondence does not improve faster in its subsequent stages, we fear greatly that there will be no climax in the reader's admiration.

The merit of the pieces before us seems to us to consist mainly in the great gayety and vivacity with which they are written. The wit, to be sure, is often childish, and generally strained and artificial; but still it both sparkles and abounds; and though we should admire it more, if it were better selected, or even if there were less of it, we cannot witness this profuse display of spirits and ingenuity, without receiving a strong impression of the talents and ambition of the writer.

The faults of the letters, on the other hand, are more numerous. In the first place, they have, properly speaking, no subjects. They are all letters of mere idleness, friendship, and flattery. There are no events; no reasonings; no anecdotes of persons who are still remembered; no literature; and scarcely any original or serious opinions. The whole staple of the correspondence consists of a very smart and lively account of every-day occurrences and every-day people; a few common places of reflection and friendship; and a consi-

derable quantity of little, playful, petulant caricatures of the writer's neighbours and acquaintances. All this has a fine, familiar effect, when interspersed with more substantial matter, or when it drops from the pen of a man of weight and authority; but whole volumes of mere prattlement from a very young lady, are apt, however gay and innocent, to produce all the symptoms of heavier reading.

A second, and perhaps a greater fault, is want of nature and simplicity; and this, in so far as we can judge, pervades the whole strain of the correspondence. There is an incessant effort to be witty or eloquent, which takes away from the grace of success, and makes failure ridiculous. There is no flow from the heart; no repose for the imagination; no indolent sympathy of confidence. Every thing is gilded and varnished in the most ostentatious manner, and exposed in the broadest light. It is not the learning only, or the ridicule, that is introduced for effect; all the familiarity must be brilliant, and all the trifling picturesque. It is evident, in short, that Mrs. Montagu wrote rather from the love of her own glory, than from any interest in the subjects of her correspondence; and the less we can sympathize with this feeling, the less we shall be delighted with her performance.

The last, and the most serious want we shall notice in this girlish correspondence, is the want of heart and affection. We naturally reckon upon a little romance in the confidential epistles of a damsel of eighteen; or, at any rate, upon some warmth of attachment; but, in these letters, though we have plenty of eloquent professions of friendship, we confess that we have looked in vain for this common bloom of sensibility. There is no softness, no enthusiasm, nothing which could, for one moment, be mistaken for the language of tenderness or emotion. Yet these are letters to chosen

friends and early associates; and embrace the period in which the writer became a wife and a mother. It is not enough that the letters of a woman should be lively and witty. Female gayety loses both its charm and its dignity, when it is not shaded with softness. Even female intellect is not quite respectable without it. The readers of *Mad. de Sevigné* complain, indeed, of the vehemence and anxiety of her attachment to her daughter; yet, importunate as that feeling is, we verily believe that it gives the chief charm to her correspondence. The image of that warm and watchful affection is constantly impressed upon our recollection; it redeems all the levities, and gives an interest to all the details of her letters; and carries us, with ready good nature, into all the anecdotes which appear to have amused a creature at once so sprightly and so kindhearted. Mrs. Montagu, on the other hand, no doubt appears very good-natured and obliging; but without any devotedness of affection, or much concern, beyond that of admiration and amusement. On the whole, we think her professions of friendship and serious morality, the least attractive parts of her performance. Her ludicrous descriptions and witty remarks, except that they are always too elaborate, are often tolerably successful; but the most entertaining of all, we think, are her lively personalities; those half malicious, half playful delineations of common acquaintance, by which the merriment and the jealousies of polite society have been chiefly maintained, ever since the period of its first formation.

Those who like the prattlement of young ladies, must naturally have some curiosity to know how they prattled seventy years ago. These volumes will certainly gratify that curiosity; and, indeed are so completely devoted to its gratification, that we scarcely know upon what

ground to recommend them to those who do not feel it. One other thing, however, they may serve to illustrate; and that is, the very little change that has taken place, during all that time, in the style and tone of familiar intercourse among the polite part of society. There is certainly nothing written so long ago, which is so little antiquated as these letters, or the letters of any other woman of high rank and good education. Taste in literature and in the arts has fluctuated and advanced in many ways in that long interval; and the manners and habits of the lower and middling orders have been slowly improving through a long series of affectations and absurdities. But the language and manners of the old aristocracy, and especially of the female part of it, have been the same, it appears, for upwards of a century. The style of lady Mary Wortley and of Mrs. Montagu, is as modern as that of their great grandchildren; and not only carries in it that charm of ease and purity which is so often wanting in the writings of professed authors, but still bears the stamp of good society so fresh upon it, that their jokes, and scandals, and pleasantries, might generally be used as they stand, to enliven the correspondence of any fashionable chronicler of the current year. If there be any distinction between the style of a modern lady, and that of a lady in the time of George I. it is, that the former had a still greater freedom, and perhaps broadness of allusion, than would generally be ventured on by the latter. This slight degree of additional reserve or delicacy, we are not, however, disposed to ascribe to any recent improvement either in purity of manners or refinement of taste; but rather to that great dissemination of opulence which has made fashionable society less select and less safe; and to that intrusion of the half-bred which has made greater caution necessary,

both to avoid vulgar misconstruction, and to repress gross imitation. There are some traits of this freedom in the letters before us, for which even these considerations may not be every where received as an apology in the works of a virgin of nineteen; though, for our own part, we certainly consider them as no impeachment, either of her innocence or her delicacy. There are a few other traits of antiquity, too, as to which it is proper to put the reader on his guard. He will hear of lace heads and ruffles; of beaux with high toupees; of drums and tea-drinkings; of dutchesses dining at two o'clock; of mothers and intimate friends addressed by the lofty title of madam; and a few other things equally strange and contemptible: but the general strain of the correspondence he will find very consonant to modern usages and conceptions; the same proportion of derision directed against the same kind of imperfections; the same tone of familiarity and light-hearted philosophy; the same selfishness and desire of distinction. But it is quite time that the said reader should be enabled to judge for himself.

Her chief correspondents, at this early period, were the dutchess of Portland, who was a few years older than herself, and Mrs. Donellan, a lady who was honoured with the notice of Swift, in his latter days. The following passages, in a letter to the former, were written under the age of fourteen; and show the first stirrings of her derisive and ambitious spirit, even before her intercourse with society had supplied it with living objects.

"One common objection to the country is, one sees no faces but those of one's own family; but my papa thinks he has found a remedy for that, by teaching me to draw; but then he husbands these faces in so cruel a manner, that he brings me sometimes a nose, sometimes an eye at a time; but on the king's birthday, as it was a festival, he brought me out a whole face, with its mouth wide open. If I could draw

well enough, I would send Miss W. her own musty face. I am sorry Le Brun has not seen it, that he might have put it in his book of drawings, among the faces that express the several passions; for he has none that express mustiness.

"If you design to make any proficiency in that art, I would advise you not to draw old men's heads. It was the rueful countenance of Socrates or Seneca that first put me out of conceit with it. Had my papa given me the blooming faces of Adonis and Narcissus, I might have been a more apt scholar; and when I told him I found those great beards difficult to draw, he gave me St. John's head in a charger; so to avoid the speculation of dismal faces, which, by my art, I dismalized ten times more than they were before, I threw away my pencil. If I drew a group of little figures, I made their countenances so sad, and their limbs so distorted, that, from a set of laughing Cupids, they looked like the tormented infants in Herod's cruelty; and smiling Venus, like Rachel weeping for her children. I have heard of some who have been famous landscape painters; others, who have been famous battle painters; but I take myself to have been the best hospital painter; for I never drew a figure that was not lame or blind, and they had all something of the horrible in their countenances; and by the arching of their eyebrows, and the opening their mouths, they looked so frightened, you would have thought they had seen their own faces in the glass.

"I am very sorry I have made so very free with your cousin; but how could I imagine any person who was neither handsome nor agreeable, was your relation! I dare say she is a very distant one; had she been within four or five degrees, she must have been both. I believe Miss D——, and her Fubbsey, are now one flesh, or rather one fat. I am," &c. I. 14, 19—21.

The next, which contains her earliest observations on life and characters, is of the age of seventeen.

"Our assembly, in full glory, has ten coaches at it; and lady H——, to make up a number, is pleased, in her humility, to call in all the parsons, apprentices, tradesmen, apothecaries, and farmers; milliners, mantuamakers, haberdashers of small wares, and chambermaids. It is the oddest mixture you can imagine; here sails a reverend parson; there skips an airy apprentice; here jumps a farmer: and then every one has an eye to their trade. The milliner pulls you by the hand till she tears your glove; the mantuamaker treads

upon your petticoat till she unrrips the seams; the shoemaker makes you foot it, till you wear out your shoes; the mercer dirties your gown; the apothecary opens the window behind you that you may be sick; and the parson calls out for Joan Saunderson. I must tell your grace that my papa forgets twenty years and nine children, and dances as nimbly as any of the quorum; but is now and then mortified by hearing the ladies cry: 'Old Mr. Robinson! Hay sides and turn your daughter.' Other ladies, who have a mind to appear young, say: 'Well! there is my poor grandpapa, he could no more dance so!' Then comes an old batchelor of fifty, and shakes him by the hand, and cries: 'Why, you dance like one of us young fellows.' Another, more injudicious than the rest, says, by way of compliment: 'Who would think you had six fine children taller than yourself? I protest, if I did not know you, I should take you to be young;' then says the most antiquated virgin in the company: 'Mr. Robinson wears mighty well; my mother says he looks as well as ever she remembers him; he used to come often to the house when I was a girl.'

"I have not heard any thing of lady A—— since her wedding. Sir Robert had an apoplectick fit at sir Philip B——'s a little before they married. Sir Philip is so fond of him and his lady, that it is thought he will leave him some part of his estate, which is very considerable. I don't know from whence the friendship arises; there may indeed be a sympathy in the souls of sir Philip and sir Robert, but there never was less resemblance of body. Sir Robert Austin's shadow, by moonlight, would make a dozen of the other. The apothecary in Caius Marius is a corpulent man in comparison of him. I cannot describe him to your grace: a shadow is too material, and a skeleton too fat. He is really the grim king of the ghosts; he will be president of the court of Death. His wife and he are literally but *one flesh*, for she has all the flesh herself." I. 43—46.

We give the following letter, which seems to have been written at eighteen, for two reasons; first, because it affords the earliest, and by no means the least favourable, specimen of the writer's more sententious and serious manner; and, secondly, because it seems to have had the singular distinction of being written on *two* several occasions, to the same noble friend, at the distance of

four years. It appears, first, at p. 54, of the first volume, under date of the year 1738; and, again, at p. 281, under date of September 25th, 1741. The only difference is, that, in this last edition, it has a few additional sentences interspersed; to the sensible deterioration, we think, of the composition. In all other respects, the two letters are *verbatim* and *literatim* the same. There is something very ridiculous, we think, in this duplication, however it may be explained. If the fair writer actually made the same letters do duty twice over, after a certain interval for oblivion, as economical preachers are said to do with their sermons, it gives us rather a lower idea of her inventive powers than we should otherwise be disposed to entertain; and, even if it be repeated by mistake, in consequence of two copies being found among her papers, still the variations and the distance of the dates, show that she paid a degree of attention to these performances which their intrinsic importance scarcely appears to merit. The letter itself, as it stands in its earliest and best form, is as follows:

“As your grace tenders my peace of mind, you will be glad to hear I am not so angry as I was. I own I was much moved in spirit at hearing you neglected your health; but since you have had advice, there is one safe step taken. As for me, I have swallowed the weight of an apothecary in medicine; and what I am the better, except more patient and less credulous, I know not. I have learnt to bear my infirmities, and not to trust to the skill of physicians for curing them. I endeavour to drink deep of philosophy, and be wise when I cannot be merry; easy when I cannot be glad; content with what cannot be mended; and patient where there is no redress. The mighty can do no more, and the wise seldom do as much. You see I am in the main content with myself, though many would quarrel with such an insignificant, idle, inconsistent person. But I am resolved to make the best of all circumstances around me, that this short life may not be half lost in pains, well remembering and applying, the necessity of dying.” Between the periods

of birth and burial I would fain insert a little happiness, a little pleasure, a little peace. To day is ours; yesterday is past; and to morrow may never come. I wonder people can so much forget death, when all we see before us is but succession; minute succeeds to minute; season to season; summer dies as winter comes. The dial marks the change of hour; every night brings death-like sleep; and morning seems a resurrection. Yet, while all changes and decays, we expect no alteration; unapt to live, unready to die, we lose the present and seek the future; ask much for what we have not; thank Providence but little for what we have. Our youth has no joy; our middle age no quiet; our old age no ease, no indulgence. Ceremony is the tyrant of this day; fashion of the other; business of the next. Little is allowed to freedom, happiness, and contemplation; the adoration of our Creator; the admiration of his works; and the inspection of ourselves. But why should I trouble your grace with these reflections. What my little knowledge can suggest, you must know better: what my short experience has shown, you must have better observed.” I. 54—56.

We add the following short passages from Bath in the year 1740, to show that the fair writer's vivacity was not chilled by arriving at the mature age of twenty.

“I hear every day of people's pumping their arms or legs for the rheumatism; but the pumping for wit is one of the hardest and most fruitless labours in the world. I should be glad to send you some news; but all the news of the place would be like the bills of mortality; palsy, four; gout, six; fever, one, &c. &c. We hear of nothing but, Mr. Such-a-one is not abroad to day. Oh! no, says another, poor gentleman, he died to day. Then another cries: ‘My party was made for quadrille to night; but one of the gentlemen has had a second stroke of the palsy, and cannot come out. There is no depending upon people; nobody minds engagements. Indeed, the only thing one can do to day, we did not do the day before, is to die; not that I would be hurried, by a love of variety and novelty, to do so irreparable a thing as dying,’ &c. As for modern marriages, they are great infringers of the baptismal vow; for 'tis commonly the pomps and vanities of this wicked world on one side; and the sinful lusts of the flesh on the other. For my part, when I marry, I do not intend to enlist entirely under the

banners of Cupid or Plutus, but take prudent consideration and decent inclination for my advisers. I like a coach and six extremely; but a strong apprehension of repentance would not suffer me to accept it from many that possess it. I had little acquaintance with —; for I never run into Aaron's idolatry, nor could I ever bow the knee to Mammon. To say the truth, he is the god of our fathers, and the god of our mothers. As the Israelites made their children pass through the fire to Baal, there are few good Christians who would not make their children pass through misery to Mammon." I. 76, 77—83.

This last extract will give our readers some idea of the fashionable freedom, from which, we have hinted, that our more prudish age has shrunk back. There is a great deal of a more decided character, after she comes to be married; but we shall satisfy ourselves with adding this lively hint to her sister, upon the first appearance of a fashion which we had thought far more modern.

"I do not know what will become of your fine shape; for there is a fashionable make which is very strange. I believe they look in London as they did in Rome after the rape of the Sabines." I. 126, 127.

And this little anticipation of the exploits of some of her military beaux, who had been ordered on foreign service.

"I think they will die of a panick, and save their enemies' powder. Well, they are proper gentlemen. Heaven defend the nunneries! As for the garrisons, they will be safe enough. The father confessors will have more consciences to quiet than the surgeons will have wounds to dress. I would venture a wager Flanders increases in the christenings more than in the burials of the week." I. 183.

These, upon the whole, we think are favourable specimens; and if the whole book were of the same quality, it would be very entertaining. The greater part of it, however, is far inferior; and though we have too great a regard for our readers, to annoy them with many specimens of absolute dulness, we cannot do our duty without laying before them a few in-

stances of that overlaboured and uneasy wit which has afflicted us so often in the course of our reading. We find ourselves just at this description of the furniture of an old mansion.

"There are long tables in the room that have more feet than the caterpillar you immured at Bullstrode. Why so many legs are needful to stand still, I cannot imagine, when I can fidget upon two. There is a goodly chest of drawers in the figure of a cathedral, and a looking glass, which Rosamond or Jane Shore may have dressed their heads in. Amongst the old furniture, I must not forget the clock, who has, indeed, been a time server. It has struck the blessed minutes of the reformation, restoration, abdication, revolution, and accession, and, by its relation to time, seems, too, to have some to eternity. It is like its old master, only good to point the hour to industry; to wake the slothful soul to labour; to mark the time by voice, though not by action. It is the minister of old care," &c. "If age be honourable, why should I neglect the fane* of antique structure, which shook with the wind that blew the Danes to Britain; turned with the blast that sent our hero Richard to the holy wars, and then stood fair for France with Edward, moved with the glorious gale that brought a conquered king from France with our young victor, the black prince. It pointed out the hour for gallant Henry to attempt a kingdom greater than his own; it obeyed the wind that brought over the chastiser of wicked Richard; then turned full to the happy wind that scattered the Armada, and moved as readily to the fair gale that wafted over our glorious William; but of late days it has seldom stirred. Tired of bringing terror to nothing but a timorous valetudinarian, or informing the spleen when the wind is in the east; and, loath to have the idleness of some admiral imputed to its advice, it moves no more, but seems, indeed, to be founded upon steady and fixed principles, and I believe will turn no more, except it be for Vernon. What will your grace say to this inventory? I am ashamed; but I observe people are apt to converse like the company they keep; and really I see hardly any thing but this poor fane, planted on an aged oak, just over against my window; and I hear nothing but the clock telling me how I kill time, while I unhappily reflect the sad revenge it will take upon me; therefore, what can I repeat but what I learn? I am spinning out a happy hour; such I account it when I

* This should be *vane*. Ed. Sel. Rev.

write to you; and really I have not the art of abbreviation." I. 141—44.

The same outrageous determination to be witty dictated the following description of a sea captain.

"The good captain is so honest and so fierce, a bad conscience and a cool courage cannot abide him. He thinks he has a good title to reprove any man that is not as honest, and to beat any man that is not as valiant, as himself. He hates every vice of nature but wrath, and every corruption of the times but tyranny. A patriot in his publick character, but an absolute and angry monarch in his family, he thinks every man a fool in politicks who is not angry, and a knave if he is not perverse. Indeed, the captain is well in his element, and may appear gentle compared to the waves and wind; but on the happy, quiet shore he seems a perfect whirlwind. He is much fitter to hold converse with the hoarse Boreas in his wintry cavern, than to join in the whispers of Zephyrus in Flora's honeymoon of May. I was afraid, as he walked in the garden, that he would fright away the larks and nightingales; and expected to see a flight of sea-gulls hovering about him. The amphibious pewet found him too much a water animal for his acquaintance, and fled with terror." I. 181—2.

The reader may also take this picture of a country family, as a partner in the same style of drawing.

"His wife he has always kept in the country to nurse seven or eight daughters, after his own manner; and the success has answered the design. He has taught them that all finery lies in a pair of red-heeled shoes; and as for diversion (or, as I suppose they call it, fun) there is nothing like blind man's buff. Thus dressed and thus accomplished, he brought them to our races, and carried them to the ball, where, poor girls, they expected to be pure merrry, and to play at puss in the corner, and hunt the whistle; but seeing there was nothing but footing, which they had never been suffered to do in their shoes, and right hand and left, which their father thought too much for women to know, they fell asleep, as they had often been used to do, without their supper." "You have no such good folks in Buckinghamshire. There your grace saw a fine importation of S——'s. They had not one article of behaviour so untaught as to appear natural. These have not one manner that seems acquired by art. The two families would

make a fine contrast. Pray do but figure the Mademoiselles Catherinas advancing in state to meet these jumping Joans. To be sure, seeing madame courtesy so low, they would think she meant to play at leap-frog, and would jump over her head before she got to the extremest sink of her courtesy." I. 237—9.

The following, as it nods a little towards seriousness, is considerably worse.

"One sees a good deal of the world at Tunbridge. There is one man drinking waters to cure him of the ill consequence of sloth and avarice, and the melancholy remembrance of having denied himself the benefits of his time, and others the assistance of his money. There the splendid Southsea director would wash away the recollection of his iniquity, and, by magnificence, gild his crime, till fools admire and envy it. How many adorn their guilt and misery to catch that approbation from others, their own heart denies! These waters would, indeed, be of great use, could they but make directors void the worm that never dies; but conscience is a dragon not to be charmed by all the sweetest songs of the siren pleasure; and in the midst of these diversions, and the gayety of company, they seem to me not to be able to speak peace to their souls," &c. I. 247—8.

The following short passage is in far better taste. She is speaking of sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*.

"I am fatigued with his hero's adventures as if I had rode behind him. He out-quixotes Quixote; knights, brave or miscreant, are unhorsed; ladies, fair or foul, chaste or wicked, fall in love with him. Between the lance of Mars and the arrow of Cupid, no age or sex escape him unhurt. Then the fair princess bathing for the good of the publick! I took great care no such accident should happen at Marylebone.—Every one is in wrath at sir John Norris's return. I hope the next expedition will be in mackarel season, and then we shall take something." II. 54, 55.

The following remarks upon the effect of sir Robert Walpole's downfall, are more interesting, because more applicable to other times than most of her occasional moralization.

"I imagine the study of physiognomy must be very entertaining at present. One might see Hope sitting in a dimple, Fear

skulking in a frown; Haughtiness sitting on the triumphal arch of an eyebrow, and Shame lurking under the eyelids; then, in wise bystanders, we might see Conjecture drawing the eyebrows together, or Amazement lifting them up. A man in place bringing his flexible countenance to the taste of the present times, smiling about the mouth as if he was pleased with the change, but wearing a little gloom on the forehead that betrays his fear of losing by it. Men that never were of any consequence wrapping themselves up in the mystery of politicks, and seeming significant; as if, when times alter, they had a right to expect to be wise. Then the vacant, smiling countenances of those civil people that would intimate they would do any thing for any body. The asses that, in lions' skins, have brayed for their party, throwing off their fierceness, and appearing in their proper shape of patient folly, that will carry a heavy burden through dirty roads. Then the state swallows, that have ever lived in the sunshine of favour, withdrawing from the declining season of power. Then the thermometers, weathercocks, and dials of the state, will scarce know what to say, how to turn, or which way to point. They who have changed their coat with every blast, what must they do till they know which way the wind blows? Unhappy ignorance! that knows not if preferment comes from the east or from the west, or yet from the south!—Then what will those noble patriots do whose honesty consists in being always angry, now they know not whom to be angry with? These occurrences give one too great an insight into mankind; for one receives bad impressions of them by seeing them in these hurries; while, for haste, they leave the cloak of hypocrisy behind, and show the patched, stained, and motley habit of their minds.

"All I expect, is, to see those that lately have appeared as knaves look like fools; those that have looked like fools, appear as knaves. I would the good precept, be angry and sin not, were divided between the parties in power and out of it; that the first would not sin, and the second would not be angry: but between the wickedness of the powerful, and the wrath of the disappointed, there is no peace in Israel." II 152, 153.

This is about the best of her seriousness; but her vocation is decidedly for satirical trifling. For example:

"I want to know how the world goes on. We stand still Dulness, in the so-

lumn garb of wisdom, wraps us in its gentle wing; and here we dream that others do ill, and happy are we that do nothing. One yawns, there is peace in solitude; another stirs the fire, and cries, how happy is liberty and independence; another takes a pinch of snuff, and praises leisure; another pulls a knotting shuttle out of her pocket, and commends a little innocent amusement; their neighbour, more laborious, making a lace with two bobbins, says business should be preferred to pleasure and diversions. How wise is every body by their own fireside, and how happy every one in their own way! What glorious things do the ambitious say of ambition, and what mighty phrases do they adorn the giant with! How civilly do the indolent speak of idleness, and how prettily do the trifling express trifles; how cunning do those think themselves who live in cities, and how innocent do they look upon themselves to be who dwell in the country!" II. 150, 151.

"Among many reasons for being stupid, it may be urged it is being like other people, and living like one's neighbours; and indeed, without it, it may be difficult to love some neighbours as one's self. Now, seeing the necessity of being dull, you won't, I hope, take it amiss that you find me so; but consider I am involved in mists from the sea, and that the temperament of the air, and the manners of the place, contribute to my heaviness. It provokes me to hear people that live in a fog, talk of the smoke of London, and that they cannot breathe there: a proper reason for them to stay away who were made for nothing but to breathe. But people in town have other signs of life. But to the good folks that talk in that manner, nothing is an obstruction of life but an asthma." I. 235.

It would be very easy to cite fifty such passages; but for those who have not already determined to look into the book for themselves, we fear we have already cited too much. We ought, indeed, to have noticed some passages of profound erudition about Horus and Cerberus, Horatius Cocles and Pythagoras; and also some of the elaborate eulogies bestowed on the dutchess of Portland, and my lord duke, and the infant marquis; but meritorious and characteristick as all these things are, we have no longer room for them. Upon the whole, we think the vivacity of these letters attractive: though it is sometimes

childish, and almost always theatrical. We think the familiar style excellent, and the eloquence abominable; and are of opinion, that they would have been infinitely more charming, if two thirds of the wit could have been exchanged for a few traits of simplicity and affection. Comparing them even with the earliest letters of lady Mary Wortly, it is impossible not to be struck with the vast superiority of the latter, in sound sense, good taste, and facility. There is, in those delightful compositions, such a mixture of just thinking and solid sagacity, as gives both dignity and relief to the wit and trifling which intervenes; and the trifling itself is far more graceful and striking, both because it is less laboured, and infinitely less verbose. Mrs. Montagu certainly comes nearest that admirable model in her lighter strokes of personal satire, and the purity of such parts of her diction as she had not determined to make splendid.

In making these strictures on the letters before us, we do not forget

that they were all written under the age of twenty-three; and have even a reasonable degree of faith in the editor, when he assures us, that if we will only have patience, we shall find her hand improve astonishingly in the course of the next five or six volumes. All we say is, that there are great faults in the volumes before us; and that we do not exactly perceive the necessity of reading the bad letters before we are favoured with the good. If the letters were all as good as lady Mary's, the editor may depend upon it, that the publick will neither buy nor admire twenty volumes of them; but if there be ten or twelve volumes out of the twenty that are not quite so good, we are clearly of opinion, that the best thing he can do for his aunt's glory, and his own credit, is to suppress these twelve; together with four or five of the remaining eight. There are many works, besides those of the old Sybil, the value of which may be prodigiously increased by diminishing their number.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Essays on Professional Education. By R. L. Edgeworth, esq. F. R. S. &c. 4to. pp. 446. London. 1809.

THERE are two questions to be asked respecting every new publication: Is it worth buying? Is it worth borrowing? and we would advise our readers to weigh diligently the importance of these interrogations, before they take any decided step as to this work of Mr. Edgeworth; the more especially as the name carries with it considerable authority, and seems, in the estimation of the unwary, almost to include the idea of purchase. For our own part, we would rather decline giving a direct answer to these questions; and shall content ourselves, for the present, with making a few such slight observations as may enable the sagacious to con-

jecture what our direct answer would be, were we compelled to be more explicit.

One great and signal praise we think to be the eminent due of Mr. Edgeworth: in a canting age he does not cant; at a period when hypocrisy and fanaticism will almost certainly ensure the success of any publication, he has constantly disdained to have recourse to any such arts; without ever having been accused of disloyalty or irreligion, he is not always harping upon church and king, in order to catch at a little popularity, and sell his books; he is manly, independent, liberal; and maintains enlightened opinions, with discretion and honesty. There is al-

so in this work of Mr. Edgeworth an agreeable diffusion of anecdote and example, such as a man acquires who reads with a view to talking or writing. With these merits, we cannot say that Mr. Edgeworth is either very new, very profound, or very apt to be right in his opinions. He is active, enterprising, and unprejudiced; but we have not been very much instructed by what he has written, or always satisfied that he has got to the bottom of his subject.

On one subject, however, we cordially agree with this gentleman; and return him our thanks for the courage with which he has combated the excessive abuse of classical learning in England. It is a subject upon which we have long wished for an opportunity of saying something; and one which we consider to be of the very highest importance.

"The principal defect," says Mr. Edgeworth, "in the present system of our great schools is, that they devote too large a portion of time to Latin and Greek. It is true, that the attainment of classical literature is highly desirable; but it should not, or rather it need not, be the exclusive object of boys during eight or nine years.

"Much less time, judiciously managed, would give them an acquaintance with the classics sufficient for all useful purposes, and would make them as good scholars, as gentlemen or professional men need to be. It is not requisite, that every man should make Latin or Greek verses; therefore, a knowledge of prosody beyond the structure of hexameter and pentameter verses, is as worthless an acquisition as any which folly or fashion has introduced amongst the higher classes of mankind. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that there are some rare exceptions; but even party prejudice would allow, that the persons alluded to must have risen to eminence, though they had never written soppicks or iambicks. Though preceptors, parents, and the publick in general, may be convinced of the absurdity of making boys spend so much of life in learning what can be of no use to them; such are the difficulties of making any change in the ancient rules of great establishments, that masters themselves, however reasonable, dare not, and cannot make sudden alterations.

"The only remedies that can be sug-

gested might be, perhaps, to take those boys, who are not intended for professions in which deep scholarship is necessary, away from school before they reach the highest classes, where prosody, and Greek and Latin verses are required

"In the college of Dublin, where an admirable course of instruction has been long established, where this course is superintended by men of acknowledged learning and abilities, and pursued by students of uncommon industry, such is the force of example, and such the fear of appearing inferior in trifles to English universities, that much pains have been lately taken to introduce the practice of writing Greek and Latin verses, and much solicitude has been shown about the prosody of the learned languages, without any attention being paid to the prosody of our own.

"Boarding houses for the scholars at Eton and Westminster, which are at present mere lodging houses, might be kept by private tutors, who might, during the hours when the boys were not in their publick classes, assist them in acquiring general literature, or such knowledge as might be advantageous for their respective professions.

"New schools, that are not restricted to any established routine, should give a fair trial to experiments in education, which afford a rational prospect of success. If nothing can be altered in the old schools, leave them as they are. Destroy nothing; injure none; but let the publick try whether they cannot have something better. If the experiment do not succeed, the publick will be convinced that they ought to acquiesce in the established methods of instruction, and parents will send their children to the ancient seminaries with increased confidence." p. 47—49.

We are well aware that nothing very new can remain to be said upon a topick so often debated. The complaints we have to make are at least as old as the time of Locke and Dr. Samuel Clarke; and the evil which is the subject of these complaints, has certainly rather increased than diminished, since the period of those two great men. A hundred years, to be sure, is a very little time for the duration of a national error; and it is so far from being reasonable to look for its decay at so short a date, that it can hardly be expected, within such limits, to have displayed the full bloom of its imbecility.

There are several feelings to which attention must be paid, before the question of classical learning can be fairly and temperately discussed.

We are apt, in the first place, to remember the immense benefits which the study of the classicks once conferred on mankind; and to feel for those models on which the taste of Europe has been formed, something like sentiments of gratitude and obligation. This is all well enough, so long as it continues to be a mere feeling; but, as soon as it interferes with action, it nourishes dangerous prejudices about education. Nothing will do in the pursuit of knowledge, but the blackest ingratitude. The moment we have got up the ladder, we must kick it down. As soon as we have passed over the bridge, we must let it rot. When we have got upon the shoulders of the ancients, we must look over their heads. The man who forgets the friends of his childhood in real life, is base; but he who clings to the props of his childhood in literature, must be content to remain as ignorant as he was when a child. His business is to forget, disown and deny; to think himself above every thing which has been of use to him in time past; and to cultivate that exclusively from which he expects future advantage: in short, to do every thing for the advancement of his knowledge, which it would be infamous to do for the advancement of his fortune. If mankind still derive advantage from classical literature proportionate to the labour they bestow upon it, let their labour and their study proceed; but the moment we cease to read Latin and Greek for the solid utility we derive from them, it would be a very romantick application of human talents to do so from any feeling of gratitude, and recollection of past service.

To almost every Englishman up to the age of three or four and twenty, classical learning has been the great object of existence; and

no man is very apt to suspect, or very much pleased to hear, that what he has done for so long a time was not worth doing. His classical literature, too, reminds every man of the scenes of his childhood, and brings to his fancy several of the most pleasing associations which we are capable of forming. A certain sort of vanity, also, very naturally grows among men occupied in a common pursuit. Classical quotations are the watchwords of scholars, by which they distinguish each other from the ignorant and illiterate; and Greek and Latin are insensibly become almost the only test of a cultivated mind.

Some men through indolence, others through ignorance, and most through necessity, submit to the established education of the times; and seek for their children that species of distinction which happens, at the period in which they live, to be stamped with the approbation of mankind. This mere question of convenience, every parent must determine for himself. A poor man, who has his fortune to gain, must be a quibbling theologian, or a classical pedant, as fashion dictates; and he must vary his error with the error of the times. But it would be much more fortunate for mankind, if the public opinion, which regulates the pursuits of individuals, were more wise and enlightened than it at present is.

All these considerations make it extremely difficult to procure a candid hearing on this question; and to refer this branch of education to the only proper criterion of every branch of education—its utility in future life.

There are two questions which grow out of this subject: 1st, How far is any sort of classical education useful? 2d, How far is that particular classical education, adopted in this country, useful?

Latin and Greek are, in the first place, useful, as they inure children

to intellectual difficulties, and make the life of a young student what it ought to be, a life of considerable labour. We do not, of course, mean to confine this praise exclusively to the study of Latin and Greek; or to suppose that other difficulties might not be found which it would be useful to overcome: but though Latin and Greek have this merit in common with many arts and sciences, still they have it; and, if they do nothing else, they at least secure a solid and vigorous application at a period of life which materially influences all other periods.

To go through the grammar of one language thoroughly, is of great use for the mastery of every other grammar; because there obtains, through all languages, a certain analogy to each other in their grammatical construction. Latin and Greek have now mixed themselves, etymologically, with all the languages of modern Europe; and with none more than our own; so that it is necessary to read these two tongues for other objects than themselves.

The two ancient languages are, as mere inventions, as pieces of mechanism, incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe. Their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would, of itself, stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, majesty and harmony of its compounds; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them, merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill contrived, and barbarous.

That a great part of the scriptures has come down to us in the Greek language, is, of itself, a reason, if all others were wanting, why education should be planned so as to produce a supply of Greek scholars.

The cultivation of style is very justly made a part of education. Every thing which is written is meant either to please or to instruct. The second object it is difficult to effect, without attending to the first; and the cultivation of style is the acquisition of those rules and literary habits which sagacity anticipates, or experience shows to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works are the best which have longest stood the test of time, and pleased the greatest number of exercised minds. Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients; we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the world, and continue to please in every climate, under every species of government, through every stage of civilisation. The moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus; dignified perspicuity from Livy; simplicity from Cesar; and from Homer, some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy, and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic; and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it; nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience. In short, it appears to us, that there are so many excellent reasons why a certain number of scholars should be kept up in this, and in every civilized country, that we should consider every system of education from

which classical education was excluded, as radically erroneous, and completely absurd.

That vast advantages, then, may be derived from classical learning, there can be no doubt. The advantages which are derived from classical learning, by the English manner of teaching, involve another, and a very different question; and we will venture to say, that there never was a more complete, instance in any country, of such extravagant and over-acted attachment to any branch of knowledge, as that which obtains in this country, with regard to classical knowledge. A young Englishman goes to school at six or seven years old; and he remains in a course of education till twenty three or twenty four years of age. In all that time, his sole and exclusive occupation is learning Latin and Greek.* He has scarcely a notion that there is any other kind of excellence; and the great system of facts with which he is the most perfectly acquainted, are the intrigues of the heathen gods: with whom Pan slept; with whom Jupiter; whom Apollo ravished.—These facts, the English youth get by heart the moment they quit the nursery, and are most sedulously and industriously instructed in them, till the best and most active part of life is passed away. Now, this long career of classical learning, we may, if we please, denominate a foundation; but it is a foundation so far above ground, that there is absolutely no room to put any thing upon it. If you occupy a man with one thing, till he is twenty four years of age, you have exhausted all his leisure time. He is called into the world, and compelled to act; or is surrounded with pleasures, and thinks, and reads no more. If you have neglected to put other things in him, they will never get in afterwards; if you have fed him only with words, he

will remain a narrow and limited being, to the end of his existence.

The bias given to men's minds is so strong, that it is no uncommon thing to meet with Englishmen, whom, but for their gray hairs, and wrinkles, we might easily mistake for school-boys. Their talk is of Latin verses; and it is quite clear, if men's ages are to be dated from the state of their mental progress, that such men are eighteen years of age, and not a day older. Their minds have been so completely possessed, by exaggerated notions of classical learning, that they have not been able, in the great school of the world, to form any other notion of real greatness. Attend, too, to the publick feelings; look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! a scholar! a man of erudition!—Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No: this is not learning; it is chymistry, or political economy—not learning! The distinguishing, abstract term, the epithet of scholar, is reserved for him who writes on Eolick reduplication, and is familiar with Sylburgius, his method of arranging defectives in α and μ . The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws, his *beau ideal* of human nature, his top, and consummation of man's powers, is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is, not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself, are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over,

* Unless he goes to the university at Cambridge; and then classicks occupy him entirely for about ten years; and divide him with mathematicks for four or five more.

and the never dying Ernesti failed to observe. If a young classicist, of this kind, were to meet the greatest chymist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as Bentley and Heyné? We are inclined to think, that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great king of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubts whether the king, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μ .

Another misfortune of classical learning, as taught in England, is, that scholars have come, in process of time, and from the effects of association, to love the instrument better than the end; not the luxury which the difficulty encloses, but the difficulty; not the filbert, but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself. It is not so much the man who has mastered the wisdom of the ancients, that is valued, as he who displays his knowledge of the vehicle in which that wisdom is conveyed. The glory is to show; I am a scholar. The good sense and ingenuity I may gain by my acquaintance with ancient authors is matter of opinion; but if I bestow an immensity of pains upon a point of accent or quantity, this is something positive. I establish my pretensions to the name of scholar, and gain the credit of learning, while I sacrifice all its utility.

Another evil in the present system of classical education, is the extraordinary perfection which is aimed at in teaching those languages; a needless perfection; an accuracy which is sought for in nothing else. There are few boys who remain to the age

of eighteen or nineteen at a public school, without making above ten thousand Latin verses; a greater number than is contained in the *Eneid*: and after he has made this quantity of verses in a dead language, unless the poet should happen to be a very weak man, indeed, he never makes another as long as he lives. It may be urged, and it is urged, that this is of use in teaching the delicacies of the language. No doubt it is of use for this purpose, if we put out of view the immense time and trouble sacrificed in gaining these little delicacies. It would be of use that we should go on till fifty years of age making Latin verses, if the price of a whole life were not too much to pay for it. We effect our object; but we do it at the price of something greater than our object. And whence comes it, that the expenditure of life and labour is totally put out of the calculation, when Latin and Greek are to be attained? In every other occupation, the question is fairly stated between the attainment, and the time applied in the pursuit; but, in classical learning, it seems to be sufficient if the least possible good is gained by the greatest possible exertion; if the end is any thing, and the means every thing. It is of some importance to speak and write French; and innumerable delicacies would be gained by writing ten thousand French verses; but it makes no part of our education to write French poetry. It is of some importance that there should be good botanists; but no botanist can repeat, by heart, the names of all the plants in the known world; nor is any astronomer acquainted with the appellation and magnitude of every star in the map of the heavens. The only department of human knowledge in which there can be no excess, no arithmetick, no balance of profit and loss, is classical learning.

The prodigious honour in which Latin verses are held at public schools, is surely the most absurd of all absurd distinctions. You rest all

reputation upon doing that which is a natural gift, and which no labour can attain. If a lad won't learn the words of a language, his degradation in the school is a very natural punishment for his disobedience, or his indolence; but it would be as reasonable to expect, that all boys should be witty, or beautiful, as that they should be poets. In either case, it would be to make an accidental, unattainable, and not a very important gift of nature, the only, or the principal, test of merit. This is the reason why boys, who make a very considerable figure at school, so very often make no figure in the world; and why other lads, who are passed over without notice, turn out to be valuable, important men. The test established in the world, is widely different from that established in a place which is presumed to be a preparation for the world; and the head of a publick school, who is a perfect miracle to his contemporaries, finds himself shrink into absolute insignificance, because he has nothing else to command respect or regard, but a talent for fugitive poetry in a dead language.

The present state of classical education cultivates the imagination a great deal too much, and other habits of mind a great deal too little; and trains up many young men in a style of elegant imbecility, utterly unworthy of the talents with which nature has endowed them. It may be said, there are profound investigations, and subjects quite powerful enough for any understanding, to be met with in classical literature. So there are; but no man likes to add the difficulties of a language to the difficulties of a subject; and to study metaphysics, morals, and politicks in Greek, when the Greek alone is study enough without them. In all foreign languages, the most popular works are works of imagination. Even in the French language, which we know so well, for one serious work which has any currency in this coun-

try, we have twenty which are mere works of imagination. This is still more true in classical literature; because what their poets and orators have left us is of infinitely greater value than the remains of their philosophy; for, as society advances, men think more accurately and deeply, and imagine more tamely. Works of reasoning advance, and works of fancy decay. So that the matter of fact is, that a classical scholar of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, is a man principally conversant with works of imagination. His feelings are quick, his fancy lively, and his taste good. Talents for speculation and original inquiry he has none; nor has he formed the invaluable habit of pushing things up to their first principles, or of collecting dry and unamusing facts as the materials of reasoning. All the solid and masculine parts of his understanding are left wholly without cultivation. He hates the pain of thinking, and suspects every man whose boldness and originality call upon him to defend his opinions and prove his assertions.

A very curious argument is sometimes employed in justification of the learned minutiae to which all young men are doomed, whatever be their propensities in future life. What are you to do with a young man up to the age of seventeen? Just as if there was such a want of difficulties to overcome, and of important tastes to inspire, that, from the mere necessity of doing something, and the impossibility of doing any thing else, you were driven to the expedient of metre and poetry; as if a young man, within that period, might not acquire the modern languages, modern history, experimental philosophy, geography, chronology, and a considerable share of mathematicks; as if the memory of things was not more agreeable, and more profitable, than the memory of words.

The great objection is, that we are not making the most of human

life, when we constitute such an extensive, and such minute classical erudition, an indispensable article in education. Up to a certain point we would educate every young man in Latin and Greek; but to a point far short of that to which this species of education is now carried. Afterwards, we would grant to classical erudition as high honours as to every other department of knowledge, but not higher. We would place it upon a footing with many other objects of study; but allow to it no superiority. Good scholars would be as certainly produced by these means, as good chymists, astronomers, and mathematicians are now produced, without any direct provision whatsoever for their production. Why are we to trust to the diversity of human tastes, and the varieties of human ambition, in every thing else, and distrust it in classicks alone? The passion for languages is just as strong as any other literary passion. There are very good Persian and Arabick scholars in this country. Large heaps of trash have been dug up from Sanscrit ruins. We have seen, in our own times, a clergyman of the university of Oxford, complimenting their majesties in Coptick and Syrophenician verses; and yet we doubt whether there will be a sufficient avidity, in literary men, to get at the beauties of the finest writers which the world has yet seen: and though the *Bagvat Gheeta* has (as can be proved) met with human beings to translate, and other human beings to read it, we think that, in order to secure an attention to Homer and Virgil, we must catch up every man, whether he is to be a clergyman or a duke, begin with him at six years of age, and never quit him till he is twenty; making him conjugate and decline for life and death; and so teaching him to estimate his progress in real wisdom, as he can scan the verses of the Greek tragedians.

The English clergy, in whose

hands education entirely rests, bring up the first young men of the country, as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns; and a nobleman, upon whose knowledge and liberality the honour and welfare of his country may depend, is diligently worried, for half his life, with the small pedantry of longs and shorts. There is a timid and absurd apprehension, on the part of ecclesiastical tutors, of letting out the minds of youth upon difficult and important subjects. They fancy that mental exertion must end in religious scepticism; and, to preserve the principles of their pupils, they confine them to the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning. A genuine Oxford tutor would shudder to hear his young men disputing upon moral and political truth, forming and pulling down theories, and indulging in all the boldness of youthful discussion. He would augur nothing from it, but impiety to God, and treason to kings. And yet, who vilifies both more than the holy poltroon, who carefully averts from them the searching eye of reason, and who knows no better method of teaching the highest duties, than by extirpating the finest qualities and habits of the mind? If our religion is a fable, the sooner it is exploded the better. If our government is bad, it should be amended. But we have no doubt of the truth of the one, or of the excellence of the other; and are convinced that both will be placed on a firmer basis, in proportion as the minds of men are more trained to the investigation of truth. At present, we act with the minds of our young men, as the Dutch did with their exuberant spices. An infinite quantity of talent is annually destroyed in the universities of England, by the miserable jealousy and littleness of ecclesiastical instructors. It is in vain to say we have produced great men under this system. We have produced

great men under all systems. Every Englishman must pass half his life in learning Latin and Greek; and classical learning is supposed to have produced the talents which it has not been able to extinguish. It is scarcely possible to prevent great men from rising up under any system of education, however bad. Teach men demonology or astrology, and you will still have a certain portion of original genius, in spite of these or any other branches of ignorance and folly.

There is a delusive sort of splendour in a vast body of men pursuing one object, and thoroughly obtaining it; and yet, though it is very splendid, it is far from being useful. Classical literature is the great object* at Oxford. Many minds so employed have produced many works, and much fame in that department; but if all liberal arts and sciences useful to human life had been taught there; if some had dedicated themselves to chymistry, some to mathematics, some to experimental philosophy; and if every attainment had been honoured in the mixt ratio of its difficulty and utility; the system of such a university would have been much more valuable, but the splendour of its name something less.

When a university has been doing useless things for a long time, it appears at first degrading to them to be useful. A set of lectures upon political economy would be discouraged in Oxford, probably despised, probably not permitted. To discuss the enclosure of commons, and to dwell upon imports and exports; to come so near to common life, would seem to be undignified and contemptible. In the same manner, the Parr, or the Bentley of his day, would be scandalized in a university to be put on a level with the discoverer of a neutral salt; and yet, what other measure is there

of dignity in intellectual labour, but usefulness? And what ought the term university to mean, but a place where every science is taught which is liberal, and at the same time useful to mankind? Nothing would so much tend to bring classical literature within proper bounds, as a steady and invariable appeal to utility in our appreciation of all human knowledge. The puffed up pedant would collapse into his proper size, and the maker of verses, and the rememberer of words, would soon assume that station which is the lot of those who go up, unbidden, to the upper places of the feast.

We should be sorry, if what we have said should appear too contemptuous towards classical learning, which we most sincerely hope will always be held in great honour in this country, though we certainly do not wish to it that exclusive honour which it at present enjoys. A great classical scholar is an ornament, and an important acquisition to his country; but, in a place of education, we would give to all knowledge an equal chance for distinction; and would trust to the varieties of human disposition, that every science worth cultivation would be cultivated. Looking always to real utility as our guide, we should see, with equal pleasure, a studious and inquisitive mind arranging the productions of nature, investigating the qualities of bodies, or mastering the difficulties of the learned languages. We should not care whether he were chymist, naturalist, or scholar; because we know it to be as necessary that matter should be studied, and subdued to the use of man, as that taste should be gratified, and imagination inflamed.

In those who were destined for the church, we would undoubtedly encourage classical learning, more than in any other body of men; but

* We speak merely of reputation. Sad, indeed, is the fate of this university, if its object has been classical literature alone; and it has failed even in that.

if we had to do with a young man going out into publick life, we would exhort him to contemn, or at least not to affect, the reputation of a great scholar, but to educate himself for the offices of civil life. He should learn what the constitution of his country really was; how it had grown into its present state; the perils that had threatened it; the malignity that had attacked it; the courage that had fought for it; and the wisdom that had made it great. We would bring strongly before his mind the characters of those Englishmen who have been the steady friends of the publick happiness; and, by their examples, would breathe into him a pure, publick taste, which should keep him untainted in all the vicissitudes of political fortune. We would teach him to burst through the well paid, and the pernicious cant of indiscriminate loyalty; and to know his sovereign only as he discharged those duties, and displayed those qualities, for which the blood and the treasure of his people are confided to his hands. We should deem it of the utmost importance, that his attention was directed to the true principles of legislation; what effect laws can produce upon opinions, and opinions upon laws; what subjects are fit for legislative interference; and when men may be left to the management of their own interests. The mischief occasioned by bad laws, and the perplexity which arises from

numerous laws; the causes of national wealth; the relations of foreign trade; the encouragement of manufactures and agriculture; the fictitious wealth occasioned by paper credit; the laws of population; the management of poverty and mendicity; the use and abuse of monopoly; the theory of taxation; the consequences of the publick debt. These are some of the subjects, and some of the branches of civil education to which we would turn the minds of future judges, future senators, and future noblemen. After the first period of life had been given up to the cultivation of the classics, and the reasoning powers were now beginning to evolve themselves, these are some of the propensities in study which we would endeavour to inspire. Great knowledge, at such a period of life, we could not convey; but we might fix a decided taste for its acquisition, and a strong disposition to respect it in others. The formation of some great scholars we should certainly prevent, and hinder many from learning what, in a few years, they would necessarily forget; but this loss would be well repaid, if we could show the future rulers of the country that thought, and labour, which it requires to make a nation happy: or, if we could inspire them with that love of publick virtue, which, after religion, we most solemnly believe to be the brightest ornament of the mind of man.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

WASHINGTON, OR LIBERTY RESTORED: a Poem in ten Books. By Thomas Northmore, Esq. London. 1809. pp. 264.—Baltimore reprinted, 1810.

MR. Northmore, having fortunately discovered, in the course of his reading, that Eschylus "wrote his patriotick tragedy of Prometheus, to confirm the Athenians in the love of that liberty which they enjoyed," has, after much study and

fatigue, produced an epick poem, in ten books, to excite his countrymen, as he informs us, "to struggle for that liberty which they have lost."

It is our misfortune, scarcely to have heard of Mr. Northmore before, though he has been neither

silent nor inactive. His life has been spent, he says, in combating "the malignant effusions of corruption," and, as he pathetically adds, to very little advantage! p. iv. This obscure warfare never extended, we suppose, beyond the scene of action; yet, Mr. N. with a vanity very excusable in so pugnacious a character, has fully persuaded himself, that the report of it has reached the criticks, and will subject his work "to censure and abuse." p. iv.

From the *lento duellum*, just mentioned, to the vigorous onset before us, is a prodigious advance towards final success; and unless some of Mr. N's antagonists speedily produce an epick poem of equal length in favour of George III. we shall feel ourselves obliged, in justice, to award him the victory.

It may be objected, Mr. N. observes, that the subject of the work is too near his own times; but to this he replies, very triumphantly, that if the poem had been put off till he was dead, he could not have written it at all. Other petty cavils, such as, that the Americans were enemies to this country, and the author no great friend to it, are disposed of very succinctly; they are the suggestions of malice and ignorance, and, therefore, deserve no answer.

Mr. Northmore has adopted "the imagery of Paradise Lost." The language and versification of that poem he seems to have found somewhat too incorrect for his purpose. He has "taken fewer liberties," he tells us, "than Milton, and no liberty which is not to be found in him." p. vii. As the author's notions of liberty are peculiar to himself, we will not dispute the point with him.

WASHINGTON, like Paradise Lost, opens with a grand view of the infernal regions. Satan bursts upon us, surrounded by his compeers, and here occurs a remarkable improvement on Milton. In hell, as described by that trivial poet, no information could be gained of what was

transacting elsewhere; and, therefore, Satan is involved in a long and perilous expedition to procure it. After traversing "millions of leagues," he reaches the sun, whence he is directed to this globe, a star among the stars, by an angel. The eyes of Satan, and his compeers, have been washed in euphrasy since that period, for they not only see the earth from Pandemonium, but every man on it; nay, they even *see a sound* in one of the American woods, which disconcerts their councils, and alarms Satan with the fear of death, so that he hastens to make "his last speech." This is somewhat abruptly terminated by the appearance of Seraphick Splendour, who "glides down the western sky, and halts over Yorktown," where Cornwallis was defeated: (for Mr. N. very judiciously begins his poem at the end of his subject.) At this sight, Satan "trembles in all his pond'rous limbs," and exclaims:

"Moloch, why sleepest thou? Beelzebub!
Mammon! and all ye potentates of hell,
Rouse, rouse your energies.
E'en hell itself's in danger; saw ye not
The archangel, Liberty?
That Liberty's our death! Then farewell
hell!

Farewell our throne! annihilation, hail!

p. 6

Beelzebub and Mammon take the reproof of Satan with great composure; but Moloch is less passive nothing, however, seems to mortify him so much as the charge of *sleepiness*.

"Moloch, why sleepest thou? Did Moloch
sleep
When all the embattled seraphim engaged
In doubtful war on either side of heaven?
Where then was Moloch, when the forked
light
Hurl'd us down headlong?"

Ay, where, indeed? He then retorts on Satan, with admirable spirit and success:

"I never prophesied of death to hell;
I never bid annihilation hail;

I trembled not, because Seraphick Light
Hath halted over Yorktown. If it have,
Moloch will meet it there.

This is the first time that Moloch branded
stood

With *sleepy* cowardice, and this the last!
p. 7.

From some unaccountable caprice,
the author has judged it expedient
to print his work in lines of various
lengths. This disposition we have
deemed it our duty to follow, though
it subjects us to considerable difficulty:
for, as we have neither rhythm
nor metre to direct us, we are obliged
to trust solely to the capital letter
which begins the line, and which
may sometimes elude our best care.

With this apology for any incidental oversight, we return to Moloch, who, after a gentle admonition from Beelzebub, grows "temperate," and acquiesces in the notion of *dying*; with this characteristick addition, however:

"And if we are to *die*, let's die the death
Of unextinguish'd hate!"

We have now *more last words* from Satan, and, we are sorry to add, very scurrilous ones, where this country is concerned; he terms her governours "money'd muckworms, merchant ministers," &c. and expresses a great dislike of our paper currency, though in the same breath, he compliments the American secretary:

"—— financier Morris, who doth seem
To have found the *talisman* of making gold."

Indeed, this is not the only instance of his inconsistency; for after celebrating the patriotism of the "pure and virtuous" citizens of America, who stripped themselves of every thing to support the army, he tells us, that the troops were actually left to starve: inasmuch, that had not Washington fed them without food, they must have sold themselves to the accursed gold of Britain.

—— "Sometimes, indeed,
By their great leuder's foresight, they *regaled*

In huts of mud and logs; but even here
No respite could they find, for *none* would
bring

Provisions!" p. 22.

Here Satan interrupts his interminable harangue to transact a little business, namely, "to enrol the title of Arnold in the state office of hell," for Satan makes princes almost as compendiously as Buonaparté. Arnold, therefore, is constituted, by patent (without his fees) prince Apollyon!

"Instant, hell's palace rang with loud acclaim,
Apollyon! Apollyon! was cried ——
Hail, our new prince," &c.

He then proceeds to inform his legions, that they must prepare to combat Washington, backed by "Michael, and all the host of heaven."

"Clothed in new arms, of which *they stand in need*,
Since erst with well-devised engin'ry,
Them of their ancient armour we despoiled"

Here Azazel, a cherub tall, who still retains the rank conferred on him by Milton, prepares to unfurl the glittering ensign; when he is prevented by Mammon, who makes a very prosing speech, by anticipation, from the history of one Belsham, a great favourite in hell, it seems, and a pestilent scribbler upon earth; in which he points out the proper method of framing acts of parliament, securing majorities, &c. &c.—— After venting a torrent of abuse on his "favoured isle" as he calls Britain, he starts up, fills a couple of empty coffers with gold, and hurries away with them to the court of St. James's.

Azazel now unfurls the standard for good and all, when it is instantly consumed before his eyes: upon which Moloch "wrapt in himself," seizes the staff (for in affirming it to be *consumed*, the author spoke by a figure) whirls it round his head, and, shouting "victory or death!" sets all

hell in motion. Beelzebub rushes forward with the van; Moloch leads on the main body, "hissing slaughter from his horrid jaws;" and Chemos and Belial bring up the rear with the artillery and heavy baggage. Satan, thus left alone, gazes pensively on his splendid palace, which is forthwith swallowed up by a hell quake; at this, he bursts into a flood of tears, and turns towards the next article of finery, a glittering car, of which the axle "was formed of platina," and the body "of some new discovered substance," which the chymists, according to Mr. N. have not yet had an opportunity of analyzing, and which therefore he very prudently forbears to name.

Into this car, Satan leaps:

"And the etherial steeds, who know his will,
And need nor goad nor spur, no sooner feel
The awful presence of their mighty chief,
Than, quick as forked lightning, with *one*
bound
Spring from hell's confines to Columbia's
Alps. p. 43."

Where Satan procured those etherial steeds, Mr. N. does not inform us. We never heard of them before, nor of any of their race. They are certainly most wonderful animals.

Book II. Mr. N. having halted Seraphick Splendour over Yorktown, placed Michael and his angels by the side of Washington, and "the devil and his angels" by that of Cornwallis, deems it a fit opportunity to take a retrospective view of what was done in Switzerland five hundred years ago; and gives us a dogged account of William Tell and his apple, from that rare and authentic document, Salmon's Modern History. No mention of Satan occurs in this book. There is, indeed, much abuse of religion, but not by him; there is also a rapturous panegyrick, in prose, on the benevolent and pacifick nature of Buonaparté, who is clothed with the attributes

of divinity, and very properly opposed to his Britannick majesty, the great disturber of the peace of mankind.

Book III. contains the speeches of Philip of Spain, and his brother John, on the novel and interesting subject of the war in the Netherlands. Philip's case, as far as we understand it, seems somewhat pitiable.

"Spain's despot *saw*, but harden'd at the
sight,
Seeing, *saw* not, for tyranny is *blind*."

Queen Elizabeth also makes speeches, but her's are in favour of the rights of the people, as opposed to the prerogatives of the prince; than which nothing, as every one knows, can be more germane to her real sentiments on the subject.

Book IV. takes a leap of two centuries, and brings us at once to the administration of lord North, who is honoured with the tender epithets of fool, dolt, idiot, knave, &c. as, indeed, is every one who has the misfortune to differ from Mr. N. and his oracle Belsham. As these gentle terms appeared to offer a fit occasion, the author checks his narrative, to animadvert, with becoming warmth, on the use of hard language, which, as he truly remarks, serves only to exasperate and inflame. Recollecting, too, the mild and conciliating, the polite and generous language, of Buonaparté's bulletins and manifestos, he reprobates with just indignation the outrageous intemperance of our own; and hints, with equal patriotism and sagacity, that such virulence only serves to make the day of retribution more just. It certainly does; and we cannot therefore sufficiently applaud the saving prudence of Mr. N. who, on the expected entry of Buonaparté into St. James's, may conscientiously assure that divine hero, "who knows how to distinguish," that his whole vocabulary of opprobrious terms (no very confined one, by the by) had

been carefully reserved for the government of his own country.

Book V. continues the patriotick abuse of England, raked from the columns of some crack-brained gazetteer, and put into the mouth of Franklin. The cowardice of the British is a favourite theme. It is thus classically illustrated by "that modest sage:"

"If all your foes were tenfold multiplied;
And you yourselves divided in ten parts,
One single part in freedom's glorious cause
Would gain *an easy victory* o'er the whole."
p. 130.

It subsequently appears, however, that this great calculator, "at whose side sat Wisdom clothed in light," had admitted some error into his statement; for at Bunker's hill, where this ten times ten fold disproportion did not exist, the Americans, Mr. N. says, would have been entirely defeated, had not the archangel Liberty taken upon himself the shape of Warren, and drove, as he well might, the English before him like a flock of sheep! Accident alone saved them from total destruction. Their good friend the devil, happened to be turning over "the book of life" (how it got into his hands, nobody knows) when just at the critical minute, he observed the ink, with which the name of Warren was written, turn pale:

"——— gladden'd at the sight,
Instant to Death he cry'd: My son, my son!
The hard fought day is our's."
p. 141.

He then orders Death "to poise a dart with fate" and despatch him. Instead of aiming at the archangel, from whom all the mischief proceeded, Death unfortunately strikes down the real Warren, who was perfectly harmless. This, however, terrifies the counterfeit so effectually, that he retires from the field; and the "host of disciplined warriors" is permitted to *repel* the "few raw troops" of the enemy. Mr. N. however, com-

forts himself by adding, "that the dead on the English side surpassed their foes thrice told."

Book VI. opens with a hymn to the "pure soil of Virginia," which being more crowded with slaves than any other of the American states, is judiciously described as glowing, above them all, with "the divine love of freedom." The song then ascends, with equal propriety, to Washington; and celebrates his utter abhorrence of all restrictions on the natural rights of man, in the most forcible and impressive manner. Mr. N. now, as persons of a certain description are said to rush in where angels dare not tread, speeds to heaven, exalts the American chief to the office of MEDIATOR, and assures us that he is employed in supplicating mercy *over* the sins of men, once his fellows. p. 152. Arnold and Clinton now make their appearance (not in heaven, the reader may be pretty confident) and encourage each other to mutual horrors. This introduces the mention of the loyalists, who having the folly to preserve their throats (at least to attempt it) and the presumption to differ from Mr. N. are described as "fired by revenge, fury hot from hell," &c. and the book ends with a pious ejaculation for justice upon them, which he seems to think has been somewhat too long delayed.

Book VII. Washington prays for advice, and the archangel Liberty, who is forthcoming on all occasions, is instantly at his side. From what he says, it would appear that the cause of the United States, notwithstanding the folly, knavery, and cowardice of the English, and the wisdom, virtue, and bravery of the Americans (to say nothing of "the host of heaven" marshalled on their side) had really been in some danger: for the archangel remarks, with uncommon exultation, that he now "came with tidings of great joy;" tidings not only that Russia (the eternal enemy of slavery) had "resolved to defend

the law of nature;" but, what he seems to consider of much higher importance, that "neutral powers had at length agreed to guaranty the rights of God!" p. 175. Lest all this should be insufficient to subdue Washington's fears, the archangel adds: that "the fleet of pitying Louis, wrapt in celestial clouds," had eluded the English, and was now entering the harbour. Washington has scarcely expressed his thanks for this intelligence, ere the French generals appear—all heroes—all burning with the genuine love of freedom. The spectacle overcomes the American chief, and he bursts into an involuntary song of praise:

—"Our gratitude
To mighty Louis passeth utterance:
Next to our nature, and to nature's God,
We owe to him our freedom." p. 176.

Mr. Northmore corroborates, in a note, this statement of the benefits bestowed by mighty Louis on the Americans, as well as their deep sense of them. This is perfectly right. We only lament that he did not exemplify it, by stating, from the papers before him, that festivals were instituted through the United States for the annual celebration of ~~their~~ benefactor's murder; and that *Joel Barlow*, the laureat of America, was called upon for a song of triumph over his bleeding trunk, which was not only sung with extraordinary rapture there, but in every part of Europe, where two or three Americans could be got together.

Book VIII. brings us to the opening of the poem! "Seraphick Splendour," whom we now find to be the Archangel Liberty, "halts over Yorktown," and amuses Washington with the relation of a scurvy trick which he has just put upon the English reinforcements. "He has lured them," he says, "to Eustathius," and put out their eyes, so that they cannot discern friends from foes. p. 193. On the other hand, he clears Washington's sight, and ena-

bles him to distinguish the infernal host, which is just arrived from hell. Finding, as it should seem, that the general was not very conversant with the faces of the leaders, the archangel condescends to point them out to him with great minuteness.—Among the rest, he shows him Satan "wrapt in thick darkness," and concealed behind his shield, of which "the boss was a vast and solid rock." p. 196. Of this shield we are favoured with an elaborate description; and certainly Bedlam never produced any thing so wild and incoherent. It is madness, stark staring madness, without a glimpse of intervening reason, and evinces the writer to be, not like the lunatick of Shakspeare, "*of imagination all compact*," but of some earthy, atrabilious matter, jumbled into effervescence by the concussion of moody passions.

Book IX. opens with the battle of Yorktown. Cornwallis is terrified by the appearance of a balance "in the sable sky," in which the justice of Britain is weighed, and found wanting:

—"back aghast
The hero shrink"

and soon after, the day breaks which is to witness the total extirpation of slavery from the United States:

—"the dawn
'Gan to dispel from off the tainted earth,
Foul slavery's latest vapours!"

Mr. N. is the most accurate of historians as well as of poets. We have not the American census of this year before us; but if we recollect rightly, there cannot be above two millions of slaves now smarting under the lash there; nor, as we verily think, have more than three millions of them been imported and sold in those pure regions, since the glorious defeat of Cornwallis established for ever the reign of freedom there on the natural rights of man. So consistent is the language of our author, and so correct are his feelings!

We must not pass over a circum-

stance in this book, indeed, the only one worth noticing, if we except the scandalous conduct of Satan, in witnessing the defeat of his allies without an effort in their favour. We allude to the singular happiness of Mr. N. in being enabled to embellish his poetry by a simile drawn from *his own estate*! Homer and Virgil, his great prototypes, have left us in doubt whether they possessed any property or not; they talk, indeed, of their muses and their lyres; but of their "seats," mercy on us! unless on mount Parnassus, indeed.—But hear Mr. N.

"As when the rapid Exe, by melted snows
And northern torrents swoln, sweeps o'er the plains,
Nor herds, nor fields, nor hedge, nor bridge, nor town,
Can stop its furious course, while Exon's walls
And Cleve's green summits echo back the roar."—p. 216.

"Cleve," he subjoins, and we humbly thank him for the information, "has long been the *seat of the Northmores*. It is situated on a commanding eminence" (grammercy, monsieur) "opposite to the ancient city of Exeter, the capital of the west of England."

—baccare frontem
Cingite:—

for, if this does not excite envy, we know not what will.

Book X. Satan apologizes for his inactivity, and summons Moloch and the infernal spirits to arms. Nothing can exceed their rage, but their determined resolution. They give a horrid shout, which shakes all creation to its centre, and rush forward. "And now the earth had gone, *against the will of heaven*, to eternal wreck," had not Washington seen their approach, and called, in great haste, for the archangel Liberty, whom Satan, just before, terms "a puny seraph." But what can one do against millions? Leave that to Mr. N. The seraph, puny as he is, flies

to meet them, and uncovering a resplendent shield, which had hitherto "been wrapt in clouds," flashes it in their faces, and puts them all to flight!

—"Angel with archangel turn'd
With terrible dismay; nor staid their course,
Till thro' the gates of hell they wing'd their way!"

Call you this backing your friends? Satan, however, Beelzebub, Moloch, and a few other chiefs, whose eyes Mr. N. thinks were stronger, remain behind, and enter into a consultation, the result of which—O most lame and impotent conclusion! is, to lay aside the arms which they had brought with such parade from hell, "put off their heavenly forms," and, in the shapes of their "fellow men," mix with the English and assist them with their advice:

"And may success, and better fate prevail."—p. 230.

How Beelzebub and Moloch dispose of themselves, does not appear; but Satan, finding a dead body on the field of battle, enters it, and repairs to Cornwallis, whom he advises to run away. The general is easily persuaded, and the preparations for flight are in some forwardness, when the whole plan is disconcerted by Michael; who, having discovered his old antagonist in the disguise of a dead man, instantly raises a storm, which prevents the embarkation of the troops. Satan, who is justly nettled at this *contretemps*, takes his revenge on the following day, by furnishing death with "a musket ball" to shoot col. Laurens, whose death is tenderly lamented by Washington and his army, and who, Mr. N. assures us in a note, was killed, "not in this battle, but, in a petty squabble somewhere else, about a twelvemonth after!" p. 236.

Things now hasten to a conclusion. Cornwallis, who can neither fight nor fly, is kindly advised by

the archangel Liberty to humble himself before Washington and ask for mercy. Upon which "he pours a flood of penitential tears;" and his friend Satan, who has now lost all hope, takes leave of him and earth forever, and returns to hell; leaving his splendid car to enrich the nomenclature of the chymists, when it shall fortunately be discovered behind the Apalachian mountains. Beelzebub, Moloch, and the rest, follow their chief; so that Mammon, who was then in England with his "two coffers," is now the only demon at large; but Mr. N. thinks that his stay among us will be short, and that the reign of universal peace and virtue will then commence. Meanwhile Michael shuts the gates of hell upon the fugitives: Cornwallis begs mercy of Washington, which is instantly granted, and Mr. N. patriotically exclaiming:

"But cease my soul, thus *harassing thyself*

To sing of Britons vanquish'd."

concludes with a prayer to the archangel Liberty.

Such is Washington, as far as we have been able to decypher the story. As a composition it is utterly contemptible, devoid alike of consistency, spirit, poetry, grammar, and sense. The author is evidently some gloomy, discontented fanatic, who having sedulously collected all the factious and all the frantick trash which was published during the heat of the American war; and added to it whatever the restless

spirit of more recent malevolence could supply, has for twenty years been sullenly brooding over the noxious mass; and now, that every one wishes to forget the transactions of that lamented period, comes forward with a heated brain, and a perverted mind, for the unworthy purpose of reviving hatred, exasperating animosity, and tearing open the wounds which the lenient hand of time had well nigh closed. Let us not, however, be misunderstood; ——"The attempt, and not the deed, Confounds us."—

Mr. Northmore will assuredly effect nothing of this; nor should we have wasted a word on his most miserable doggrel, had not the spirit, in which it was produced, called for exposure and reprobation. We can pity honest folly, and smile, indulgently, at well-meant absurdity. But, when we find, as here, malevolence striving, in despite of natural imbecility, to fling its venom over all that we have been accustomed to revere, and to calumniate the sense, the spirit, and the honour of our country, under the hypocritical pretence of mewling about freedom, we hold it a sacred part of our duty to reject the offender's plea of stupidity, however gross and palpable, and, as the only punishment in our power, to suspend him, for an instant, over the gulf of oblivion, a mark for the finger of scorn and ridicule, before we suffer him to drop and be lost—for ever.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

American Annals; or, a Chronological History of America, from its Discovery, in 1492, to 1806. By Abiel Holmes, D. D. Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Minister of the First Church in Cambridge, 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge [in America.]

NOT many years ago, an American published an essay advising his countrymen to change their name, or rather to assume one, because, in

fact, they have none which properly and peculiarly belongs to them. He proposed Fredon for the country, from which there would be the re-

gular derivatives, Frede and Fredish. For the poets, there was Fredonia, a word, it was thought, not less sonorous than Britannia; and its adjective Fredonian, to which the English would have nothing comparable. There is something whimsical in the fancy of changing the name of a nation; yet many inconveniences in literature arise from the anomaly of calling a part of the American continent by the appellation of the whole. There is an instance in this work of Dr. Holmes: as Fredish annals (if we may be allowed to accommodate ourselves from the essayist's nomenclature) it displays great industry and research, and is exceedingly valuable; but if it be considered, according to the full import of its title, as American Annals, it is meagre and miserably imperfect. Few of the Spanish writers have been consulted, those few only in translation, and Herrera, the most important of all, in a very mutilated one. The author's collection of French authorities is equally incomplete; and of the many important works which the ex-Jesuits have bequeathed to the world, as the legacy of their illustrious order, not one appears in his catalogue. Whoever has attempted to form an historical collection, relating to any particular country, will have learnt how difficult a task it is, and what a length of time, and persevering search it requires. But of all collections, there is none so difficult as that of American history; because its materials are in so many languages, most of them are very rare, and the old books of one country are seldom to be obtained in another. In America the difficulty must be insuperable. Dr. Holmes will do well, therefore, in a subsequent edition, to restrict his subject to the history of the United States, beginning with the first voyage of Cabot. Whoever writes concerning the new world begins with Columbus now, just as two centuries ago every body that

wrote, concerning the old one, began with Adam, or at least with Noah. It is time to have done with this: the History of Columbus is as well known to all who read history, as that of Noah himself. Books are now too numerous, paper too dear, and time too valuable to allow of these unnecessary repetitions.

Raleigh was the first person who attempted to form a settlement on what is now the United States. The second, and successful attempt, was projected by Hakluyt, a man to whose political foresight, and literary zeal, Europe and America are equally indebted. Sound political wisdom established the colony. The next, in order of time, owes its origin to a yet higher principle. The Puritans who had fled into Holland to avoid intolerance at home, carried with them English hearts. They could not bear to think that their little community should be absorbed and lost in a foreign nation. They had forsaken their birth place and their family graves, but they loved their country and their mother tongue, and, rather than their children should become subjects of another state, and speak another language, they exposed themselves to all the hardships and dangers of colonizing in a savage land. No people on earth may so justly pride themselves upon their ancestors as the New Englanders. "Their humorous ignorance," says the captain Smith, who is so conspicuous in Virginian history, "caused them, for more than a year, to endure a wonderful deal of misery with an infinite patience." Within the first three months, half their number was swept off by the mortality to which new colonists are always subject. The dead were buried in the bank, at a little distance from the rock on which they landed; and their graves were levelled and sown, lest the Indians should discover the loss which they had sustained, and attack the weak and wretched survivors. The rock was covered

over about 70 years ago, in the erection of a wharf. An old man was then living, almost in his hundredth year, who remembered the first settlers, and he wept when he heard that this rock, which should have been preserved with religious veneration, as the spot on which their fathers first set foot, had been thus carelessly put out of sight. His tears, says Dr. Holmes, perhaps saved it from oblivion. Having said thus much of this relic, it is remarkable that he has not given the remainder of its history. At the commencement of the revolution it was determined to bring it again to light. The sand with which it had been covered to the depth of twenty feet was cleared away, and as the rock in being laid bare was split into two parts, that circumstance was regarded as ominous of a separation between the colonies and the mother country. The larger half was left in its natural site, the other removed with great labour to the market place of the town of Plymouth; and though no inscription has yet been placed upon them, both are pointed out to all strangers with the reverence which they deserve.

While these truly patriotick men were struggling with their first difficulties, the Virginians were making a rapid progress. Some curious methods were adopted to forward the growth of this colony. Upon the motion of sir Edwin Sandys, treasurer of the company in London, ninety girls, young and uncorrupt, "were shipped off in one consignment, by the grace of God and in good condition," and in the year following a cargo of sixty men, all "handsome, and well recommended for their virtuous education." How these women were bought in England does not appear; they were, however, literally sold in Virginia for the benefit of the company, which had never speculated in so marketable a commodity. The price of a wife was at first a hundred pounds of tobacco; but rose

by degrees to a hundred and fifty, tobacco being worth three shillings a pound. The system of transporting criminals began at the same time. Transportation should be the punishment of state offences, and of no other. A man is not disqualified by his anti-patriotick feelings towards one country from being a valuable member of society elsewhere; change of climate is specifick for treason and sedition; but habits of profligacy render the moral criminal a bad subject any where. All that can be said in favour of the system is, that it is better to use men in this way than to waste them at the gallows; but it is the most expensive and least efficacious method of colonization.

During that unhappy war for which we have cause to feel shame, but they perhaps will have most reason to feel sorrow, a grenadier said of the Americans: "The Adam and Eve of this young nation came out of Newgate." The wit of the saying would have tempted many a man to the falsehood; but the soldier was probably ignorant enough to believe that his sarcasm was fairly applicable to the whole people. There are, however, few states whose origin is on the whole so respectable, none whose history is sullied with so few crimes. As for the usurpation of territory from the natives, he must be a feeble moralist who regards that as an evil: the same principle upon which that usurpation is condemned would lead to the nonsensical opinion of the Brahmans, that agriculture is an unrighteous employment, because worms must sometimes be cut by the ploughshare and the spade. It is the order of nature that beasts should give place to man, and among men the savage to the civilized; and no where has this order been carried into effect with so little violence as in North America. Sir Thomas More admits it to be a justifiable cause of war even in Utopia, if a people who have terri-

tory to spare will not cede it to those who are in want of room.—The quakers of Pennsylvania have proved the practicability of a more perfect system than he had imagined, and the treaty which the excellent founder of the province made with the Indians, has never been broken. Only one quaker has fallen by hands of the Indians since the foundation of the state, and his death was the consequence of deviating from the principles of the community to which he belonged; the savages believing him not to be a quaker because he carried a gun. If the conduct of the other states towards the natives be fairly examined, there will be found a great aggregate of individual wickedness on the part of the traders, and back settlers, but little which can be considered as national guilt. They have never been divided among the colonists, like cerfs; they have never been consumed in mines, nor in indigo works; they have never been hunted down for slaves, nor has war ever been made upon them for the purpose of conquest, though the infernal cruelties which they exercise upon their prisoners might excuse, and almost justify a war of extermination.

Dr. Holmes makes some remarks which are honourable to his feelings on the great war with Metacom, sachem of Pockanoket, famous by his title of K. Philip, which was the decisive contest between the red and white races in this part of America. "The death of Philip, in retrospect," he says, "makes different impressions from what were made at the time of the event. It was then considered as the extinction of a virulent and implacable enemy: it is now viewed as the fall of a great warrior, a penetrating statesman, and a mighty prince. It then excited universal joy and congratulation as a prelude to the close of a merciless war: it now awakens sober reflections on the instability of empire, the peculiar

destiny of the aboriginal race, and the inscrutable decrees of heaven. The patriotism of the man was then overlooked in the cruelty of the savage, and little allowance was made for the natural jealousy of the sovereign, on account of the barbarities of the warrior." Whenever America produces a Homer, this must be the subject of his poem. "In this short but tremendous war, about six hundred of the inhabitants of New England, composing its principal strength, were either killed in battle or murdered by the enemy; twelve or thirteen towns were entirely destroyed; and about six hundred buildings, chiefly dwelling houses, were burnt." It ended, however, in complete victory, and the ascendancy of the white race was for ever established.

This war affords in every respect a finer subject for the poet than that upon which *Ercilla* composed his famous *Araucana*; it has a good cause, an entire action, and a decisive event; all of which the Spanish poet wanted. There are also in its progress many circumstances peculiarly fitted for poetry. The character of Metacom himself is very striking, he and his chief old men were at first averse to the war, but he was prest into it by the irresistible importunity of the young warriors; he is even said to have wept at the news of the first English who were killed; but when he had taken up the hatchet, he displayed all the craft and cruelty of the savage. It was commonly reported that he killed some Mohawks in the woods, and imputed their death to the English, for the purpose of drawing their nation into the alliance: one, however, who had been left for dead, recovered, and informed his countrymen of the truth. His death was occasioned by his own ferocity. After his last defeat he took refuge in a swamp: there were two brothers among his companions, one of them gave him some advice which displeased the

fierce sachem, and in his anger he killed him, the other immediately fled to the English, and guided Church, who was the hero of the New Englanders, with a handful of volunteers, to the swamp, in hopes of revenging his brother with his own hand. It was by an Indian hand that he fell; but whether this was the man who shot him is not explained. The death of Nanuntenuo, his chief ally, was even more striking. Being made prisoner by the Indian allies of the English, his life was offered him on condition that he should make peace; but he refused. When informed that his death, in consequence, was determined, his answer was: "I like it well: I shall die before my heart is soft, or I shall have spoken any thing unworthy of myself."

The most impressive circumstance in the course of this war occurred at Hadley. The Indians having laid Deerfield in ashes, surprised that town during the time of public worship. The men of the town had long been in the habit of taking their arms with them when they attended divine service. They were, however, panick stricken and confused, and in all human probability not a soul would have escaped alive, had not an old and venerable man, whose dress was different from that of the inhabitants, and whom no one had seen before, suddenly appeared among them. He rallied them; put himself at their head; gave his orders like one accustomed to battle; led them on; routed the enemy, and, when the victory was complete, was no longer to be found. This deliverer, whom the people, thus preserved from death and torments, long believed to be an angel, was general Goffe, one of the men who sate in judgment upon Charles I. His adventures in America are deeply interesting. He and his father-in-law, general Whalley, another of the king's judges, left England a few days before the restoration; they landed at Boston; waited on Endicot

the governour, to inform him who they were; took up their residence in a neighbouring village, and were greatly respected till the hue and cry followed them from Barbadoes. They were then warned to make their escape, and accordingly they removed to Newhaven, a place about a hundred and fifty miles distant. Here they owed their lives to the intrepidity of the minister, John Davenport, who, when their pursuers arrived, preached to the people from this text. "Take counsel; execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon day; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." [Isaiah xvi. 3, 4.] Large rewards were offered for their apprehension, or for any information which might lead to it. Davenport was threatened, for it was known that he had harboured them. Upon hearing that he was in danger, they offered to deliver themselves up, and actually gave notice to the deputy governour of the place of their concealment; but their friend had not preached in vain, and the magistrate took no other notice than to let them be advised not to betray themselves. Their hiding-place was a cave on the top of West Rock, some two or three miles from the town. Once when they ventured out for provisions, they hid themselves under a bridge while their pursuers past over it. Once they met the sheriff who had the warrant for their apprehension in his pocket; but they fought for their lives, and, before he could procure help, escaped into the woods. After lurking two or three years in the cave, or in the houses of their friends, they found it necessary to remove, and were received at Hadley by Russell, the minister of the place, with whom they were concealed fifteen or sixteen years. Whalley sunk into second childhood. Goffe speaks of him thrice in

a letter to his wife, with whom he corresponded under a feigned name: "He is scarce capable of any rational discourse; his understanding, memory, and speech doth so much fail him, that he seems not to take much notice of any thing that is either done or said, but patiently bears all things, and never complains of any thing. Being asked whether it was not a great refreshment to him to hear such a gracious spirit breathing in your letters, he said it was none of his least comforts; and, indeed, he scarce speaks of any thing but in answer to the questions that are put to him, which are not of many kinds, because he is not capable to answer them. The common and very frequent question is to know how he doth, and his answer for the most part is: 'Very well, I praise God,' which he utters in a very low and weak voice. When he wants any thing, he cannot speak well for it; because he forgets the name of it, and sometimes asks for one thing when he means another, so that his eye or his finger is his tongue: but his ordinary wants are so well known to us, that most of them are supplied without asking or making signs for them. I bless the Lord that gives me such a good measure of health and strength, and an opportunity and a heart to use it in so good and necessary a work; for though my help be poor and weak, yet that ancient servant of Christ could not well subsist without it, and I do believe, as you are pleased to say very well, that I do enjoy the more health for his sake. I have sometimes wondered much at this dispensation of the Lord towards him, and have some expectation of more than ordinary grace. The Lord help us to profit by all, and to wait with patience upon him, till we see what end he will make with us. I will now ask him what he would have me say to his friends concerning him. The question being asked, he saith: 'I am better than I was.' And

being asked what I should say more to his cousin R. or any other friends; after a long pause he again saith: 'The Lord hath visited me in much mercy, and hath answered his visitation upon me.' I give you his own words. Being desirous to draw more from him, I proposed several questions; and the sum of his answers was, that he earnestly desires the continuance of the fervent prayers of all friends for him." Whalley died at Hadley in 1688, and about a year afterwards all tradition of Goffe is lost. One is willing to hope that he returned to England. Colonel Dixwell, another of the king's judges, found shelter also in America. He visited his fellow-exiles in their concealment, and being himself unknown, settled and married at New-haven under the name of James Davids. By that name he signed his will; but there he adds to it his own, and his tomb-stone is shown at New-haven with only the initials J. D. esq. deceased March 18, in the 82d year of his age, 1688. Another stone with the initials E. W. esq. is traditionally supposed to mark the grave of Whalley. If it be so, his bones must have been removed there by Dixwell; an affecting act of pious friendship.

Dr. Holmes is censurable for endeavouring to palliate the persecution of the quakers in New England. "The prevalent opinion," he says, "among all sects of Christians at that day, that toleration is sinful, ought to be remembered." *He* ought to have remembered that one state in North America had then been established on the broad basis of freedom in religion. "Nor may it be forgotten," he adds, "that the first quakers in New England, beside speaking and writing what was deemed blasphemous, reviled magistrates and ministers, and disturbed religious assemblies; and that the tendency of their tenets and practices was to the subversion of the commonwealth, in that period

of its infancy." It is absolutely false that the quaker tenets ever tended to the subversion of government, in any other manner than Christianity itself may be said to tend to subvert all governments, by recommending a purity of life which would render them useless. The manner in which he relates the most remarkable of these martyrdoms must not be past over without reprehension. "William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, and Mary Dyer, quakers, were brought to trial before the general court of Massachusetts, and sentenced to die. The two first were executed." To which he adds in a note: "*They received this sentence for their rebellion, sedition, and presumptuous obtruding themselves after banishment on pain of death.*" Mary Dyer was reprieved on condition of her departure from the jurisdiction in forty eight hours, and if she returned, to suffer the sentence. She was, however, carried to the gallows, and stood with a rope about her neck until the others were executed. This infatuated woman returned, and was executed in 1660. A declaration of the general court, in justification of these proceedings, was soon after printed. And Dr. Holmes informs the reader where this *justification* is to be found. This account is as reprehensible for its inaccuracy as for the want of right feeling which it displays. Mary Dyer was led to execution with the two men. They went hand in hand, she "being the middlemost, which made the marshal say to her, who was pretty aged and stricken in years, "are not you ashamed to walk hand in hand between two young men?" "No," replied she: "This is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could enjoy in this world. No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand the sweet incomes or influence, and the refreshings of the spirit of the Lord which now I feel." When the men had been executed, she

"seeing now her companions hanging dead before her, also stepped up the ladder; but after her coats were tied about her feet, the halter put about her neck, and her face covered with a handkerchief, which the priest Wilson lent the hangman, just as she was to be turned off, a cry was heard stop, for she is reprieved. Her feet then being loosed, they bade her come down. But she, whose mind was already, as it were, in heaven, stood still and said she was there willing to suffer as her brethren did, when they would annul their wicked laws." This is the account given by the plain and faithful historian of the quakers. It is not the less interesting for the enthusiasm of the parties, nor for the sympathy of the writer. No condition was made with Mary Dyer, nor would she have assented to any such condition. Madness never makes conditions; and that this was madness we are as willing to admit as Dr. Holmes, though our pity for such insanity is not without some reverence and admiration of the principle which could produce it. The letter which she addressed to the court the day after the reprieve, proves that she did not accept her life on any condition. "Once more," she says, "to the general court assembled in Boston, speaks Mary Dyer, even as before. My life is not accepted, neither availeth me in comparison of the lives and liberty of the truth and servants of the living God. Yet, nevertheless, with wicked hands have you put two of them to death, which makes me to feel that the mercies of the wicked are cruelty. I rather choose to die than to live as from you, as guilty of their innocent blood. When I heard your last order read, it was a disturbance with me that was so freely offering up my life to him that gave it me." These are not times when any palliation of such intolerance is to be lightly past over, or noticed only with contempt. There is too much fanaticism abroad, and, be it remem-

bered, that the quakers are the only sectarians in whom fanaticism is not inseparably connected with the spirit of persecution. The penal laws against heresy have been circulated, *in terrorem*, by the society for the suppression of vice; a defence of Calvin for burning Servetus has been published by an English methodist within these few years; and Mrs. More herself, to whose natural liberality and excellent qualities all who know her will cheerfully bear witness, speaks of "Egyptian points of doctrine which are to be cut off by the edge of the sword." Catholicicks have been burnt as Jews, and if such hints as these do not give the alarm in time, Englishmen must not be surprised if, at no very distant period, they should find themselves voted Egyptians in their own country.

One of the men who most distinguished themselves in America by persecuting the quakers, was John Perrot, who had himself been the most extravagant of the sect. In the days of his honesty he went to Rome to convert the pope. He began this hopeful undertaking by calling upon the pope's chaplain, who happened to be an Irishman, and telling him upon what errand he, "John, the servant of Jesus in the holy and blessed calling of the quaking and trembling at the word of the Lord God," was arrived in that city. The next night he was taken out of his bed by the chief marshal and carried to prison, from whence, in a few days, he was removed to the inquisition. This was in 1658. The inquisitors at Rome were less cruel than they had been half a century before. They furnished him with pen, ink, and paper, and desired him to write whatever he pleased. John began by an epistle general to the Romans, and another to "Fabius Guisius, pope of Rome." "Friend," he said, "my message is not unto any part of the *natural*, either wit, will, or wisdom; it is neither meat for serpents, nor air for camelions. Behold overturn

cometh, and overturn followeth, until the last overturn be fulfilled. Be thou henceforth no more called pope, for that was never promised nor prophesied of by the word of the Lord. I am Peter's successour, who am of his spirit." He then addressed two and forty queries to all the colleges in Rome. "Having received no answer from any of them," says he to his friend, the pope, "I now query to thee; whether hast thou the true eye of discerning, to trace the way of a serpent over a rock; dost thou know the course of a dolphin in the deeps; or the path of a young dolphin in the shallow waters? If thou knowest not this, how knowest thou to take the wings of the morning, to meet the sun in the south, to be at rest with the children of the day, when the light of the moon is as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as the light of seven days, the everlasting Sabbath of God?" If such queries did not very clearly explain the opinions of poor John, they sufficiently explained his case. After eighteen weeks confinement in the inquisition he was transferred to a mad-house, and delivered over to medical tormentors, who chained him by the neck and beat him from head to foot. At length he was judged incurable, and they had humanity enough to let him return to his own country. Here he was in great glory. His manuscripts had been returned to him, and finding that his epistles and queries had not profited the pope and the Italians, he published them for the benefit of other catholicicks, with the title of "Battering Rams against Rome, or the Battle of John, the Follower of the Lamb, fought with the pope and his priests, whilst he was a Prisoner in the Inquisition Prison of Rome: also, a certain Remonstrance of Righteous Reason, written in Rome's Prison of Madmen, unto all Rome's Rulers." The respect which was shown him, as a confessor, puffed him up, and he made a schism

among the quakers; for he insisted that it was a formality to put off their hats in a meeting when any one prayed; and he let his beard grow. This man outgrew his madness; but when he recovered his senses, he lost all that was good in him. He went to America; led a licentious life; got a place under government; and became a severe persecutor of the people among whom he had been so conspicuous for enthusiasm.

It is curious that Locke should be a predecessor of the abbé Sieyès in the art of constitution making, and that the one which he made for Carolina, was in as bad a taste as the consular constitution of France, affixing, in the same manner, old titles to new and inappropriate offices. His president was called palatine; and his earls and barons, landgraves and caciques. This mongrel nomenclature expired with the system, having subsisted only three and twenty years. The landgraveship, with which Locke had been requited for his legislative labours, expired also; and his four domains, each of six thousand acres, seem to have been of little value; for some of his biographers neither mention them nor his title. There is an interesting anecdote respecting the charter of one of the other states. When James II. was proceeding as despotically with the colonies as with the mother country, sir Edmund Andros was sent with a body of troops to demand the charter of Connecticut, and dissolve the existing government. The assembly, unwilling to produce it, prolonged the time, in debate, till evening. Then it was brought forth and laid on the table, and instantly the lights were all put out. There was no disturbance, but when the candles were relighted, the charter was gone. Captain Wadsworth had carried it off and secreted it in the hollow of an oak. This venerable oak, which was in its prime before ever European set foot in America, is still a fine tree. Its trunk is one

and twenty feet in circumference. The cavity, wherein the charter was preserved till better times, was near the root. "Within the space of eight years," says a daughter of the family before whose house it stands, "that cavity has closed, as if it had fulfilled the divine purpose for which it was appointed!"

The subsequent part of these annals is uninteresting till it begins to be painful, by entering upon a subject which neither we nor our transatlantic brethren should wish to remember. We turn to the history of Anglo-American literature as a happier topic. The first English work written in America, was Sandy's Translation of the *Metamorphoses*; "a version," says the translator, "limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the New World, of the rudeness of which it could not but participate; especially as it was produced among wars and tumults, instead of under the kindly and peaceful influence of the muses." Dr. William Vaughan's poem of the *Golden Fleece*, was written in Newfoundland about the same time. Jocelyn, who wrote the *New England Rarities*, and the account of his two voyages, took over with him a version of part of the *Psalms* by Quarles, which, if they had received the minister of Boston's approbation, were to have succeeded Sternhold and Hopkins in the New World. The first printing press was set up at Cambridge, in 1639. Glover, at whose expense it was established, died on his passage out. The printer's name was Daye. The first thing which was printed was the *Freeman's Oath*; the second was an *Almanack*, calculated for New England, by Pierce, a sea-faring man; the third was the *Psalms*, newly turned into metre. Such were the beginnings of literature among the Anglo-Americans. Its progress has

not been rapid. No work of distinguished merit, in any branch, has yet been produced among them. That which lies before us is, perhaps, one of the most meritorious; and this is of an inferior class. Their *Life of Washington* is ill-proportioned, nor can much praise be bestowed upon its execution.—Their drama is so bad, as, almost, to reconcile us to the present state of our own. Of their two best poets, *Dwight* has failed, because he imitated bad models; and *Barlow*, because he formed a bad style for himself.—It is no great reproach to the Americans that they have not, as yet, done more; more ought not to be expected from their circumstances and population. Some blame, however, is due to their government, for the little encouragement which it holds out to literature. It is, especially, incumbent upon a nation which professes to despise factitious distinctions, to acknowledge intellectual rank with every thing short of ostentation, and to set other countries an example, by patronizing and promoting those efforts of genius which all civilized nations consider as their proudest boast, and their only permanent glory

[Thus much of this article we have inserted on account of its own merit and general correctness. We subjoin the remainder, to show our readers how grossly ignorant even the scholars of Europe are, of the manners and state of society in this country. From the distorted representations of such travellers as *Weld*, *Janson*, *Ashe*, *et id genus omne*, of the rudest part of the population of our frontier settlements, writers set themselves gravely down to fill up a picture of American manners. With just as much truth and fairness might the English metropolis, or even the nation itself, be characterized from the morals and manners of some half a score of the vulgar and depraved inhabitants of *Billingsgate* or *St. Giles's*; or from the late disgraceful riots at *Covent Garden*, in which the police itself durst not interfere.]

Ed. Sel. Reviews.

Two centuries have but just elapsed since the first English settlement

was formed in America. The colonies took with them the opinions, and feelings, and manners of their country. None of those political earthquakes which subvert every thing, have visited either the colony or the parent state; and yet the Americans have acquired a distinct national character, and even a national physiognomy. An Englishman, indeed, may pass for an American on the continent; but in England, it rarely happens that *Nathan* could be mistaken for *John Bull*. The family likeness has been lost. God forbid that the family feeling should be lost also. To what is this specifick and striking difference to be attributed? It is not to any mixture of nations. There has been little of this in America; not more than has taken place during the same time in our own island. The Germans, who are more numerous than any other emigrants, intermarry among themselves. The French settlers are inconsiderable in number, and they hate the Americans; even their own countryman, the duke de *Liancourt* complains that this insolent dislike is general among them, and tells us that some of the French boasted they would never learn the language of the country, nor enter into conversation with the people. There is scarcely any mixture of Indian blood. In this the Anglo-Americans differ from all other white men; and the difference is greatly to their honour. It has been observed that the French accommodate themselves more easily than any other Europeans, to the habits of savage life; more of them have connected themselves with Indian women, and more have become savages. The reason is obvious: a Frenchman has no respect for himself, because he has no sense of moral dignity. To become a savage he has nothing to do but to put off the coxcomb, or rather, to change the coxcomb's fashions, and he remains with his craft and his cruelty; his

shallow feelings, and his profound dissimulation; his animal activity and the inexhaustible resources of his ingenuity; all the bad qualities of the savage, and a few of the good ones.

There is, however, both in the physical and intellectual features of the Americans, a trace of savage character, not produced by crossing the breed, but by the circumstance of society and of external nature. It is only in the great cities, and their immediate vicinity that the accompaniments of civilisation are found. In the new settlements every thing partakes more of savage than of civilized life. The back settlers, useful as they are when considered as the pioneers of civilisation, are a worse race than the Indians, upon whose border they trespass; inasmuch as they have been better taught; possess greater power of doing mischief; and are without principle. The succeeding classes for many steps upward, find themselves without the priest, without the physician, and without any other law than serves for the purpose of litigation. The execution of justice they take into their own hands. The man whose horse is stolen, pursues the thief, and frequently kills him on the spot, to save the trouble of lodging him in prison. There is a sort of wildness which is caught by living in a forest. Even in England it is exemplified. Just as our mountain mutton approaches to the flavour of beasts of the chase, so is man altered in his moral and physical nature, by woods and wildernesses. Their different effect upon the horse is very interesting. "However wild," says Mr. Ashe,* "the horse of the western country may be at his home, and when turned into enclosed pastures, he never wanders from his rider in the woods. He will graze about and pick up shrubs and provender from

the roots of trees, but never loses sight of his camp, or the light of its fire. He, too, is sensible of fear and protection; he trembles in the gloom of the woods; and, on the most distant howl of the wolf, approaches the fire, and often draws up, and looks into the tent of his master." The horse is, perhaps, of all animals, most subject to violent fear. Man is, of all animals, the bravest, and circumstances of danger increase his courage. An American's first plaything is the rattle-snake's tail. If he strays out of sight of his father's door, he is lost; an accident which frequently happens; but hence, like the savage, he acquires an early habit of tracing his way, by signs imperceptible to another's eyes. As he grows up he lays traps for opossums, and shoots squirrels for his breakfast; he cuts down a tree on which the wild pigeons have built their nests, and picks up a horse-load of young birds. He notches his pigs in the ear, and lets them run in the woods. When the pork season comes, the neighbourhood assemble to hunt the wild swine, and each man knows his own by its marks. He takes his pigeons or his pork to the nearest town; sell them he cannot. The words buy and sell are nearly unknown in the new settlements. He *trades* them, and takes in exchange, not what he wants, but what he can get. "I have known a person," says Ashe, "ask for a pair of shoes, and receive for answer, that there were no shoes in the store, but some *capital gin* that could be recommended to him. I have heard another ask for a rifle-gun, and be answered that there were no rifles, but that he could be accommodated with the best *Dutch looking-glasses* and *German flutes* in the western country. Another was directed by his wife to bring her a warming pan, smoothing-irons

* We give no credit to this traveller when he goes a monument-hunting; but, notwithstanding this mixture of romance, and the impudent vanity of the preface, his book contains a few valuable facts.—*Quar. Rev.* And a prodigious number of impudent falsehoods.—*Ed. Sel. Rev.*

and scrubbing-brushes; but these were denied, and a *wooden cuckoo-clock*, which the children would not take a week to demolish, was sent home in their stead. I rode an excellent horse to the head of the waters, and finding him of no farther use, from my having to take boat there, I proposed selling him to the best bidder. I was offered in exchange for him salt, flower, hogs, land, Indian corn, whiskey; in short every thing but what I wanted, which was money. The highest offer made was cast-iron salt-pans to the amount of a hundred and thirty dollars. I asked the proprietor of this heavy commodity how much cash he would allow me instead of such an incumbrance. His answer was, without any shame or hesitation, forty dollars at most. I preferred the pans, though they are to be exchanged again for glass bottles at Pittsburgh; become tobacco or hemp in Kentucky; and dollars in New Orleans."

Men in this semi-savage state, crave, like savages, for spirituous liquors. Ale, cider, and wine are insipid to their coarse and blunted sense: they are without taste, and must have something which the palate can feel. Intoxication with them is not social hilarity betrayed into excess; it is too rapid a process for that interval of generous feeling which tempts the European on. Their pleasure is first in the fiery stimulus itself, not in its effect, not in drunkenness, but in getting drunk. In the southern states, a dram, mixed with some pungent herb, and taken before breakfast, is called a *sling*, and they, whose custom it is to begin the day with it, are so many as to be distinguished by the name of *slingers*.—Another set are called *eleveners*, because they take the potion an hour

before noon; and there are some who *eleven* as well as *sling*. According to Dr. Rush, half the cases of madness in the Philadelphia hospital are occasioned by dram-drinking. Modern physicians, in their rage for generalizing, have involved all spirituous liquors in one sweeping sentence of condemnation, as if their effects were not specifically different, like their constituent parts. Ale stupifies the drunkard; wine exhilarates him; drams make him frantick.—Hence the ferocity with which Americans decide their quarrels; their *rough and tumbling*; their biting and lacerating each other; and their *gouging*, a diabolical practice which has never disgraced Europe, and for which no other people have even a name.

Living in this semi-savage state, the greater part of the Americans are so accustomed to dispense with the comforts of life which they cannot obtain, that they have learnt to neglect even those decencies which are within their reach. This is not meant to allude to the custom of *bundling*, which probably never was general, and which was not the consequence of any particular stage of society; but it applies to the detestable state of their inns, which are as disgraceful to America as they are disgusting to the unlucky Englishman whose fate it is to travel there. The traveller must eat with the family, and must wait for their hours, let him arrive when he will. Every apartment is considered as common, and that room in which a stranger sits down, says Mr. Weld,* is sure to be most frequented. His chamber is filled with beds, in which men and women, if women happen to be travelling, lie promiscuously; and when he has fallen asleep in foul sheets,

* Mr. Weld is proverbially quoted as a fabler in America for his story of the mosquitoes that bit general Washington through his boots. It is marvellous that he should not have perceived the absurdity of such a story; but though his travels are written in an unfriendly temper towards the Americans, this seems to be the only gross exaggeration which they contain.

he may think himself fortunate if some dirty American does not awaken him by turning in by his side. In these beastly taverns, the stranger must be an unwilling spectator of riot and drunkenness, and its bloody effects. Some advancement has, however, been made towards a more decent system, by opening houses for travellers, and travellers only. The persons who do this take out no license, and do not hang up a sign. The Americans have overrun an immense country; not settled it. In this, as in every thing else, the system of things is forced beyond the age of the colonies; and the state, and, indeed, the very existence of their inns, is one of the consequences. Half a century back, whoever wandered in these wilds would have been lodged in an Indian wigwam; half a century hence, perhaps, the priest, the magistrate, the neighbouring gentleman, will keep open house for every respectable traveller, as well to gratify themselves with the enjoyment of society, as to save him from the inconveniences of unclean quarters and boorish, or rather brutal, manners. In Virginia this is now the case, and it must be so in the new settlements whenever they are equally advanced.

In the other colonies, other causes have prevailed hostile to improvement. Slavery exists in the southern states, and, consequently, hardens the hearts and corrupts the morals of the people. The northern states have hardly outgrown their fanaticism. We have born a willing testimony of respect to the principles of the first colonists in New England; but it cannot be denied that their religion is, in the highest degree, unfavourable to arts and manners. It tolerates no musick except psalm-singing; loves no poetry above the pitch of a tabernacle hymn; and, not content with the exclusion of graven images, and the likeness of any thing that is in heaven or earth, from its

churches, reduces the church itself to the appearance of a barn. You look in vain for the steeple and the weathercock;* the clock, and the churchyard yew; for all that is venerable and all that is beautiful. Within there is neither font nor altar; and if the priest be at all distinguishable from the people, it is by an aspect even more dismal than that of his flock. Popery has its festivals as well as its *autos-de-fe*. It fools the people; but it sometimes makes them happy. It insults their understanding; but it cherishes and keeps alive their love of beauty. It has destroyed mighty empires; yet let it be remembered that it founded them; that it civilized the barbarians of northern Europe; and that wherever it struck root it has left monuments not less magnificent than the grandest ruins of Greece and Rome. Calvinism has retained many of the evils of popery, and rejected all that serves to counterbalance them. The New Englanders regulated the most indifferent things by law. Women were ordered to wear their gowns closed round the neck, and forbidden to expose the arms above the wrist. Men were compelled to crop their hair, that they might not resemble women. No person was permitted to take tobacco publicly, and the indulgence of a single pipe or quid was to be atoned by the fine of one penny. To drink a health was condemned as a heathen libation. Even in Virginia, a colony which was not established upon puritanical principles, it was enacted, "that every person should go to church on Sundays and holidays, or be kept confined the night succeeding the offence, and be a slave to the colony the following week; for the second offence a slave for a month; and for the third a year and a day." Stage coaches are at this time prohibited, in Connecticut, from running on the sabbath, and if Mr. Janson's authority is to be relied on, horse-

* If the critick would avoid the ridicule of all who ever saw New England, he should keep such representations as these out of their view. [Ed. Sel. Rev.

men, whose way lies by a meeting house, are sometimes dismounted, and, in literal obedience to the precept of the parable, compelled to go in. In Massachusetts every kind of amusement on Sunday is prohibited by a law enacted so late as 1794: even the act of walking for pleasure is included in the prohibition. Quakerism has never appealed to positive law; but even this system, excellent as it is in other respects, has hitherto tended to keep the people ignorant and unimproved. "If a quaker," says Paine, "had been consulted at the creation, what a drab-coloured world it would have been!"

There is scarcely any medium in America between over-godliness and a brutal irreligion. In many parts of the southern states baptism and the burial service are dispensed with. The ceremony of marriage is performed by a justice of the peace, and pigs are suffered to root in the churchyard and sleep in the church! From superstition to infidelity is an easy transition, and it is as easy from infidelity to superstition. America has its age of reason, and it has also its Dunkers and its Shakers. The all-friend, Jemima Wilkinson, and her prophet Elijah, will have a chapter in the next history of heresies, with our Joanna Southcoate, and her four and twenty elders.—Methodism is even more obstreperous there than it is with us. Our fanatics, though their name is legion, have not yet ventured to hold camp-meetings. These meetings, as the name implies, are held in the open field, and continue, day and night, sometimes for a fortnight. Thousands flock to them from far and near, and bring with them, as the official advertisement recommends, provisions, and tents, or blankets; "all friendly ministers and praying people are invited to attend said meeting." The friendly ministers work away, and as soon as the lungs of one fail, another relieves him. "When signs of conversion

begin to be manifest," says Mr. Janson, "several preachers crowd round the object, exhorting a continuance of the efforts of the spirit, and displaying, in the most frightful images, the horrors which attend such as do not come unto them. The signs of regeneration are displayed in the most extravagant symptoms. I have seen women jumping, striking, and kicking, like raving maniacs, while the surrounding believers could not keep them in postures of decency. This continues till the convert is entirely exhausted; but they consider the greater the resistance the more the faith, and thus they are admitted into what they term the *society*."

The state of law in America is as deplorable as that of religion, and far more extraordinary. The people appear in the courts of justice with their hats on at the bar; they talk, they make a noise, they smoke, and they cry out against the sentence if it does not happen to please them. This last piece of conduct, says the duc de Liancourt, is universal; and there are, perhaps, some petty instances of injustice in the courts, which make it to be not without its use. We have lately seen a state criminal tried there some half a dozen times for the same offence; and the trials have been such that it is impossible to discover whether he was guilty or not. In the natural order of things, official rank would be most respected in countries where there is no hereditary rank; but in America, nothing seems to be respected.—There the government is better than the people: in every part of Europe (except France, where both are equally bad) the people are better than their governments. A century will decide which situation is most favourable, or rather, perhaps, which is least inimical to general improvement. The want of decorum, among the Americans, is not imputable to their republican government; for it has not been found in other republics. It has proceeded from the ef-

fects of the revolutionary war; from their premature independence; and from that passion for gambling which infects all orders of men, clergy as well as laity, and the legislators as well as the people. A captain drives the stage-wagon, and it puts up at the house of a colonel. Rank, therefore, becomes ridiculous. When the country became independent, it had no race of educated men to fill those situations which used to be respected; and they ceased to be so when the persons who filled them were no longer respectable. This evil might soon be remedied. A generation is sufficient to educate judges and magistrates. The spirit of gambling has produced more lasting injury. It is not confined to their speculations in law, by which so many emigrants have been duped and ruined; it extends to their commercial dealings, and the American merchants have a worse character than those of any other nation.

This is an unfavourable picture, yet surely not an unfair one, nor has

it been drawn by an unfriendly hand. Let but the American government abstain from war, and direct its main attention to the education of the people, and the encouragement of arts and knowledge, and, in a very few generations, their country may vie with Europe. Above all, let not that anti-Anglican spirit be cherished, for which there no longer exists a cause. With whatever indignation they may think of the past, they ought to remember that it was from England they imbibed those principles for which they fought, and by which they triumphed. There is a sacred bond between us, of blood and of language, which no circumstances can break. Our literature must always continue to be theirs; and though their laws are no longer the same as ours, we have the same bible, and we address our common Father in the same prayer. Nations are too ready to admit that they have natural enemies; why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Another Guess at JUNIUS, and a Dialogue. Pamphlet.

WE have, formerly, been much delighted with a game rendered classical to us, because we have learned that Swift, even when a little advanced in life, used to play at it. This game, which is well known, is called: "*What's my thought like?*" At this game, we conceive, many who have thought upon the author of the letters of Junius, have, in the course of the last thirty or forty years, been playing; and, among the rest, the writer of this pamphlet, who, although the last, is certainly not the least of those *hunters of a shadow*, who have entertained the publick with conjectures "*baseless as the fabrick of a vision*," and, with respect to some of them, extravagant as the fantastick images of a dream.

It is a propension of mind, common to men of learning and talents (of which we have, indeed, seen many instances) when an object appears to any one irresistibly striking, to place it in the strongest light of fancy; to wonder at its *imaginary* expansion; and, at length, to deck it with all the *hypothetical garments* which can possibly be collected, and prostrate himself to worship the *idol* which his ingenuity had created.

This we take to be, metaphorically, the case with regard to the present conjectures respecting the writer of the letters of JUNIUS. But we are of the Horatian opinion:

Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite resolvit.

We are, in the preface, told of many

persons who, most unquestionably, were *none* of them the authors of those celebrated letters. But we do, most exceedingly, doubt the stability of that conjecture which, in the *centre* part of the work, we find so often urged, and so *finely* decked with hypothetical argument, that the late earl of Chatham *was*. Respecting our total disbelief of his lordship having the least knowledge of, or concern with the letters of Junius, except as a publick production, we could offer many reasons; but as these might be, perhaps, considered as more *specious* than *solid*, and would besides, lead to a controversy which it would be *foolish* to enter into, and *shabby* to shrink from, we shall wave them.

The late William Woodfall, we had once great reason to believe, knew the real author. If he did, the secret descended to the grave with him. His letter, published in the *European Magazine*, for August, 1799, is properly introduced into the work we are now considering. It is curious; but, with respect to the principal object of inquiry, not, in the smallest degree, elucidatory.

The "Dialogue of the Dead," betwixt "*the first earl of Chatham and William Pitt*," appended to this disquisition, is ingenious; but we can hardly think it in *every point* characteristical.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE JUBILEE; or John Bull in his Dotage. A grand national Pantomime; as it was to have been acted, by His Majesty's Subjects, on the 25th of October, 1809. 8vo. 2s.

IT is impossible to read, with gravity, this ludicrous *mélange*, this dramatick chaos. And John Bull is not so much in his dotage, but that he will be able to relish the broad farce of this whimsical piece. The laugh is widely extended. Our political characters, and political blunderers, are exhibited in a farcical kind of magick lantern; and the very parties caricatured must smile at their own figures on the wall.—Our good monarch is represented in the character of king Lear, looking up to the skies, and saying:

"Here am I, ye gods! a poor old man,
More sinned against than sinning!—
Oh! how sharper than a serpent's tooth
It is to have—a *stupid ministry*."

Colonel W—d—e, habited as a Piedmontese show-man, introduces his galantie show:

"Now you shall see Johnny Bull turned into a milch cow, with an udder as big as the cupola of St. Peter's!—Now the Prussian suck, bygar! Now the Austrian suck! Now the Neapolitan suck! Now the Sardinian suck! Now the Portuguese suck! Now the Russian suck! Now the Swede suck! And now, parbleu, they suck her dry, while her own Calves are looking on, in wonder!—All as natural as the life!

A brave galantie show—

A very pretty fancy, *tout nouveau*!"

The author would, perhaps, say of the morality of this age, as Juvenal said of his days:

Quando uberius vitiorum copia!

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

THE "Fragments in Prose and Verse"* of this extraordinarily ingenious and most excellent young lady, have been lately published in two volumes; of which one is nearly filled with "some account of her life and character, by H. M. Bowdler." The remainder of the first volume is occupied by an appendix, consisting of letters, also illustrative of the life and mind of Miss Smith. Of these the chief are from her mother to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, and to Mrs. H. Bowdler; and from them we proceed to extract the leading particulars, for the gratification of our readers.

Miss Smith was born at Burnhall, in the county of Durham, in December, 1776.

At a very early age she discovered that love of reading, and that close application to whatever she engaged in, which marked her character through life. She was accustomed, when only three years old, to leave an elder brother and younger sister to play and amuse themselves, while she eagerly seized on such books as a nursery library commonly affords, and made herself mistress of their contents. At four years of age she read extremely well. What in others is usually the effect of education and habit, seemed born with her. From a very babe the utmost regularity was observable in all her actions. Whatever she did was *well done*, and with an apparent reflection far beyond her years.

"In the beginning of 1782," says Mrs. Smith, "we removed into a dis-

tant country, at the earnest entreaty of a blind relation; and in the following year, my attendance on him becoming so necessary as daily to engage several hours, at his request I was induced to take a young lady, whom he wished to serve in consequence of her family having experienced some severe misfortunes. This lady was then scarcely sixteen; and I expected merely to have found a companion for my children during my absence; but her abilities exceeded her years, and she became their governess during our stay in Suffolk, which was about eighteen months. On the death of my relation in 1784, we returned to Burnhall, and remained there till June in the following year, when we removed to Piercefield. In the course of the preceding winter Elizabeth had made an uncommon progress in musick. From the time of our quitting Suffolk, till the spring of 1786, my children had no instruction except from myself; but their former governess then returned to me, and continued in the family three years longer. By her the children were instructed in French, and in the little Italian which she herself then understood. I mention these particulars to prove how very little instruction in languages my daughter received, and that the knowledge she afterwards acquired of them was the effect of her own, unassisted study.

"It frequently happens that circumstances apparently trifling determine our character, and, sometimes, even our fate in life. I always thought

that Elizabeth was first induced to apply herself to the study of the learned languages, by accidentally hearing that the late Mrs. Bowdler acquired some knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, purposely to read the holy scriptures in the original languages. In the summer of 1789, this most excellent woman, with her youngest daughter, spent a month at Piercefield, and I have reason to hail it as one of the happiest months of my life. From the above mentioned visit I date the turn of study which Elizabeth ever after pursued, and which, I firmly believe, the amiable conduct of our guests first led her to delight in.

"At the age of thirteen, Elizabeth became a sort of governess to her younger sisters; for I then parted with the only one I ever had, and from that time the progress she made in acquiring languages, both ancient and modern, was most rapid. This degree of information, so unusual in a woman, occasioned no confusion in her well regulated mind. She was a living library; but locked up except to a chosen few. Her talents were 'like bales unopened to the sun;' and, from a want of communication, were not as beneficial to others as they might have been; for her dread of being called a learned lady caused such an excess of modest reserve as, perhaps, formed the greatest defect in her character.

"When a reverse of fortune drove us from Piercefield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year, an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented deeply many consequent privations. Of the firmness of her mind on that occasion, no one can judge better than yourself; for you had an opportunity to observe it, when immediately after the blow was struck, you offered, from motives of generous friendship, to undertake a charge which no pecuniary considerations could induce you to accept

a few months before. I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her, or the least expression of regret at what she had lost. On the contrary, she always appeared contented; and particularly after our fixing at Coniston, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy.

"I pass over in silence a time in which we had no home of our own, and when, from the deranged state of our affairs, we were indebted for one to the kindness and generosity of a friend;* nor do I speak of the time spent in Ireland, when following the regiment with my husband, because the want of a settled abode interrupted those studies in which my daughter most delighted. Books are not light of carriage, and the blow which deprived us of Piercefield, deprived us of a library also. But though this period of her life afforded little opportunity for improvement in science, the qualities of her heart never appeared in a more amiable light. Through all the inconveniences which attended our situation while living in barracks, the firmness and cheerful resignation of her mind at the age of nineteen, made me blush for the tear which too frequently trembled in my eye, at the recollection of all the comforts we had lost.

"In October 1800, we left Ireland, and determined on seeking out some retired situation in England; in the hope that by strict economy, and with the blessing of cheerful, contented minds, we might yet find something like comfort; which the frequent change of quarters with four children, and the then insecure state of Ireland, made it impossible to feel, notwithstanding the kind and generous attention we invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants of that country. We passed the winter in a cottage on the banks

* Mrs. Morgan, now Mrs. George Smith.

of the lake of Ulswater, and continued there till the May following, when we removed to our present residence at Coniston. This country had many charms for Elizabeth. She drew correctly from nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution, with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was out during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night she was always more cheerful than usual; never said she was fatigued; and seldom appeared so. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired, and all she accomplished. Nothing was neglected. There was a scrupulous attention to all the minutæ of her sex; for her well regulated mind, far from despising them, considered them as a part of that system of perfection at which she aimed; an aim which was not the result of vanity, nor to attract the applause of the world. No human being ever sought it less, or was more entirely free from conceit of every kind. The approbation, of God, and of her own conscience, were the only rewards she ever sought.

"Her translation from the book of Job was finished in 1803. During the two last years of her life, she was engaged in translating from the German some letters and papers, written by Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock.

"In the summer of the year 1805, Elizabeth was seized with a cold, which terminated in her death: and I wish the cause was more generally known, as a caution to those whose studious turn of mind may lead them into the same error. I will give the account as she herself related it, a very short time before she died, to a faithful and affectionate servant who first came into the family when my daughter was only six weeks old.

"One very hot evening in July, I took a book, and walked about two miles from home, where I seated

myself on a stone beside the lake. Being much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew; till in a moment I felt struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife. I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day being also very hot, and every one busy in the hay-field, I thought I would take a rake, and work very hard, to produce perspiration, in the hope that it might remove the pain; but it did not."

"From that time, a bad cough, with occasional loss of voice, gave me great apprehension of what might be the consequence if the cause were not removed; but no entreaties could prevail on her to take the proper remedies, or to refrain from her usual walks. This she persisted in, being sometimes better and then a little worse, till the beginning of October."

About this time, Miss Smith accompanied her mother on a visit to Bath; and thence to Sunbury: but finding no amendment in her health, they returned to Coniston, where Miss Smith expired on the 7th of August, 1806, aged 29, and was interred at Hawkshead. The following account of her death is given by Mrs. Smith, in a letter to Mrs. H. Bowdler.

"I shall have a melancholy pleasure in complying with your request, and will begin where my last letter ended. Turpin slept in a room only separated from my beloved child by a boarded partition, and so close to her bed that she could hear her breathe. On Wednesday morning Turpin told me she was much the same, though the sweet sufferer herself said she was better. I went to her, as usual, the moment I was out of bed, and was struck with the change in her countenance. On feeling her pulse, I was persuaded she could not continue long. She told me she was better, and would get up. She did so, and was cheerful when she spoke, though it evidently in-

creased her pain, and difficulty of breathing. When she coughed or moved, she seemed to be in agony. She took nourishment as usual, and on my asking what book I should read to her, she mentioned Thomson's Seasons. I read Winter. She made many observations, and entered entirely into the subject.—About three o'clock Mrs. Dixon called, having come with a party to see the lake. Elizabeth said she should like to see her. Before she went up stairs, I requested she would feel the pulse, which I was persuaded indicated the termination of her sufferings before many hours. She entered into conversation cheerfully. Mrs. Dixon told me that she thought I was mistaken; that her pulses were not those of a dying person; and she was of opinion that she might last some time. So much were all deceived, who did not watch every turn of her countenance as I did! The apothecary came afterwards. He thought her in great danger, but could not say whether immediate, or not. At nine she went to bed. I resolved to quit her no more, and went to prepare for the night. Turpin came to say that Elizabeth entreated I would not think of staying in her room; and added, 'she cannot bear you should do it, for she says you are yourself unwell, and rest is necessary for you.' Think of her sweet attention! I replied, 'on that one subject I am resolved; no power on earth shall keep me from her: so go to bed yourself.' Accordingly I returned to her room, and at ten gave her the usual dose of laudanum. After a little time she fell into a doze, and I thought slept till one. She then took some mint tea. Her breath was very bad, and she was uneasy and restless, but never complained: and on my wiping the cold sweat off her face and bathing it with camphorated vinegar, which I did very often in the course of the night, she thanked me, smiled and said, 'That is the greatest com-

fort I have.' She slept again for a short time; and at half past four asked for some chicken-broth, which she took perfectly well. On being told the hour, she said, 'How long this night is!' She continued very uneasy, and in half an hour after, on my inquiring if I could move the pillow, or do any thing to relieve her, she replied, 'there is nothing for it but quiet.' I said no more, but thinking that she was dying, I sat on the bed, watching her. At six she said, 'I must get up, and have some mint-tea.' I then called for Turpin, and felt my angel's pulse. It was fluttering, and I knew I should soon lose her. She took the tea well. Turpin began to put on her clothes, and was proceeding to dress her, when she laid her head on the faithful creature's shoulder, became convulsed in the face, spoke not, looked not, and in ten minutes expired."

The character of Miss Smith is thus briefly summed up by Mrs. Bowdler, in a letter to Dr. Mumssen:

"Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive my dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabick and Persick. She was well acquainted with geometry, algebra, and other branches of the mathematicks. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She showed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain; but, I believe, she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with your

great poet, and still more when the sublime compositions of the Hebrew bards, gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements she was perfectly feminine in her disposition; elegant, modest, gentle, and affectionate. Nothing was neglected, which a woman ought to know; no duty was omitted, which her situation in life required her to perform. But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety, which seemed always to raise her above this world, and taught her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its pleasures, almost without regret; and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation. For some years before her death the Holy Scripture was her principal study, and she translated from the Hebrew the whole book of Job, &c. &c. How far she succeeded in this attempt I am not qualified to judge; but the benefit which she herself derived from these studies must be evident to those who witnessed the patience and resignation with which she supported a long and painful illness; the sweet attention which she always showed to the feelings of her parents and friends, and the heavenly composure with which she looked forward to the awful change which has now removed her to a world, 'where (as one of her friends observes) her gentle, pure, and enlightened spirit will find itself more

at home than in this land of shadows, &c. &c."

To this Dr. M. replies in a letter, from which we select the following paragraph:

"The account you gave me of the extraordinary character of your late angelick friend, has filled my breast with admiration and awe. I have read your letter with tears. So many accomplishments, natural and moral; so much of science, erudition, and eminence of rare talents, combined with grace, with gentleness, and all the virtues that adorn a female mind! It is wonderful, and cannot be enough admired. Great, indeed, must have been your happiness in the possession of this treasure!—Alas! the gentle spirit that moved her tender limbs, is soon deusted of its mortal garment, and gone to join its kindred angels!

"Vattene in pace, Alma beata e bella!"

But I think her happy in this our period; for what can be more fortunate on earth than to fall into the hands of the virtuous, and, free from contact of a corrupted race, to make her passage over our unlucky planet, pure and immaculate, and, with the robe of innocence, appear before her Creator? To taste all the sweets of science and art, and, having satisfied all honest desires, remove from the feast of life with gratitude—'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. OBIT 1616, ÆT. 53.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford on Avon, in this county [Warwickshire] in whom three eminent poets may seem, in some sort, to be compounded. 1. *Martial* in the warlike sound of his surname (whence some may conjecture him of a military extraction) *Hastivibrans*, or Shakspeare. 2. *Ovid*, the

most natural and witty of all poets; and hence it was that queen Elizabeth, coming into a grammar school, made this extempore verse:

Persius a crab-staffe, Bawdy Martial, Ovid a fine wag.

3. *Plautus*, who was an exact comedian, yet never any scholar, as our

Shakspeare (if alive) would confess himself. Add to all these, that though his genius generally was *jocular*, and inclining him to *festivity*, yet he could (when so disposed) be *solemn* and *serious*, as appears by his tragedies; so that *Heracitus* himself (I mean, if secret and unseen) might afford to smile at his comedies, they were so *merry*, and *Democritus* scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies, they were so *mournful*.

He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*: one is not made but born a poet. Indeed, his learning was very little; so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smooth-

ed even as they are taken out of the earth, so *nature* itself was all the *art* which was used upon him. Many were the *wit-combats* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a *Spanish great gallion* and an *English man of war*. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; *solid*, but *slow* in his performance. Shakspeare with the *English man of war*, lesser in *bulk*, but *lighter* in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention. He died anno Domini 1616, and was buried at Stratford upon Avon, the town of his nativity—*Fuller*.

On the Ascent of Salmon over the Elevations, in the Course of Rivers, called Salmon-Leaps. By John Carr, Esq. of Manchester.

To the Editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*.

SIR,

IN natural history the correction of an old error is sometimes of equal importance with the development of a new truth; but when the latter is made productive of the former, the case is still more interesting. I have to offer to your notice, Mr. Editor, an instance of this description in the natural history of the salmon; and if you think it deserving a place in your respectable monthly repository, it is very much at your service.

The natural element of salmon certainly is salt, not fresh water. It is in the sea only that they acquire their growth, and attain that vigorous strength and muscular energy in which they are not, perhaps, excelled by any other animal of equal weight and bulk. Nature, however, has determined that they shall propagate their species only in fresh water; and it is for that sole, but important purpose, that they quit the ocean and ascend rivers and streams almost up to their very

sources, in every country where they abound.

Summer and autumn are the seasons when they enter fresh water in the greatest numbers, and when the shallowness and transparency of the streams necessarily occasion the period of their ascent being limited to times of flood only. But at these times such are the instinctive energies which impel, and the muscular powers which enable, them to advance, that no natural or artificial barrier across the streams, over which a *sufficiency of water tumbles*, has ever yet been known to arrest their progress upwards; and if at these times their course is ever stayed, it results less from the height or other difficulty of the opposing obstacle, than from a deficiency of that due proportion of the descending fluid, which is requisite to allow the natural force to the exertion of their wonderful powers.

From the elevated ascent of these extraordinary fish, many waterfalls

and cascades have acquired the name of *salmon-leaps*. They are numerous in the united kingdom, being found in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; and some are of such a height as to call forth the admiration and astonishment of every person who views them. No one has ever seen a salmon actually leap over any of these elevations, and the proof of their doing so rests wholly on the circumstance of the fish being found in abundance above the falls, and the indubitable certainty that they must have passed them. I have never seen, in any publication, an explanation of the manner in which salmon actually do ascend these heights, and the general opinion certainly is that the fish really leap over them.

This notion of leaping is probably encouraged by observing, that when the rivers are but partially flooded, the salmon actually do leap up against the falls. Great numbers of them may be seen thus employed for whole days together; but none will ever be observed to leap higher than about three feet, whereas to the top of the fall is probably many times that height.

At some of these leaps, indeed, it requires only a simple inspection, and a moment's reflection, to perceive that no animal unprovided with wings could possibly clear them in the manner of a leap. This impossibility, however, has been very little attended to, and in some of the older publications on the subject, the very manner of the leap has been described, by gravely affirming that the salmon coils himself up in the form of a ring, and seizing his tail in his mouth, by the strained violence of an elastick spring overtops the high ascent in an aerial somerset.

So readily accessible is the marvellous in minds untutored by reflection, that this most extravagant absurdity was once a very general opinion, and is still credited by many. The analogy of a bent cane

flying off with an elastick bound was deemed sufficient both to illustrate and establish the fact, and no consideration was paid to the awkward circumstance of the tail and mouth of the fish being at right angles to each other.

It is now proper to say what is the real mode by which salmon actually do pass over the heights in question: and this I shall speak, not from any speculative guess or reasoning on the subject, but from my own personal observation, having frequently seen the transaction take place. In every instance, then, where salmon ascend those *leaps*, they do it by *swimming* up, and over the face and brow of the water-fall, penetrating through the interior of the descending body of water, by means of their vast, muscular power operating on the action of their tail.

They never pass these *leaps* but at times when the stream is very much flooded, and a large, unbroken mass of water is descending. Without such a solid column of water their ascent would be physically impossible. At these times the water, as in all cases of flood, is highly discoloured; and so dartingly quick is the ascent of the fish, as rather to resemble the transient gleam of a passing shadow over the water, than a real substance penetrating through it. These are probably the causes of all the obscurity in the case. Indeed, when standing at the distance of only a few yards, it requires a very strong and steady eye to catch the evanescent figure of the ascending fish, and beholding can alone convey any adequate conception of the rapid facility of the passage upwards. In a few instances I have seen the salmon beaten back, on making the turn at the top; but that is uncommon, and it rarely occurs that the effort of the fish miscarries.

This extraordinary ascent of salmon up a perpendicular column of descending water, must, of course,

have its limitation; but it would, I believe, be difficult to assign its limits, or to discover an instance where it fails under admissible circumstances. I know but of two cases wherein salmon can be prevented from ascending rivers which they frequent in furtherance of that great and imperious duty which nature imposes on them, and these are when the stream is made to pass through apertures too small for the admission of the fish, or when it does not descend over a fall, without regard to its height, in a sufficiently consolidated and unbroken mass to allow of the salmon swimming up it.

After accomplishing the great object of their journey into the fresh water, the salmon again descend to the ocean, but so shrunk and wasted by their detention in the rivers, where there is either no proper or no sufficiency of food for them, as scarcely to retain a third of their original weight.

The spawn is deposited in holes purposely made in beds of gravel, and covered with successive layers of the same materials; and as it becomes animated each individual liberates and provides for itself. Their growth is singularly rapid, arriving at six or eight inches in length early in spring, at which season, the whole, then become immensely numerous, follow the old fish by descending with floods to the sea.

In Cumberland is pursued a very singular species of aqueous salmon hunting, which is not, I believe, practised in any other part of the kingdom. On the flat coasts of the sea, and adjacent to the mouths of the rivers, as the tide retires, some of the fish remain in the shallow water, that is in water two or three feet in depth. They can be readily perceived at some distance, from the swell of water which rises over them when in motion. A man mounted on a horse accustomed to the sport, and grasping a spear made for the purpose, advances towards the fish, and as soon as the latter has discovered its pursuer, and is making off, a complete chase takes place between the horseman and the salmon. As soon as the man finds himself nearly up with his game, the spear is thrown with such force and dexterity as seldom to miss, and the salmon, entangled with the weight of the spear, soon becomes exhausted. So very powerful is the salmon in water, that were the man to strike it while he grasped the spear in his hand, he would instantly, and inevitably, be dragged from the horse.

I am, sir, your most obedient
servant,

JOHN CARR.

Princess Street, Manchester,
Nov. 4, 1809.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LEECH WORM.

To the Editor of the Philosophical Magazine.

SIR,

SOME years ago my attention was directed to make observations on the leech-worm, as a weather-glass. These were published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1804; since which period I have had many opportunities of noticing several parti-

culars respecting them. These are here committed to paper, to stimulate the curious to an inquiry into the cause of this phenomenon. If these observations should tend to the object in view, and be worth the perusal of the publick, you will be

Bawtry, Nov. 5, 1809.

kind enough to insert them in your miscellany. I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

W. PECK.

Changes that I have observed in the animal before any particular alteration of the weather.

1. When the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and is frequently in a spiral form, the weather, in summer, will be serene and beautiful; the same denotes clear, frosty weather in winter.

2. If it creeps up to the top of its lodging, it will rain within twenty four hours in summer, and snow in winter.

3. When the leech gallops through its limpid habitation with swiftness, it denotes wind, and seldom rests until it blows hard.

4. When the leech lodges almost constantly out of the water, and discovers uncommon uneasiness in violent throes and convulsive-like motions, a storm of thunder and rain will succeed.

Method of keeping Leeches.

1. Put a few into an eight ounce phial, two thirds full of spring water, with some fine sand or moss at the bottom. As the leeches have no other evacuation but through the pores of the skin, which passes from them in perspirable matter, and adheres to the body in the state of slime, which, if not timely removed, prevents these evacuations, and causes the death of the worm; the use of sand, or moss, is, that it may rub the slime off its body, which afterwards floats in the water. Over the top of the phial tie a piece of leather, pricked full of holes, to admit air.

2. The water must be changed once a week. Spring water is the best. Sometimes it is necessary, when there is a great change of temperature between the water and that contained in the phial, only to put half or two thirds of the fresh to the

other. Leeches should be kept in a cool situation in summer, and a rather warm one in winter.

3. The leeches that have been used for bleeding should be kept in a separate phial till they appear perfectly well.

Directions for using Leeches in Bleeding.

1. It is necessary to clean the skin from any foreign matter* that may have been applied or adheres to it, with soap and water. Afterwards rub it dry with a clean cloth, as liniments, &c. which are frequently applied in cases of bruises, or sprains, prevent them from taking hold, and if any do so, they die. Any part where hair grows must be clean shaved, to prevent the hair from annoying them. These are precautions that are necessary.

2. When leeches are applied the patient should be in as horizontal a position as possible. Then take a wine or any other glass large enough to give room for the quantity that it is wished to take hold at once, being much better than the fingers; it gives the worms free motion in their circumscribed limits; retains them in their proper place; and supports them from falling. The glass should be reclined on one side to admit a free access of air. The leeches should be chosen large, to answer their purposes the more effectually. When they seem sufficiently filled, a small portion of salt should be put to their mouths, which will cause them to fall off, being better than taking them with the fingers, as it bruises them.

Treatment of the Leeches after they are satiated with Blood.

Place the leech on a clean plate; take a little common salt rubbed fine, about the size of a pinch of snuff, and place it in contact with the mouth of the worm. It will remain a short time in a state of torpor, after which it will disgorge

* Such as the linimentum saponis, solutio ammoniæ volatilæ, &c.

part of the blood. A little more salt may then be placed near its mouth, repeating it until it is all disgorged, taking care that no part of the salt touch any other part of its body, which blisters, and is frequently the death of the leech. When the worm returns to its natural size, it may then be put into a basin of water. If it has received no injury it will frisk about and appear lively; if sickly it will sink to the bottom. Should this be the case, place it in a separate phial till well. Every leech should

have a clean plate to disgorge itself on.

These observations have occurred in practice; and I am convinced that if they are strictly attended to, the mortality amongst leeches will be much lessened.

N. B. Those who wish to use a leech as a weather-glass should choose one that has not been used for bleeding; for after they have been used they are frequently sickly and will bury themselves in the sand for days together.

From "Oriental Field Sports." By T. Williamson.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE TIGER.

TIGERS very rarely make their attacks on open plains, though instances have occurred, within my own knowledge, where they have proceeded half a mile, or more, from a cover, and made dreadful havoc among travellers and peasants; acting as if intent on destruction only. We must not conclude that such conduct is in their ordinary course of practice; but may, no doubt, fairly attribute such a deviation from the marked character of the animal to momentary anguish, or to resentment induced by an unsuccessful skirmish with one of its own species: when, being chased from the jungles, the defeated party bends its course towards any living object, teeming with revenge, and eager to give loose to its rage: for I have already observed, that the tiger is of all beasts of prey the most cowardly. Its treacherous disposition induces it, almost without exception, to conceal itself until its prey may arrive within reach of its spring, be its victim either bulky or diminutive.

Size seems to occasion no deviation in the tiger's system of attack, which is founded on the art of surprising. We find, accordingly, that such as happen to keep the opposite side of a road, by which

they are somewhat beyond the first spring, often escape injury, the tiger being unwilling to be seen before he is felt. Hence it is rarely that a tiger pursues; but, if the situation permit, his cunning will not fail to effect his purpose. He will steal along the road side, among the bushes, parallel with the traveller's course, until one of the many chances which present themselves, of finding him within reach, induces to the attack. Often, where the country is rather too open to allow his proceeding in this manner, the tiger will take a sweep among underwood, or through ravines, in order to meet the traveller again, at a spot whence he may make his spring.

Tigers are extremely partial to such sites as command a road, selecting one rather less frequented, in preference to one that is much in use. In the former, they are certain of finding as much as will answer their daily wants. If, however, the haunt be on a public road, it is usually at some spot with grass or bushes, and in the vicinity of some ample cover, supplied with water, to which the prey can be dragged. There, in some low, opaque spot, the sanguinary meal is consummated in gloomy silence.

It should be observed, that, for the

most part; the tiger chooses his station on that side of the road which is opposite his haunt; so that when he seizes his prey, he proceeds straight forward, without having occasion to turn; and thus drags it across, mostly at a trot. If he misses his aim, he will rarely return, unless attacked, but, in a sullen manner, either sculks through the cover, or, if the country be not sufficiently close to conceal his motions, he moves on at a canter; a pace in which a tiger appears very awkward; as with him it is not unlike the gait of a large, heavy calf.

A large portion of the soil in India is of a reddish hue, and the grass, during the summer heats, being deprived of the sap proper to create a verdure, becomes of a dusky colour, very similar to the brighter parts of a tiger's coat. These circumstances are peculiarly favourable to the animal's concealment; so much so, that a tiger is often roused where there does not exist any cover adequate to sheltering half his bulk; the colour of the animal so perfectly corresponding with the surrounding objects, as to conceal the danger, or, if the animal be seen, he is mistaken for a mound of earth, or something equally innocent.

The tiger's fore paw is the invincible engine of destruction. Most persons imagine, that if a tiger were deprived of his claws and teeth he would be rendered harmless; but this is a gross error; the weight of the limb is the real cause of the mischief; for the talons are rarely extended when a tiger seizes. The operation is similar to that of a hammer; the tiger raising his paw, and bringing it down with such force, as not only to stun a common sized bullock or buffalo, but often crushing the bones of the skull! I have seen many men and oxen that had been killed by tigers, in most of which no mark of a claw could be seen; and where scratches did appear, they were obviously the effect of

chance, from the paw sliding downwards and not from design.

It often takes some labour for a tiger to remove a bullock he has killed, from any open situation to a safe retreat, where he can glut himself undisturbed; but he will convey away a man with as much ease, and, in the same manner, as a cat drags away a rat. I once witnessed an instance which gave me a very complete idea of a tiger's proceedings, and of his powers. I was travelling post in my palankeen, through the Ramghur district, which is mountainous, and little cultivated, being, for the most part, in a state of nature, and every where abounding in jungles, when a *bangy-wollah*, who conveyed two baskets of linen and refreshments, and who preceded the palankeen about a hundred and fifty yards, set down his load, and seated himself on the side of the road to rest awhile. About two yards behind him was a small bush, not much larger than a good sized currant tree, round which a small quantity of jungle grass was growing to the height of about three feet; there was not another twig to be seen for at least half a mile, on that side of the road. No sooner had the poor fellow seated himself, than a tiger sprang from behind, or rather from within the bush, and, after giving the fatal blow with his paw, seized the man by the shoulder, and dragged him off with the utmost ease, at a round pace, into a thick cover which had formerly skirted the road, but which had, by order of government, been cut away to the distance of about a hundred yards, for the safety of travellers.

The most dangerous spots are the crossings of *nullahs*, where, if there be cover, tigers should ever be expected to lurk. The heat of the climate inducing much thirst, and the habits of the natives being in various respects much connected with water, cause most travellers

to stop in these situations, where the tiger, with very little trouble, may select such objects for destruction as he may prefer. In such places it sometimes happens, that a man, or a bullock, &c. is carried off daily; yet it will appear extraordinary, that rarely any means are adopted for removing the evil, though it is well known that tigers are easily made to quit haunts, if proper measures be resorted to; but it being the business of every body, nobody attends to it, especially as the people of India are predestinarians, and conceive they cannot avoid their respective fates! Nevertheless, we find them having recourse to charms, and to many superstitious devices, to avert danger; a contradiction by no means singular, nor confined to any particular part of the universe.

It must appear remarkable, that tigers often quit the most advantageous haunts without the least apparent cause; for as to checking or destroying them, even where practicable, the natives never think of it, except under European influence, and, in many parts of the country, it is impossible to do any thing effectual. I am strongly inclined to think that tigers are peculiarly subject to some acute distemper, which carries off great numbers, or that they have some very powerful enemy, with which we are unacquainted; else, if we admit that a tigress bears two cubs annually, nay, if we calculate that she rears but one in three years, during a period of twelve years, we should find the increase so prodigious, as to leave no chance against being overrun with them in every direction. In some districts, the rewards held forth by government, and by individuals, have, without doubt, produced benefit; but such efforts must be confined to particular spots, and never could affect those immense jungles, stretching along the boundaries of Bengal for at least a thousand miles on each side, and extending, in many places, two or three hundred

miles in breadth. These grand depots, in which neither man, horse, nor elephant, can have access, and in which deer, &c. abound, supplying the superiour beasts of prey with ample sustenance, could not fail, but for some powerful curb, to cause such an augmentation, as must, in time, annihilate not only every animal a tiger could destroy, but, ultimately, the tigers themselves must perish with hunger.

Tigers are not always to be checked by fire. However popular the opinion may be, and although we may consider it as an axiom, that a tiger may generally be driven away by noise, and especially by fire, yet so many instances are perpetually recurring, where neither the one nor the other has had the desired effect, that we may, perhaps, not be very wrong in judging, that though a tiger, when in a state of satiety, may be easily alarmed, he is not easily repelled by such means, when seriously in want of a meal. Nor on such occasions do we find that numbers operate as a defence. In the year 1792, a merchant who was proceeding by the new road to Calcutta, with a large string of valuable horses for sale, was taken off his steed, as he was going through the Katcumsandy pass, at mid-day, though in the midst of a numerous retinue of servants, and in spite of the noise necessarily attendant on a large cavalcade. The tiger leaped down from a knob at the road's side, covered with small bushes and grass, about ten feet high, and dragged the unfortunate merchant to the opposite side, where, however, he was intimidated by the shouts of the horsemen, who pursued him as closely as they could get their horses to approach. The corpse was on the same day brought to the station at Hazarybhaug, where it was interred.

When travellers find themselves benighted, and in camps, where, either from the situation being suspected as abounding with tigers, or

from being pitched in underwood jungles, it is usual to keep a good fire during the night, I doubt not but such a measure, added to other precautions, proves occasionally serviceable; but knowing, as I do, that it has frequently happened during a succession of many nights, that the persons conveying the posts have been carried away in spite of the flambeaux, and of the continual beating of the drums, by which they are ever accompanied at night, my opinion has long since been made

up very completely on the subject; and some strange alteration must take place in the conduct of tigers in general before I can bring myself to believe, that one half-famished can be deterred by any means from making an attack. That tigers are often very capricious, I will admit, and, indeed, that, in some instances, their conduct appears unaccountable; but I must assert, that where hunger is the motive, they are, at least, as consistent, and as persevering, as any other animals.

ACCOUNT OF THE PEACOCK THRONE.

From Maurice's Modern India.

THE sanguinary wars of eastern princes are carried on in such a uniform manner, and have so little variety to amuse in the narration, even by so animated a writer as Mr. Maurice, that for the account of those that took place in this reign we shall refer the reader to the volume itself, and present them with his more entertaining account of the peacock imperial throne, afterwards seized upon by Nadir Shah, in his invasion of India, and other instances of the magnificence of this vainglorious monarch.

“Shah Jehan had, from his early youth, a taste for splendour and magnificence. The sumptuous throne which he caused to be built in the former reign, when contending for the empire, out of the spoils of plundered provinces, ornamented with a profusion of the richest jewels, evinced *that* to be one of his ruling passions. He now began a more superb one, the famous *Tukt Tabus*, or peacock throne, of which the body was formed of solid gold, incrustated over with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. This throne, in finishing, and the expense of the jewels alone amounted to twelve hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling! It was called the

peacock throne, from having the figure of *two peacocks* standing behind it, with their tails expanded, which were studded with various jewels to represent the life. Between the peacocks stood a parrot of the ordinary size, cut out of one emerald. The finest jewel was a ruby, which had fallen into the hands of Timur when he plundered Delhi in the year 1398.

“Independently of the innate love of regal pomp, Shah Jehan thought that a publick display of magnificence raised awe in his subjects, and gave weight to his authority. With this view he selected a hundred youths from among the sons of the nobility who were of the most distinguished merit, and made them omrahs in one day. He gave to each a golden mace, and they always attended the presence. They were all uniformly dressed in clothes richly embroidered, with golden helmets, swords inlaid with precious stones, and shields studded with gold. When the emperor went abroad these constantly attended him with drawn sabres, all mounted on the fleetest Arabian horses, and from these he chose his officers of state. His vanity, however, was principally gratified in the splendour of

his haram. Early in his reign he had the misfortune to lose, in childhood, his favourite sultana, Taje Mahel, the daughter of the vizier, and mother of all his surviving children. For a time he was inconsolable, and raised at Agra a magnificent tomb to her memory, which

cost, in building, no less a sum than 750,000*l.* sterling. While she survived he was very constant to her; but, after her decease, he indulged his licentious passions to great excess, and his seraglio was crowded with the finest women of Asia."

Description of the Lake of Cirknitz, in Carniola. Translated from the Journal de Physique, de Chimie, et d' Histoire Naturelle.

AMONG the various natural curiosities of Carniola, this lake, beyond all contradiction, merits one of the first places, particularly in consequence of the singular phenomena that it presents. First, with respect to its position. It is about six miles from the town of Layback. It is bounded on the north by a pile of rocks of the most wild and terrific aspect, which are commanded by the Yavoring, a lofty mountain covered with a thick forest of firs, and other trees. These rocks and this forest impart the appearance of a frightful desert to the whole country, and at the first view inspire the traveller with the sensation of fear. However, averting his looks from the northward, he perceives a change in the nature of the country: the soil, in general, is well cultivated; villages are scattered here and there, and in the midst of fertile fields they offer a most agreeable view. This smiling picture, with the immense expanse of the lake, shaded by the mountains on the opposite side, form a *tout ensemble* altogether picturesque.

This lake is about two leagues in its extent from the east to the west; and about one in breadth from its northern extremity to that of the south. Its depth is not equal in every place, varying from one to four fathoms. Three islands rise from its bosom. The first, called Vornek, is sufficiently large to con-

tain a village and a church. The highly cultivated grounds, the meadows, and the orchards, render this island a most delightful residence. The other two islands are smaller, and both bear the name of Goritzza, the one with the surname of Velka, and the other with that of Mala, two words, which, in the dialect of that country, signify great and little. There is besides a tongue of land, called Dornoschek, which runs pretty far into the lake, and forms a kind of peninsula, which is separated from Vornek only by a very narrow strait. Eight rivulets pay the tribute of their streams to this lake, but without increasing its waters, as will presently appear. Those of Cirknitz and the Oberg are the most considerable. The first runs through the village of that name, situated about half a league from the source of this rivulet. From this village the lake derived its name, because the ancients knew it by the name of Lac Lugens: but not including Cirknitz and Ottok, in the isle of Vornek. There are seven other villages, some of them a small distance from the lake, but most of them upon its borders.

As the waters in this vast basin have no outlet, they retire through two cavities, made by the hand of nature through the solid rock; and as they form a species of canals or aqueducts, they convey them through the centre of the mountain,

and eject them on the other side, near the grotto of St. Cautien. These two cavities are level with the lake, and are called by the names of great and little Karlouza. But besides these outlets, there are eighteen others at the bottom of the lake, through which the whole of the waters are sometimes drawn off by such unaccountable gradations, that the bottom is clearly distinguishable in the course of twenty five days.

The bottom now being left completely dry, instead of a sheet of water, presents a portion of soil, fertile and ready for cultivation in the highest degree. Accordingly the inhabitants immediately commence with sowing, and a superabundance of vegetation in a very short time covers the whole extent; in three months after, hay is cut and millet is ready for use; even game is sometimes hunted, where but a short time before fish were the only living beings.

At the expiration of four months the lake generally refills spontaneously, in the same manner as it disappears. The first sign of the return of the waters is taken from the motion of this element in some of the neighbouring caverns; but though the basin of the lake requires twenty-five days to discharge itself, four and twenty hours are quite sufficient for the basin to refill.

But with respect to the absence of the waters of this lake, the time is by no means regular. There are instances of its appearing and disappearing three times in the course of a year; and then again whole years have passed without its withdrawing at all. But when it has withdrawn, its absence was never known to exceed four months. It most frequently retires about the end of June or in the middle of July.

The moment of its departure is a signal of joy to the inhabitants of the environs, in consequence of the plenty of fish it produces them. As soon as the waters of the lake are ob-

served to have decreased to a certain degree, all the inhabitants of the surrounding villages are apprized of it by the ringing of a bell. From that instant young and old, men and women, may be seen all running together, each of them provided with a net, attached to a long pole, for the purpose of dragging the lake and the caverns at the bottom. One reason for their haste on this occasion is, that during the rest of the year no person is permitted to fish in the lake; and besides this, it is evident that the delay only of a few hours would be a serious loss; as on this occasion the inhabitants know by experience, that the fish, following the rapidity of the current, are not to be found by the time the waters have subsided within the depth of two fathoms. However, those who fish first pay for the privilege; and when these people are served, the poor and the most adventurous will undertake to grope in the mud, and often take very large fish by this mode of searching for them; and some fishermen will even undertake to descend into the caverns, and remain there sometimes till the biting of the crabs and blood-suckers, which come in shoals to attack their legs, compels them to desist and return. Among the fish of this lake the pike is the most numerous. They are of ten, twenty, thirty, and forty pounds weight, and sometimes more.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, this lake contained a pike of an aspect so imposing and of such weight, that whenever he was hooked, it was always thought prudent to let him go again. But when, as M. Valvasor observes, the ecclesiasticks of the Chartreux purchased the right of fishing in this lake, this king of fishes could no longer obtain any favour on account of his superiour size. They made no scruple in having him served up at their own table, when he there received the homage of the *Ichthyophagi*, a clear proof that these religi-

onists were greater gluttons, and not so generous as the emperor Frederick II. who, being in possession of a very fine pike, put him into a pond belonging to the palace of Kaiserslautern, after having decorated him with a gold ring, which, being elastick, admitted of his future growth, and bore the following inscription in Greek:—"I am the first fish put into this pond by the hands of the emperor Frederick II. Oct. 5, 1230." This pike, after having passed 267 years in the pond, was taken with his ring, in 1497, and transmitted to Heidelberg, to decorate the table of the elector Philip. He was then, it is said, nine feet long, and weighed 350 pounds. Afterwards a monumental representation was made of this pike as large as life, with an inscription adapted to the circumstance.

But though the lake of Cirknitz does not contain fish of this magnitude at present, there are very large ones in great number, especially when the waters of the lake remain longer than ordinary without retiring. In 1656, when the lake disappeared for the first time, after remaining at rest five years, the cavern of Keschetto alone supplied the first fishermen with twenty-one loads of fish, seventeen the second turn, and nine at the last. The greatest misfortune attending this lake is, that the lightning often falls upon it and kills a great number of the inhabitants.—Some, however, who are struck, are frequently recovered by an instantaneous immersion in fresh water.—Wild ducks have frequently been found in the bellies of the pikes in lake Cirknitz; and sometimes on the approach of a storm, these wild ducks are seen issuing from the fissures of the rocks in great numbers, from whence, distributing themselves over the face of the country, they fall an easy prey to the peasantry. The peasants who then watch for them as near as possible to the caverns, often knock them down with sticks, no-

thing being more easy; as emerging from these darksome retreats all at once into open day, they for a time lose the use of their sight. They are generally very fat, and their flesh is black; and it is evident that these birds are bred in some other lakes in the interior of these rocks, especially as herbs and small fish have been found in their crops, a circumstance which throws considerable light upon the phenomena of the lake. In fact, the vast chain of mountains which, under the appellation of the Alps of Carniola, traverse the whole country from Dalmatia to Carinthia, is nothing more than an enormous ridge of rock, perforated here and there by an immense number of grottos. In many of the caverns, the rain and the melting of the snow form vast reservoirs of water, which are transmitted into other caverns by the usual canals of communication. There is, therefore, every appearance that the five great caverns before mentioned; at the bottom of the lake of Cirknitz, communicate with five other lakes or reservoirs of water in the interior of the mountain; for from the moment that the water begins to sink to any degree into these subterranean caverns, the canals which connect them with the lake of Cirknitz, act as siphons, passing the waters into other caverns of the rocks. So when the rains, or the melting of snows, cause the waters to collect in abundance, these siphons force the mass of water to return with impetuosity, and to precipitate itself into the lake.

Superstition, which is the fruit of ignorance, can see nothing in this natural phenomenon but an object of fear; hence the people, in the environs of the lake, tell travellers a thousand stories, one exceeding another in extravagance. They have even given one of these caverns, on the borders of the lake, the name of the Sorcerer's Cave, because, in former ages, they seriously imagined that these conjurers met there to

keep their sabbaths! Hence M. Valvasor observed: "This country was richly provided with sorcerers;" but he added: "Sometimes, when these persons have been taken in the fact, more of them have been burnt in one year, in the environs of Cirknitz, than would have died naturally during a whole generation. Very happily at this time of day, sorcerers are no longer sought for in these mountains; but very proba-

bly the hunters seek among them for an excellent species of the wild pigeon, with as much ardour as ever their forefathers sought for magicians. During the cold season these pigeons seek refuge in great numbers in the rocks. This sport, in general, is very productive and attractive in the mountains of Carniola, where the fissures and rocky cavities are distinguished by the name of *Taubenlocher*, or "pigeon holes."

POETRY.

ODE TO THE POPPY.*

[By Mrs. O'Neil.]

Not for the promise of the laboured field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear,
The golden glories of the year;
Alas!—a melancholy worship's mine!

I hail the goddess for her scarlet flower!
Thou brilliant weed,
Thou dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow;
Heedless I passed thee, in life's morning hour,
(Thou comforter of wo!)
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when Fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove,
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful Love:
The rose, or thorn, my numbers crowned,
As Venus smiled, or Venus frowned;
But Love, and Joy, and all their train, are flown;
E'en languid Hope no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone;

Unless, perchance, the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud, and willow leaf,
Their pale, funereal foliage, blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou can'st ease
The wretched victims of disease;
Can'st close those weary eyes, in gentle sleep,

Which never open but to weep:
For, oh! thy potent charm,
Can agonizing pain disarm;
Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat,

Soul-soothing plant!—that can such blessings give,

By thee the mourner bears to live!
By thee the hopeless die!
Oh ever "friendly to despair,"
Might sorrow's palid votary dare,
Without a crime, that remedy implore,
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,

I'd court thy palliative aid no more;
No more I'd sue, that thou shouldst spread

Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to impart,
Thy balsam for a broken heart;
And by thy soft Lethean power,
(Inestimable flower)

Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.

* This ode, though ushered into the literary world by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, was not written by her, but by Mrs. O'Neil, an intimate friend of hers.

THE FAIRIES FEGARIES.

[From *Relicks of Ancient English Poetry.*]

SINGING and dancing being all their pleasure,
 Theyle please you most nicely if youle be
 at leisure,
 To heare their sweet chanting, it will you
 delight,
 To cure melancholy at morning and night.

Come follow, follow me,
 You fairy elves that be;
 Which circle round this green,
 Come, follow me your queen.
 Hand in hand, let's dance around,
 For this place is farie ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And smorting in their nest,
 Unheard, or unespide,
 Through key-holes we do glide;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairie elves.

And if the house be foul,
 Or platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimble creep,
 And find the sluts asleep;
 There we pinch their armies and thighs,
 None escapes, and none espies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the house and maid,
 And duely she is paid;
 For we do use, before we goe,
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon the mushroom's head,
 Our table-cloth we spread;
 A grain o' th finest wheat
 Is manchet that we eat:
 The pearly drops of dew we drink,
 In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The tongues of nightingales,
 With unctuous juyce of snailles;
 Betwixt two nut-shells stew'd,
 Is meat that's easly chew'd;
 The braines of rennes, the beards of mice,
 Will make a feast of wonderous price.

Over the tender grasse,
 So lightly we can passe,
 The young and tender stalk
 Nere bowes whereon we walke;
 Nor in the morning dew is seen,
 Over night where we have been.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serves for our minstrels three;

And sweetly dance awhile,
 Till we the time beguile:
 And when the moon-calf hides her head,
 The glow-worm lights us unto bed.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

A Satire.

FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,
 A walking the devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.

And over the hill, and over the dale,
 And he rambled over the plain,
 And backward and forward he switch'd
 his long tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

And pray how was the devil drest?
 Oh, he was in his Sunday's best:
 His coat was red, his breeches were blue,
 With a hole behind, which his tail went
 through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
 On a dunghill near his own stable;
 And the devil was tickled, for it put him
 in mind
 Of *Cain* and his brother *Abel*.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
 Ride by on his vocation,
 And the devil was pleased for he thought
 he beheld
 His friend, *Death* in the *Revelation*.

He saw a cottage, with a double coach-
 house,
 A cottage of *gentility*,
 And the devil he smiled; for his darling
 vice
 Is pride, which apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
 Says he: "We are both of one college,
 For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once,
 Hard by the *Tree of Knowledge*."

As he passed through the Cold Bath Fields,
 he saw
 A solitary cell;
 And the devil he paused, for it gave him
 a hint
 For improving the prisons of hell.

Down a river did glide, with wind and tide,
 A pig with vast celerity;
 And the devil he grinn'd, for he saw all the
 while

How it cut its own throat, and he thought,
with a smile,
On *England's commercial prosperity*.

He saw gen'ral Gascoigne's burning face,
Which filled him with consternation,

And back to hell his way he did make,
For the devil he thought (by a slight
mistake)

'Twas the *General Conflagration*.

R. PORSON, Gr. Prof. Cantab.

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR MAY, 1810.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Modern Times; or, Anecdotes of the English Family. 3 vols. pp. 800. Price 15s.
London. 1809.

OUR time has been seldom taken up in noticing what are denominated novels; their general insipidity and mawkishness tending rather to deprave than to improve the state of society; but as this work has nothing about it of the usual routine of love-sick stories of modern romance; as we recognise many of the principal characters and incidents to be real; and as their arrangement is only intended as a vehicle to convey remarks on the follies, frivolities, and fashions of the times, we with pleasure present our readers with an extract, that they may be enabled to judge for themselves on the merit of a production, for which, the author remarks, his reward will be sufficient, "if his readers will correct, in their own conduct, what they perceive amiss in the delineations here exhibited to them; and imitate whatsoever they find recorded in the narrative, either virtuous or praiseworthy."

The hero of the piece is sir Philip English, who is drawn with the characteristic of an old-fashioned Englishman, but of whom, we are inclined and glad to think, that he represents a numerous family among us. His sister, Mrs. Burrows, has likewise her share in the drama; the other characters consist of lady B. Mr. Middleman, col. Courtly, sir Nathan Capet, Agamemnon, adm. Ortolan, counsellor Collis, lord Ri-

vulet, old Lamprey, Mrs. Chaloner, Dr. Burgos, Mr. Goodwill, Mr. Halford, lord Avonside, Mr. Skiddaw, Mr. Worth, Dr. Destiny, lord Kilberry, Jammy Kittrick, Mr. Golder, sig. Papillio, and the surgeon who put his nose into an affair of honour; all of which are real characters (though clothed with the preceding names) with whose oddities, eccentricities, and prevailing perfections or weaknesses, the writer has enlivened his work; "dwelling sometimes upon small matters, being of opinion," says he, "with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment."

As a specimen of the author's manner, we select the account of sir Philip English and Mrs. Burrows' visit to a celebrated institution at the west end of the town.

"After this adventure [the hurly burly at Covent Garden theatre] all thoughts of visiting places of public amusement during the short period of their intended stay in town, were entirely laid aside: and sir Philip would have been perfectly content to pass the following evening in conversation with his domestic circle, if Mr. Worth had not accidentally met with an acquaintance who pressed him with so much earnestness to bring his friend, the baronet, to a meeting of a scientific society which was to be held the same day, that he made it a particular point to prevail on sir Philip English to accompany him.

"The baronet consented; more through

the respect which he bore to Mr. Worth than from any expectation of deriving either entertainment or pleasure from the company into which he was to be introduced; being apprehensive that their erudition might restrain the good humour and conviviality of the meeting. Mr. Worth himself was, indeed, unable to inform his friend of the precise nature of the institution which they were about to visit. He understood that it consisted of a number of eminent, literary characters, and that their meetings were designed to promote the improvement and diffusion of scientific information: but to what branches of knowledge the attention of the society was particularly directed, his acquaintance had not informed him. From the rank and character of the members, he, however, entertained no doubt that the establishment was at once highly useful and respectable.

"On their arrival at the place of meeting, they were not a little surprised, on presenting their tickets at the door, to be ushered into a room which bore a near resemblance to one of the larger coffee-houses; and the company already assembled in it gave them so imperfect an idea of a scientific institution, that they could scarcely persuade themselves they had not made some mistake in their introduction.

"A number of newspapers were scattered over the tables in the room, and these, together with a few political tracts and pamphlets, furnished matter for general conversation, much in the same way as in places of the description above alluded to; and the debates which arose upon the various topics of discussion, were conducted exactly in a similar manner.

"Whilst sir Philip English was endeavouring to reconcile what he saw, with the ideas he had previously formed of what he was to expect, at a meeting of the literati of the metropolis, the gentleman, who had presented Mr. Worth with tickets of admission, entered the apartment, accompanied by a little man with a huge port folio under his arm; whom he immediately introduced to the company by the appellation of signor Papillio. This ceremonial gone through, Mr. Worth embraced the first moment which afforded him an opportunity of speaking with his acquaintance, to inquire, if the whole of the entertainment was to consist in reading and commenting upon the newspapers? 'Fye upon it, Mr. Worth,' replied the gentleman; 'that would be a poor return for a subscription of twenty thousand pounds per annum! No! no! we do not meet for nothing. We shall present you

this evening with two lectures, and afterwards a handsome supper.'

"Mr. Worth had just time to revive the expectations and curiosity of sir Philip English, with this intelligence, before the ringing of a small bell announced the commencement of the lectures.

"The company proceeded into a spacious apartment, fitted up with great elegance, and seemingly calculated rather for ease and luxury, than the mere purposes of study: however, the rules of the ancients in this respect were wholly neglected, and the only monument of their wisdom, which it had been judged proper to retain, was the Egyptian style of the furniture and ornaments of the room. If the peripateticks, or Socratick philosophers, could take a peep at our modern Athens, how much would they envy the refinement of these times, in which, instead of subjecting the student to corporeal hardships and privations, in order to improve his mind, the practice is directly reversed, and all the soft *appliances* of luxurious indulgence are afforded to the body, that the intellectual powers may be exerted with the more zeal and activity!

"If sir Philip English was a little vexed to observe the lectorial chair occupied by signor Papillio, he was not a little disappointed, when, after some introductory observations on the utility of natural history, the lecturer proceeded to an analysis of the colouring matter which adheres to the wings of moths and butterflies, and, by an easy transition, directed the attention of his auditors to a proposal for fabricating a species of silk from the spider's web, by which the ingenious projector undertook to employ all the manufacturers which the decline of trade at Coventry, Derby, and Nottingham, had occasioned to be discharged. This interesting plan included a scheme for the encouragement of the growth of spiders, to which, signor Papillio said, an increase of the window tax would admirably contribute: and that the only additional resource which he deemed necessary for the purpose of furnishing the quantity of web requisite for the completion of the undertaking, might be obtained by circular letters to the bishops and parochial clergy to prohibit the use of hair brooms in places of publick worship; a measure on which he laid the more stress, in consequence of the stagnation of trade with Russia. The lecture closed with the outlines of another plan, not less important than the former; namely, the discovery of a process by which Paris plaster might be used instead of flower, and made a substitute for bread.

"Greatly edified by this elaborate dis-

course, that part of the company who had been able to resist the influence of Morpheus aided by the somniferous effect of downy cushions, lights admirably secluded from irritating the organ of vision; and the exactest temperature of the apartment, descended into the laboratory, where a series of experiments were exhibited to prove the practicability of superseding the use of lamp oil by means of a portion of Thames water, which, after being subjected to a curious process, was to be enclosed in a small, metallick tube, and thus become not only capable of ignition, but of giving light at the distance of several furlongs. The principal objection hitherto urged against the adoption of this mode of lighting the streets of the metropolis (for the proofs of its practicability were deemed so clear as to admit of no doubt) was, that an unpleasant smell was diffused by the process, which induced some persons of more than usual delicacy, to prefer the ordinary method.

"To remedy this inconvenience, the inventor suggested the advantage of a subscription, by which he should be enabled to substitute an odorous spirit, known amongst the Romans by the denomination of *liquor vesicae*, and thus establish the reputation of this invaluable discovery, beyond the possibility of future objections: and a single still erected in each of the principal streets, as the conduits formerly were, he thought sufficient for the above purpose.

"The company in general appeared highly delighted with this suggestion, and even sir Philip English, though he did not exactly comprehend the arguments by which it was supported, was inclined to give the lecturer credit for the fertility of his invention, until an old gentleman, who sate by, drily remarked, that the idea was by no means original. 'These Italians,' said he, 'are the greatest thieves and plagiarists in Europe. The thought,' addressing himself to sir Philip English, 'is entirely borrowed from the suggestion of colonel George Hanger, who, in his life, published several years ago, proposed a method of converting a fluid, of which thousands of gallons are thrown away daily in the metropolis alone, to a purpose equally important as that mentioned by signor Papillio. But the ministry at that time were not so liberal in their grants to projectors, and therefore did not encourage it: whilst it is ten to one but this *foreigner* gets a large subscription in support of his scheme, from weak lords and ignorant citizens, who, without the least smat-

tering of science, are ambitious of being thought the patrons of it.'

"The lecturer having concluded, the majority of the company withdrew; but sir Philip and Mr. Worth, with a select party, in number about twenty, remained to partake of supper, which was soon afterwards served up, in a very elegant style.

"The entertainments of the evening had presented a series of wonders to the mind of the baronet, who sometimes attributed his own surprise to an almost entire seclusion from the company of men of erudition, and sometimes ventured to condemn the taste of *modern times* as frivolous and absurd: but the method of terminating the evening by a comfortable repast was perfectly intelligible to him; and it was so truly British, that he sate down to table with great good humour. Here, however, a species of disappointment arose, which not a little annoyed him; for although accustomed to the luxuries of an elegant table, there was not a single dish before him, of which he could guess the description.

"Mr. Worth, who was seated at the opposite side of the table, was in a similar predicament: but, having the advantage of signor Papillio on his right hand, soon obtained a sufficient account of the cookery and the entertainment, to deter him from venturing to taste any thing but the most simple fare.

"In the mean time, sir Philip English, being destitute of any clue to the culinary secrets of the institution, looked around him in hopes of discovering some indication by which he might be led to a proper selection of some of the *dainties* before him.

"The learned have defined man to be an *imitative* animal: asserting, that other creatures are directed by instinct to the choice or rejection of the food presented to them, and are wholly uninfluenced by the example of the animal creation, but that the human race have no such guide, but follow one another in habits the most unreasonable and injurious, merely from the force of example.

"It was, perhaps, in obedience to this peculiarity of the human economy, that sir Philip English, observing most of the company cast their eyes upon a large dish near the centre of the table, and appeared eager to partake of its contents, sent his plate for a slice. The baronet was still at a loss to know whether it was to be eaten alone, or what sauce it required, and he had so much of the *mauvaise honte* about him, that he was afraid of exposing his ignorance before so large a company by

any inquiry. In form and consistence it bore a pretty near resemblance to a piece of soap, and when at length he ventured to put a bit into his mouth, he found that it was nearly as disagreeable in flavour; possessing an intermixture of saline brackishness, with a pungent bitter blended with a sort of musty rancidity.

"Sir Philip could not, without difficulty, withhold his execration of such cookery; and the sentiments of the rest of the company seemed to be in unison with his feelings; for many of them began to express their dissatisfaction.

"Pray, count," said the old gentleman (who had before animadverted upon the hydrogeneous experiment) now addressing himself to the chairman, 'is this cursed stuff your famous Walcheren bread? Of all the villanous combinations of taste and smell I ever met with, this positively is the most disgusting. Here, waiter, take away the plate, and bring me a glass of brandy, this instant.'

"My dear doctor," replied the count, 'I am not surprised at your remark; but I assure you, that when it is a little more familiar to the palate, the flavour you now complain of, will be found quite agreeable. However, I ought to have informed you, that it is rendered much pleasanter by the addition of a little *fish oil*, and as the use of it is designed chiefly for sailors in long voyages, and that article is very cheap, if my plan of feeding the navy should be adopted, it will reduce the ordinary expenses of that department surprisingly.'

"I think it would," rejoined the doctor, 'and probably supersede the necessity of a medical establishment; for this is kitchen-physick with a vengeance.'

"The count entreated the company to suspend their judgment on his *new bread*, until they had tasted another batch of it, and in the next place, directed their attention to a huge pickle pot, which, he said, contained poultry, fish, and game, preserved in the most exquisite manner, and intended for the use of the army as well as the navy.

"Is this your invention likewise?" said the doctor.

"I cannot claim that honour," replied the count. 'The process was discovered by lord Avonside, in the course of his lordship's chymical researches into the nature of acids and alkalis, preparatory to the establishment of his clay and soap manufactory. Pray, gentlemen, allow me to send you some of this turkey.'

"The pickle was accordingly handed round; the count having apprised the company, that this plan also was of an economi-

cal kind, and that a single ounce of a chicken, thus preserved, would support a sailor or soldier equally to his usual ration of beef or mutton.

"The doctor at first objected to try any more experiments, but being urged by the count and some of the rest of the gentlemen present, to give his opinion respecting the wholesomeness of the pickle, took a mouthful of it.

"Sir Philip English quietly waited for the doctor's sentiments before he ventured to follow the example: and it was well he did so; for the extreme poignancy of the preparation produced such a fit of coughing and sneezing, that it was a long time before the old gentleman recovered himself sufficiently to express his most unqualified disapprobation and disgust.

"Worthy sir," said lord Avonside, who, unknown to the doctor, was among the company all the time, 'you took too large a mouthful; the smallest portion of it is sufficient; and, *upon my honour*, it is a most economical plan.'

"There is no doubt of it, my lord," replied the physician, 'as it is *your* invention: but having been called upon for my opinion, I must tell your lordship, as well as the rest of the company, that, *of all the pursuits of the ignorant and the vain, there is none so reprehensible as those which endanger the lives of the human race, and at the same time, bring disgrace upon science.*'

"The next day, when sir Philip English was attempting to describe the entertainments, or, as he commonly, and perhaps properly, styled them, the *diversions* of the preceding evening; and lamenting the puerile conceits of an *enlightened people*, in an *enlightened age*, an acquaintance, who happened to drop in, raised the astonishment and disgust of the worthy baronet to a still higher pitch. This gentleman informed him, that the institution, which he had visited, was not only esteemed an object of great national importance by the titled inhabitants of Hill street and Grosvenor square, but that the grave citizens of Cheapside and Leadenhall street were so much delighted with the hope of superseding the necessity of boarding schools for their daughters, and private tutors for their sons, by a similar establishment, at the east end of the town, that they had made a subscription in order to purchase the site of Bedlam Hospital for that purpose; and that apartments for the different professors were already prepared, in the still remaining wing of that building: that which was formerly appropriated for incurables!"

Allusion is made in the course of the work to a late celebrated duel, in which Lamprey remarks to the police-runners, "that they would

have been hanged, if they had stopped privy counsellors in the discharge of their duty!"

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Itinerant; or, Memoirs of an Actor. By S. W. Ryley. 3 vols. 1808. London.—Philadelphia, republished by J. and A. Y. Humphreys, 2 vols. 12mo. Price 2 dolls.

WE have seldom perused a work of more amusement than this. If we allow Mr. Ryley to have seen only half what he relates, he has seen enough. We cannot, indeed, assent unconditionally to the assurance in the preface, that the "incidents are founded on facts;" for we consider the episode of Camelford and his associates as altogether improbable, though highly amusing and interesting as a narrative. Several other parts too of the work, bear the impress of invention: yet, with all these deductions, there remains enough of reality to give zest to the whole.

We consider Mr. Ryley as possessing very considerable powers of lively narration. His language is easy and natural, and his delineation of character is often excellent. His morality too is good, and his humanity is unequivocally displayed.

The following narrative will exhibit our author's manner:—

"As we reclined on a bank, close by the pathway, an old soldier, whose silver hair and cleanly appearance commanded respect, and who had lost a leg and an eye in the service of his country, limped along, and as he passed, requested our honours would bestow a copper, to purchase tobacco. With an irresistible impulse, I dropped my last sixpence into his hat, whilst my prudent friend, whose father presided as head of the parish, examined the veteran on points of parochial import. 'Why did he beg? the laws of this country made ample provision for the poor; and for the disabled soldier, a pension might be obtained by proper application.' 'Why, I'll tell your honours. As

to Chelsea, I've got that; but seven pounds a year won't go far now a days; and as to the parish, damme if ever I trouble it again. That is the place,' looking back at the village, whilst the tear stood in his eye, 'which gave me birth. With an intention to end my days there, about a month since I took a garret, and said to myself: Jerome, thou mayst rest thy old bones; for with the assistance of a trifle from the parish, thy small remnant of life will pass in comfort. But, gemmen, I was reckoning without my host. The heart of a parish officer is as hard as the butt end of a musket; they've killed poor Bibo, and old Jerome's turned out to beg his bread.'

"The old soldier seemed much agitated in uttering the last sentence, and as we were at a loss to understand what was meant by 'killing Bibo,' I requested him to be more explicit. 'Why thus it is, your honours; it's damn'd foolish for, an old soldier to stand whimpering like a woman; but when I think of Bibo, though he was but a brute, and had not a soul to be saved, I can't help chuckling. I believe there's one quid left in the corner of my box,' saying this, he cramed the tobacco into his mouth, wiped his eye, squirted out a quantity of saliva, and proceeded—'Twenty four years I served under the brave captain Howard, in the 5th regiment of foot, and a better gemman, God rest his soul, never lived; the last six years of his life, he took me into his house as a kind of *valedy* sham. He had no family except Bibo, a Newfoundland dog, which he loved like a child; for when the noble captain served abroad he once fell overboard, and Bibo saved his life. His honour was not very rich. He was too generous to be rich; it was as much as he could do to make both ends meet. However, he took care to keep Bibo as fat as a pig; and I've often heard him say, if he died first, he'd leave Bibo a fortune; but Lord help him, he had no fortune to leave, for when he

lay on his death bed, he ordered me to sell his gold watch to buy nourishment. 'Jerome,' said he, 'take care of my dog. The life that he once saved I am going to resign into the hands of him that made us both.' He soon after died, and Bibo was left to my care. I had some regard, gemmen, you will think, for the poor animal, for you know the old saying, 'love me, love my dog,' and though I had nothing left but my pension, I thought if I retired to my own village, I might be able to live, as I said before, with a little help from the parish; so after the funeral, I set off with Bibo at my heels, determined to beg as soon as my money was done, which could not last long, being only a new crown piece the captain gave me, and six pennyworth of copper, to travel seventy miles. Perhaps, gemmen, you are tired; I'd better be hobbling on, it will do you no good to hear my story, and it grieves me to tell it.'

"We assured him we were much interested, and begged he would proceed. 'Well then, thus it is; but if you please I'll sit down, because you know, your honours, when a man has but one leg, he can't stand so well as if he had two! Ah I shall never forget the day I lost the fellow to this; it was taken off by a shot at Bunker's Hill. As I lay on the ground, the captain passing by me as he left the field (for you see our forces were on the retreat, and it was as much as his life was worth to stay a minute) got me by the hand, and said: 'Jerome, God bless thee,' and may God bless him, and he will bless him too; for I can tell your honours—'

"We now reminded him, that in his affection for his master, he seemed to have forgotten the sequel to Bibo. 'Very true, very true,' running his finger round his empty box, in hopes of finding another quid, 'very true, I had got a little out of the road to be sure; Bunker's Hill is not the way to Saddleworth. Well then, gemmen, thus it is; old Jerome hobbled on pretty stoutly, and Bibo waddled after, at the rate of about one mile an hour. To make short of my story, the crown piece lasted till we reached Manchester. There I began to beg for the first time. But I can't tell how it was: whether, not being used to the trade, I set about it clumsily, I don't know; but no one would give me a farthing. It's very hard, thought I, that an old soldier, who has lost a leg and an eye in defence of his country, should find no one willing to give him a trifle, to help him on the road. At length, an old lady approached, and was in the act of presenting something, when Bibo caught her eye. She asked 'whose dog he was?' 'mine, an'

please your ladyship.' 'Indeed!' said she, drawing her hand away, 'if you can afford to keep a dog, you can't want my assistance.'—'Poor Bibo!' said I. Bibo heard me—looked up, and wagged his tail; 'aye, aye, poor fellow! wag away,' thought I, 'if I can get thee to my own parish, thou shalt be safely laid up for life. Would you believe it, gemmen? I did not get one half-penny the whole day. Some talked of a pass; others threatened the *New Bailey*; neither Bibo nor myself had tasted since morning; night was coming on; no place of shelter appeared ready to receive our weary limbs; as I leaned on my crutch, debating, Bibo shook himself, as much as to say: 'Jerome it's very cold,' when the noise of a new brass collar, the captain bought just before he died, put a thought in my head, that procured us meat, drink, and lodging. That collar, said I to myself, is of no use: better for Bibo to be without collar than without meat. So I took it off, went to a shop, and sold it for fifteen pence; though it had cost five shillings not a month before. With this money I purchased the following articles: four pennyworth of cheese, a pint of beer, a twopenny straw bed, and three pennyworth of tobacco.

"Refreshed, and praising God for all things, we set off at five o'clock the next morning, and by night reached my native place. Twenty five years ago I took on to be a soldier; during that time, nearly all my friends were dead; those who remained, not knowing me, would render me no assistance, except a night's lodging, and advised an immediate application to the parish. Seeing how matters were, I waited on the commanding officer, and made known my situation. Says I: 'Your honour,' for I thought I'd honour him, though he was but a tailor—so, 'your honour,' says I, 'my name is Jeremy Antrobus; my father was sexton of this parish for forty years; I've been twenty five years in the army; lost a leg and an eye, as you see, and am laid by as useless, with a pension of seven pounds a year; but that, you know, is not enough to keep soul and body together; so I'm come to your honour for a little relief to help out with.' Now it rained very hard, gemmen, and, standing with my hat off, almost bald, as you see, I asked leave to walk in; for he peeped out at a little wicket casement, which, I am told, goes by the name of the *Devil's Picture-frame*, amongst the poor. However, I was not admitted; but he held out his hand, and dropped into my hat eighteen pennyworth of bad copper, saying, 'he knew nothing about me, but would call at my quarters.' I am told he makes a pretty penny of these bad half-

pence; for he buys them in at ten shillings in the pound, and makes the poor take them for their full value.

"Next day, this d——d tailor called; God forgive me, I can't help swearing when I think of him; the curse of the poor will follow him to the grave; I say, gemmen, he came to my quarters, and the churchwarden with him. I had just breakfasted on three parts of a basin of milk and bread, and Bibo was eating up the fourth, when the tailor, as stiff as buckram, came into the cellar. As soon as he saw the dog, he exclaimed: 'What! a pauper keep a dog at the expense of the parish? With these words, he up with his stick and gave the poor brute such a blow under the ear, that he dropped, and never rose again.

"You may think, gemmen, an old soldier would not sit long quiet in a situation of this kind; so I made shift to shoulder my stick, and, with the first volley, *brought down* the tailor's hat and wig; but before I could rally my forces for another attack, they beat a retreat; and it would have done your hearts good, to have heard the churchwarden, and the overseer, calling for assistance against a poor cripple, who had but one leg to stand upon. A mob was soon collected, who, being properly informed how matters stood, cursed the hard hearted village tyrant, made a grave for my poor Bibo, which I soaked with my tears; and am now, as you see, tracing my weary way back to Manchester."

"The veteran drew his hand across his eyes, rose up, and prepared for his departure. My friend rose at the same time: 'Stop, honest Jerome! perhaps we may have it in our power to serve you; all overseers are not cursed with the disposition of neighbour Staytape.' By this time my companion had torn a leaf out of his pocket book, and hastily sketched a few lines with a pencil. 'About a mile hence, at the foot of yonder hill, you see a white house. Take this note as directed, and in an hour I shall be there myself.—The old soldier placed the note in his empty tobacco box, and, with 'God bless your honours,' slowly hobbled on his way.

"After a pause, my friend William said, with a sigh: 'Here is another proof of the depravity of human nature. I believe this poor man's story; for I know the tailor well; he is a wretch! Constant in all the outward forms of religion, he turns over the leaves of his prayer-book, and is louder than any of the congregation in vociferating its contents; yet, the first of all Christian virtues, *charity*, he is as much a stranger to, as if he had never heard the name."

The following presents a different kind of writing:

"Many of my theatrical readers will remember PENN with some degree of pleasure; for he was an actor above the common stamp. He had the grand requisites: an expressive eye; features well calculated to portray the passions; and a strong, articulate voice. In opposition to these advantages, his person was awkward, and his deportment ungraceful; he had neither the appearance nor the gait of a gentleman. In consequence of being brought up a schoolmaster, he was pedantic in the extreme. Could these disadvantages have been corrected, or overlooked, Penn would have been in high estimation, and ranked before many first-rate actors of his day. He was, however, a great favourite in the country; made good benefits, and might have done very well, had not that destructive companion, dissipation, robbed him of the comforts enjoyed by those who take prudence for their guide. Seldom had he a decent coat; in lieu of which, he generally wore a great coat, buttoned to the chin, which served to conceal the forlorn state of his linen. His slow, methodical mode of speaking, gained him the appellation of *Podo*. Regularly every morning, at 12 o'clock, he entered the doors of a small publick house in the vicinity of the theatre, and, with folded arms, knit brows, and a sidelong look at the landlady, he beckoned three distinct times; then, pointing to his mouth, gave full intimation of his wants. A glass of real Nantz, followed by an approving smack of the lips, gave a rich sparkle to his eye and a firmness to his nerves, which, before this application, were languid and relaxed; then, turning slowly, and pointing to the cupboard door, behind which his account was kept, he marched out, nor uttered a syllable during the whole negotiation.

"Some people there are, who cannot pronounce the *r*; others misplace the *v* and *w*; the *l* is sometimes substituted for the *r*; which gives an articulation similar to that of a person who has, by some calamity, lost the roof of his mouth. Of this latter description was *Podo's* landlady. I had heard of his long score behind the cupboard door, and called to give her a caution.

"Does Mr. Penn ever talk of paying you?" said I.

"Lo, sir," she replied, 'he leter talks at all.'

"I then advised her chalk no more till the other was rubbed out.

"Penn went the next day, as usual.—

beckon'd—pointed to his mouth; but it would not do.

"I'll tell you what, master Pell," said this dealer in drama, "it siglifies lothilg; talkilg; you ald me must have a reckolilg; eighteel shillilgs ald eight pelce half pelly is your score; ald master Romley, the malager of your compaly, has beel here, ald he says, I must lot score alother loggil of gil, till the other's rubb'd off."

"Penn, on hearing this, uttered the in-

terjection 'Oh!' turned upon his heel, and walked away."

We occasionally noticed some negligences of composition; but they were not numerous or important enough to be animadverted upon. The author himself will doubtless see and remove them in a subsequent edition.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Travels of Captains Lewis and Clarke, from St. Louis, by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; to the Pacific Ocean; performed in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, by order of the Government of the United States. Containing Delineations of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Indians; compiled from various authentick Sources, and original Documents; and a Summary of the statistical View of the Indian Nations, from the official Communication of Meriwether Lewis. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.*

THE publick expectation has been long excited respecting this work; and now that it has made its appearance, we do not think that expectation will be disappointed. Captains Lewis and Clarke have collected much curious information, both with regard to the manners and customs of the American Indians; and the commercial advantages that may be derived from a closer intercourse with them. By the way, we cannot too highly commend the moderate price (nine shillings) and unassuming form of this volume. Had it fallen into the hands of a certain bookseller, it would have made its appearance in quarto *illustrated* with tawdry plates, printed upon hot pressed paper, and published for *two guineas* at the least.

From a work like the present, we cannot but persuade ourselves that we shall perform a more acceptable service to our readers by presenting them with some interesting extracts, than if we were to gratify our own pleasure by inditing our own thoughts. When a book is barren,

there is some excuse for neglecting its contents: but when it is valuable and instructive, it is the peculiar office of a reviewer to pay more attention to it than to himself.

The introduction contains some useful commercial details:—

"The benefits that arise from the discoveries of unknown regions, are too numerous to be here mentioned.

"From the knowledge of geography are derived many intrinsick advantages. It not only feasts the imagination with the amusement of novel descriptions; but is the life of commerce, whence the arts and sciences receive succour, and a reciprocal benefit.

"It cannot fail of giving pleasure to the philanthropick mind, to behold implements of agriculture put in the hands of the uncivilized barbarian, to provide and protect him from the precarious reliance on the chase for a scanty sustenance. The time is not far distant, in all moral probability, when the uncultivated wilds of the interior part of the continent, which is now only inhabited by the tawny sons of the forest, and the howling beasts of prey, will be converted into the residence of the hardy votaries of agriculture, who will turn those sterile wildernesses into rich, cultivated, and verdant fields.

* Who the author of this work is, does not appear. It is presumed to be compiled from the notes of some one who accompanied captains Lewis and Clarke, and from the publications of other travellers who have explored the southwestern regions of North America: particularly from the travels of Carver.

"It may be suggested, that the sufferings of the aborigines, from the importation of foreign diseases, and the more baneful influence of spirituous liquors, more than counterbalance the benefits they receive from civilisation. These objections, it must be frankly confessed, are very powerful. But it is hoped, that vigilant measures will be pursued, by a government professed to be founded on the principles of humanity and wisdom, to prohibit the introduction of spirituous liquors among them. The small pox has raged, when little or no communication was held with them. Provisions are already made to introduce vaccine inoculation among them, which will prevent those horrid ravages that are mentioned in the course of the work.

"It may be thought matter of surprise, that regions, upwards of three thousand miles in length, bordering on a country inhabited by an inquisitive and enterprising people, who could avail themselves of the benefit of a lucrative fur trade, should remain so long unexplored. Many impediments have retarded the tour, that has laid open to view a country hitherto hidden from the knowledge of the civilized American.

"Attempts have been made by the great discoverer, captain Cook, to find a communication by water in the northern regions between the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans. Whether the two great oceans are joined together in those regions remains an uncertainty; but the rigours of a frigid zone evinced that, though they joined, it was impracticable to navigate from one to the other.

"To travel among the Indians, is but too often thought the road that inevitably

leads the unfortunate adventurer to an untimely death. The barbarity of the Indians in war is proverbial; but, in time of peace, hospitality and humanity are traits justly due to their character. It is a judicious saying of an eminent traveller among them, that 'in time of peace no greater friends, in time of war no greater enemies.'

"Before the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, the jealous disposition of the Spaniards debarred all adventures for discoveries from that quarter.

"These impediments would compel the discoveries of the western part of the continent, to be made by a voyage by the way of Cape Horn, which would be too long, arduous, and expensive to entice the enterprise.

"In the year 1789, the celebrated traveller, Alexander Mackenzie, embarked from fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58 deg. N. longitude 110 deg. W. from Greenwich, and with the greatest fortitude, under embarrassing and perilous circumstances, he explored, with assiduity, the northern region to nearly the 70th degree of north latitude, where obstruction by ice compelled him to return to fort Chepewyan. Thence he ascended the Peace river to its source, and thence to the Pacifick ocean; making many discoveries, which he judiciously narrated in his journal.

"The following statement of the commerce of the Missouri is made by a gentleman, which will sufficiently show the advantages that arise from it.

"The products which are drawn from the Missouri are obtained from the Indians and hunters in exchange for merchandise. They may be classed according to the subjoined table.

		dolls.	cts.	dolls.	cts.
Castor,	12281 lbs. at	1	20	14737	20
Otters,	1267 skins	4	—	5068	—
Foxes					
Pouha Foxes, }	802 do.	0	50	401	—
Tiger Cats, }					
Raccoons,	4248 do.	0	25	1062	—
Bears, black, gray, and yellow,	2541 do.	2	—	5082	—
Puces,	2541 do.	2	—	5082	—
Buffaloes,	1714 do.	3	—	5142	—
Dressed cow hides,	189 do.	1	50	283	50
Shorn deer skins,	96926 lbs.	0	50	38770	40
Deer skins, with hair,	6381 skins	0	50	3190	50
Tallow and fat,	8313 lbs.	0	20	1662	60
Bears' oil,	2310 gallons	1	28	2472	—
Muskrats,					
Martens,					
				\$.	77971 20

"The calculation in this table drawn from the most correct accounts of the produces of the Missouri, during fifteen years, makes the average of a common year, 77,971 dollars.

"On calculating, in the same proportion, the amount of merchandise entering the Missouri, and given in exchange for peltries, it is found that it amounts to 61,250 dollars, including expenses, equal to one fourth of the value of the merchandise.

"The result is, that this commerce gives an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about 27 per cent.

"If the commerce of the Missouri, without encouragement, and badly regulated, gives annually so great a profit, may we not rest assured that it will be greatly augmented, should government direct its attention to it. It is also necessary to observe, that the price of peltry fixed by this table is the current price in the Illinois. If it were regulated by the prices of London, deducting the expenses of transportation, the profit, according to our calculation, would be much more considerable.

"If the Missouri, abandoned to savages, and presenting but one branch of commerce, yields such great advantages, in proportion to the capital employed in it, what might we not hope, if some merchants or companies with large capital, and aided by a population extended along the borders of the river, should turn their attention to other branches of the trade, which they might undertake, I dare say, with a certainty of success, when we consider the riches buried in its banks, and of which I have endeavoured in these notes to give an idea.

"An estimate of the produce of the several Mines.

"Mine a Burton..550,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66 2-3, is 336,666 2-3 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is ..	18,333 33
To which add 30 dollars, (on 120,000 lbs manufactured) to each thousand, is	3,600 —
	<hr/> 21,933 33

"Old Mines .. 200,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66 2-3, is 133,333 1-2 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars per cwt. is	6,666 67
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"Mine a la Mott .. 200,000 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars per cwt. is ..	10,000—
"Suppose at all the other mines	

30,000 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is	1,500 00
	<hr/> 18,166 67

Total amount is... Dollars 40,100

"When the manufacture of white and red lead is put into operation, the export valuation will be considerably augmented on the quality of lead."

Our travellers embarked on the 14th of May, 1804, from St. Louis, on the expedition, "providing themselves with every thing requisite for the prosecution of the voyage, particularly with large quantities of ammunition and fire arms, for the purpose of protecting them from the hostile attacks of the natives, and for procuring food." They also took a large quantity of medals, trinkets, &c. for the purposes of barter and conciliation. The party consisted of forty-three, and it was generally divided into two companies; the one for hunting, who travelled by land; the other to remain in the water conveyance, which consisted only of two small perogues and a batteau. Larger vessels would have obstructed them in ascending the Missouri near its source.

The following account of the Missouri and the inhabitants on its banks is interesting:—

"The Missouri is already ranked among the greatest rivers. It is an object of astonishment to the whole world. The uninformed man admires its rapidity, its lengthy course, and the salubrity of its waters, and is amazed at its colour; while the reflecting mind admires the innumerable riches scattered on its banks, and, foreseeing the future, beholds already this rival of the Nile flowing through countries as fertile, as populous, and as extensive as those of Egypt.

"The Missouri joins the Mississippi five leagues above the town of St. Louis, about the 40th deg. of north lat. It is necessary to observe, that after uniting with the Mississippi, it flows through a space of 1,200 miles before it empties itself into the gulf of Mexico. As this part of its course is well known, I shall speak of the Missouri only.

"I ascended about 600 leagues, without perceiving a diminution either in its width or rapidity. The principal rivers which empty into the Missouri are, as you ascend, the Gasconade, the river of the Osages, the two Charaturns, the Great river, the river Des Canips, Nichinen, Batoney, the Great and Little Nimaha, the river Plate, the river De Sioux, the L'Eau Qui Court.

"As far as twenty-five leagues above its junction with the Mississippi, are to be found different settlements of American families, viz. at Bonhomme, and Femme Osage, &c. beyond this its banks are inhabited only by savage nations; the Great and Little Osages, settled one hundred and twenty leagues on the river of that name; the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loupes or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, the Sioux: the last nation is not fixed on the banks of the Missouri, but habitually goes there to hunt.

"The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies. It is remarked, that the higher you ascend this river, the more common are these prairies; and they seem to increase every year by the fires which are kindled every autumn by the savages, or white hunters, either by chance, or with the design of facilitating their hunting.

"The waters of the Missouri are muddy, and contain throughout its course a sediment of very fine sand, which soon precipitates; but this circumstance, which renders them disagreeable to the sight, takes nothing from their salubrity.

"Experience has proved, that the waters of the Missouri are more wholesome than those of the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The rivers and streams, which empty into the Missouri, below the river Plate, are clear and limpid; above this river, they are as muddy as the Missouri itself. This is occasioned by beds of sand, or hills of a very fine, white earth, through which they take their course.

"The bed of the Missouri is obstructed with banks, sometimes of sand, and sometimes of gravel, which frequently change their place, and consequently render the navigation always uncertain. Its course is generally west by northwest.

"To give a precise idea of the incalculable riches scattered on the banks of the Missouri, would require unbounded knowledge.

"The flats are covered with huge trees; the *lard*, or poplar; the sycamore, out of one piece of which are made canoes, which carry nearly 18,000 cwt. the maple, which

affords the inhabitants an agreeable and wholesome sugar; the wild cherry tree, and the red and black *walnut*, so useful in joiners' work; the red and white *elm*, necessary to cartwrights; the *Triacanthos*, which, when well trimmed, forms impenetrable hedges; the water willow; the white and red mulberry tree, &c. &c.

"On the shores are found in abundance the white and black oak, proper for every kind of shipwrights' and carpenters' work; the pine, so easily worked; and, on the stony mountains, the durable cedar.

"It would be impossible to detail all the species of trees, even those unknown in other countries, and the use that can be made of them, of which we are still ignorant.

"The plants are still more numerous. I will pass lightly over this article, for the want of sufficient botanical knowledge. The Indians are well acquainted with the virtues of many of them. They make use of them to heal their wounds, and to poison their arrows. They also use various kinds of *Savoyanues*, to die different colours; they have one which is a certain and prompt cure for the venereal disease.

"The lands on the borders of the Missouri are excellent, and when cultivated are capable of yielding abundantly all the productions of the temperate, and even some of the warm climates; wheat, maize, and every species of grain; Irish potatoes, and excellent sweet potatoes. Hemp seems here to be an indigenous plant. Even cotton succeeds, though not so well as in more southerly countries. Its culture, however, yields a real advantage to the inhabitants settled on the banks of the Missouri, who find in the crop of a field of about two acres, sufficient for the wants of their families.

"The natural prairies are a great resource, being of themselves excellent pasturages, and facilitating the labours of the man who is just settled, who can thus enjoy, with little labour, from the first year, a considerable crop. Clay, fit for making bricks, is very common. There is also *Fayance clay*, and another species of clay, which, in the opinion of intelligent persons, is the real kaolin to which the porcelain of China owes the whole of its reputation.

"There are found on the borders of the Missouri many springs of salt water of every kind, which will yield more than sufficient salt for the consumption of the country, when it shall become inhabited.

"Saltpetre is found here in great abundance, in numberless caves, which are met with along the banks of the river.

"The stones are generally calcareous

and gates. There is found one, also, which I believe to be peculiar to the banks of the Missouri. It is of a blood red colour, compact, soft under the chisel, and hardens in the air, and is susceptible of a most beautiful polish. The Indians use it for their calumets; but from the extent of its layers, it might be easily employed in more important works. They have, also, quarries of marble, of which we only know the colour; they are streaked with red. One quarry is well known, and easily worked, namely, a species of plaster, which we are assured is of the same nature as that of Paris, and of which the United States make a great use. We also found volcanick stones, which demonstrate the ancient existence of unknown volcanos.

"We were confirmed in the belief, that there were volcanos in some of their mountains, by the intelligence that we received from the Indians, who informed us, 'that the evil spirit was mad at the red people, and caused the mountains to vomit fire, sand, gravel, and large stones, to terrify and destroy them; but the *good spirit* had compassion on them, and put out the fire, chased the *evil spirit* out of the mountains, and left them unhurt; but when they returned to their wickedness, the *great spirit* had permitted the *evil spirit* to return to the mountains again, and vomit up fire; but on their becoming good, and making sacrifices, the *great spirit* chased away the evil spirit from disturbing them, and for forty snows* he had not permitted him to return.

"The short stay we have generally made among the savage nations, has prevented us from making those researches which would have supplied us with more extensive information, respecting the various mines found on the borders of the Missouri. We know with certainty only of those of iron, lead, and coal. There is, however, no doubt but that there are some of tin, of copper, of silver, and even of gold, according to the account of the Indians, who have found some particles or dust of these metals either on the surface of the earth or on the banks of small torrents.

"I consider it a duty, at the same time, to give an idea of the salt mines and the salines, which are found in the same latitude on the branches of the river Arkansas. At about 300 miles from the village of the Great Osages, in a westerly direction, after having passed several branches of the river Arkansas, we find a flat of about fif-

teen leagues in diameter, surrounded by hills of an immense extent. The soil is a black sand, very fine, and so hard that the horses hardly leave a trace. During a warm and dry season, there exhales from this flat, vapours, which, after being condensed, fall on this black sand, and cover it with an incrustation of salt, very white and fine, and about half an inch thick. The rain destroys this phenomenon.

"At about eighteen miles from this flat, are found mines of genuine salt near the surface of the earth. The Indians who are well acquainted with them are obliged to use levers to break and raise it.

"At a distance of about fifteen leagues from the flat, of which we have just spoken, and in a southerly direction, there is a second mine of genuine salt, of the same nature as the other. These two mines differ only in colour; the first borders on a blue, the second approaches a red. Much further south, and still on the branches of the Arkansas, is a saline, which may be considered as one of the most interesting phenomena in nature.

"On the declivity of a small hill there are five holes, about a foot and a half in diameter, and two in depth, always full of salt water, without ever overflowing. If a person were to draw any of this water, the hole would immediately fill itself; and about ten feet lower, there flows, from this same hill, a large stream of pure and sweet water.

"If this country, were peopled, the working of these genuine salt mines would be very easy, by means of the river Arkansas. This species of salt is found, by experience, to be far preferable to any other for salting provisions.

"Should these notes, imperfect and without order as they are, but in every respect founded on truth, and observations made by myself, excite the curiosity of men of intelligence, capable of investigating the objects which they have barely suggested, I do not doubt, but that incalculable advantages would result to the United States, and especially to the district of Louisiana.

"It is impossible to give an exact account of the peltries which are brought down the Mississippi. As they are all immediately transported to Canada, without passing any port of this country, we can obtain a true statement only from the settlements on the lakes. It is but a short time since the Red river has been explored.

"After leaving the river Des Moines, the fur trade from the Upper Missouri is car-

* Forty years.

ried on entirely by British houses, and almost the whole of the fur which is obtained from the other Indian traders is also sent to Canada, where it commands much higher prices than at New Orleans; where, in fact, there is no demand. It is also necessary to observe, that the further north we go, the greater is the value of the peltries. It is but a few years since peltries have been exported from America by way of the Ohio. It is to be desired, that the eastern part of America should encourage this exportation, by raising the prices of peltries to nearly those of Canada.

"The countries at the head of the Missouri and of the Columbia rivers bear a great similarity; being cold and very sterile, except in pasturage only. At the foot of the mountain, at the head of the Missouri, lives a tribe of Indians called *Serpentine* or *Snake Indians*; who are the most abject and miserable of the human race, having little besides the features of human beings.

"They live in a most wretched state of poverty, subsisting on berries and fish. The former they manufacture into a kind of bread, which is very palatable, but possesses little nutritious quality. Horses form the only article of value which they possess. In these the country abounds; and in very severe winters they are compelled to subsist on them, for the want of a better substitute for food. They are a very harmless, inoffensive people. When we first made our appearance among them they were filled with terror; many of them fled, while the others who remained were in tears, but were soon pacified by tokens of friendship, and by presents of beads, &c. which soon convinced them of our friendly disposition.

"The Snake Indians are in their stature crooked, which is a peculiarity, as it does not characterize any other tribe of Indians that came within the compass of our observations. To add to this deformity, they have high cheek bones, large, light coloured eyes, and are very meagre, which gives them a frightful aspect.

"For an axe we could purchase of them a good horse. We purchased twenty seven from them, that did not cost more than one hundred dollars; which will be a favourable circumstance for transporting fur over to the Columbia river.

"At the head of the Columbia river resides a tribe by the name of *Pallotepallars*, or *Flatheads*. The latter name they derive from an operation that renders the top of the head flat, which is performed while they are infants, when the bones of

the cranium are soft and elastic, and are easily brought to the desired deformity. The operation is performed by tying boards, hewn to a proper shape for the purpose, which they compress on the head. In performing this eccentric operation, many infants, I think without doubt, lose their lives. The more they get the head misshapen, the greater do they consider its beauty.

"They are a very kind and hospitable people. We left in charge with them, when we descended the Columbia river; our horses, which they kept safe. They likewise found where we had concealed our ammunition in the earth; and had they not been an honest people, and preserved it safe, our lives must have been inevitably lost. They delivered up the whole, without wishing to reserve any, or to receive for it a compensation.

"They, like the Snake Indians, abound in horses, which subsist in the winter season on a shrub they call *ever green*, which bears a large leaf, that is tolerably nutritious. They likewise feed upon the side of hills, out of which gush small springs of water, that melt the snow, and affords pasture. In this manner our horses subsisted while going over the Rocky Mountains.

"The country, inhabited by the Snake and Flatheaded Indians, produces but very little game."

Our travellers thus describe the reception they met with from the natives:

"The treatment we received from the Indians, during nearly three years that we were with them, was very kind and hospitable; except the ill treatment we received from the Sioux tribe, who, several times, made attempts to stop us; and we should have been massacred, had we not terrified them from their murderous intention, by threatening them with the small-pox, in such a manner as would kill the whole tribe. Nothing could be more horrible to them, than the bare mention of this fatal disease. It was first communicated to them by the Americans, and it spread from tribe to tribe, with an unabated pace, until it extended itself across the continent.

"This fatal infection," says a western traveller, "spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect, that nothing could resist. It destroyed, with its pestilential breath, whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented, to those who had

the melancholy and affecting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead and dying, and such as to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence. The habits and lives of those devoted people, who provide not to day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nothing was left them but to submit in agony and despair. To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the sight of the helpless child, beholding the putrid carcase of its beloved parents dragged from their huts by the wolves, who were invited hither by the stench, and satiated their hunger on the mangled corpse. Or, in the same manner, serve the dog with food, from the body of his once beloved master. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had just reached, to call his family around him; to represent their sufferings, and cruel fate, from the influence of some *evil spirit*, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to invite them to baffle death, with all its horrors, with their own weapons; and, at the same time, if their hearts failed in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly follow them to the chambers of death.' The Indians being destitute of physicians, living on animal food, and plunging themselves into *cold water* on the first discovery of the disease, rendered it generally mortal.

"While we were at fort Mandan the Sioux robbed several of our party when they were returning to the fort, with the fruits of an excursion after game; and murdered several of the Mandan tribe in cold blood, without provocation, while reposing on the bosom of friendship. On hearing of this massacre, captain Clarke and the greater part of us volunteered to avenge the murder; but were deterred by not receiving succour from the Mandan warriors; who declined to avenge the outrage committed on them. The probable reason of their not enlisting was, that they were too much afraid of the superiour number of the Sioux to venture an engagement.

"Soon after this massacre, we received authentick intelligence, that the Sioux had it in contemplation (if their threats were true) to murder us in the spring; but were prevented from making the attack, by our threatening to spread the *small pox*, with

all its horrors among them. Knowing that it first originated among the white people, and having heard of inoculation, and the mode of keeping the infection in phials, which they had but an imperfect idea of, a bare threat filled them with horror, and was sufficient to deter them from their resolute and bloody purpose. This stratagem may appear insignificant to our reader, but was of the greatest consequence to us; for to it alone we owed not only the fate of the expedition, but our lives.

"Most of the tribes of Indians that we became acquainted with (except the Sioux) after being introduced by our interpreter, and having found that our intentions were friendly towards them, never failed of greeting us with many tokens of their friendly disposition. Soon after our interview, we were invited to smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children, in particular, were not wanting in showing tokens of friendship, by endeavouring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they, generally, held a council, as they term it, when their chief delivers a 'talk,' in which they give their sentiments respecting their new visitors; which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

"When we departed, after taking leave, they would often put up a prayer, of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan:—"That the great spirit would favour us with smooth water, with a clear sky by day, and a bright starlight by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but that the great *pipe of peace* might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the *great spirit* would take us home in safety to our women and children.' These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting, with great vehemence, their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight."

There are some curious traits of the Indian character in the subsequent extract:

"They are extremely circumspect and

deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies, which is rooted in every Indian's breast, and never can be eradicated. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him, that he has been informed, that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going, which might probably do him mischief. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution, as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

"This apathy often shows itself on occasions that would call forth the fervour of a susceptible heart. If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months, either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more refined beings, and give rise to mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house; he there sits down, and with as much unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him, do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during his absence, though, perhaps, he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field (whose loss he ought to have lamented) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from his home.

"If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease; he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe; as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the re-

verse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

"If you tell an Indian, that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is: 'They have done well,' and makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain, or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints, he only replies: 'It is unfortunate,' and, for some time, asks no questions about how it happened.

"This seeming indifference, however, does not proceed from a suppression of the natural affections; for, notwithstanding they are esteemed savages, I never saw among any other people greater proofs of filial tenderness; and although they meet their wives after a long absence with the stoical indifference just mentioned, they are not, in general, void of conjugal affection.

"Another peculiarity is observable in the manner of paying their visits. If an Indian goes to visit a particular person in a family, he mentions to whom his visit is intended, and the rest of the family immediately retire to the other end of the hut or tent, and are careful not to come near enough to interrupt them during the whole conversation. The same method is pursued when a young man goes to pay his addresses to a young woman; but then he must be careful not to let love be the subject of his discourse, whilst the daylight remains.

"They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire with the greatest readiness anything that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections, to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.

"With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty a flying enemy escapes discovery.

"They are indebted for these talents, not only to nature, but to an extraordinary

ry command of the intellectual faculties, which can only be acquired by an unremitting attention, and by long experience.

"They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes, for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness, as Europeans can to their written records.

"Every nation pays great respect to old age. The advice of a father will never receive any extraordinary attention from the young Indians; probably they receive it with only a bare assent; but they will tremble before a grandfather, and submit to his injunctions with the utmost alacrity. The words of the ancient part of their community are esteemed by the young as oracles. If they take, during hunting parties, any game that is reckoned by them uncommonly delicious, it is immediately presented to the eldest of their relations.

"They never suffer themselves to be overburdened with care, but live in a state of perfect tranquillity and contentment, being naturally indolent. If provisions, just sufficient for their subsistence, can be procured with little trouble, and near at hand, they will not go far, or take any extraordinary pains for it, though by so doing they might acquire greater plenty, and of a more estimable kind.

"Having much leisure time, they indulge this indolence to which they are so prone, by sleeping and rambling about among their tents. But when necessity obliges them to take the field, either to oppose an enemy, or to procure food, they are alert and indefatigable. Many instances of their activity on these occasions, will be given when we treat of their wars.

"The greatest blemish in their character, is that savage disposition, which impels them to treat their enemies with a severity that every other nation shudders at. But if they are thus barbarous to those with whom they are at war, they are friendly, hospitable, and humane in peace. It

may with truth be said of them, that they are the worst enemies, and the best friends, of any people in the world.

"They are, in general, strangers to the passion of jealousy, and brand a man with folly that is distrustful of his wife. Among some tribes the very idea is not known; as the most abandoned of their young men very rarely attempt the virtue of married women, nor do these put themselves in the way of solicitations: yet, the Indian women, in general, are of an amorous disposition; and, before they are married, are not the less esteemed for the indulgence of their passions.

"The Indians, in their common state, are strangers to all distinction of property, except in the articles of domestick use, which every one considers as his own, and increases as circumstances admit. They are extremely liberal to each other, and supply the deficiency of their friends with any superfluity of their own.

"In dangers they readily give assistance to those of their band who stand in need of it, without any expectation of return, except those just rewards that are always conferred by the Indians on merit. Governed by the plain and equitable laws of nature, every one is rewarded according to his deserts; and their equality of condition, manners, and privileges, with that constant and sociable familiarity which prevails throughout every Indian nation, animates them with a pure and patriotick spirit, that tends to the general good of the society to which they belong.

"If any of their neighbours are bereaved, by death, or by an enemy, of their children, those who are possessed of the greatest number of prisoners, who are made slaves, supply the deficiency: and these are adopted by them, and treated in every respect as if they really were the children of the person to whom they are presented."

We cannot conclude without strongly expressing the degree of satisfaction and instruction which we have received from the perusal of the present volume.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia, during the years, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806; with an Account of some of the Greek Islands. By Thomas Macgill. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 520. Price 10s. London. 1809.

THE personal talents, and the opportunities for observation, enjoyed by travellers, impart to their works, real differences, though it is not easy to express the distinctions between them. The author of these volumes, "engaged almost constantly in the pursuits of commerce, has had little, in fact, no leisure, for those of literature." This avowal protects him from censure, on account of his literary deficiencies; and equally from the imputation of repeating that information which had been already communicated by others, of more classick attainments, prior to their visits to the east, and of greater leisure for more minute inspection of particulars when actually travelling in those countries.

Readers who are acquainted with former publications of travels into the Levant, especially, by British literati, will find no considerable accession of novelty, in the letters of Mr. Macgill. His descriptions are superficial, and his incidents differ little from those of daily occurrence. Yet we think him a genuine and independent witness; and incline to add, that he has communicated facts of a commercial nature, which the learned have either overlooked, or had not opportunities of observing.

Late years have seen several important changes take place in the commercial relations of Turkey, equally as in the political situation of that cumbrous empire. The modern establishments of Russia in the Black sea; the possession of Malta by the British, the unsettled state of Egypt, the interruption of the Turkish caravan to Mecca, by the Wehabees, and insurrections almost innumerable in some of her fairest provinces, are circumstances which

tend to affect deeply the interest of the Ottoman Porte. To draw decisive inferences from these and other incidents, is not easy; insomuch that we are almost tempted to take refuge in the Turkish doctrine of fate, and to conclude, that till the date appointed for the execution of "what is written" arrives, this empire must subsist; as at that period, nothing can save it from dissolution.

In the mean time, we are desirous of obtaining the latest intelligence relating to Turkey. If it be on the verge of exhibiting another instance of the instability of human establishments, then is it the more interesting as a subject of curiosity; while it also partakes of the nature of a political lesson. If this empire should continue, the world may inquire, not without surprise, on what principles a mussulman sovereignty, long doomed to subversion, by the discerning, has withstood those storms, by which Christian sovereignties have been either completely overset, or most sorely shaken.

In answering such inquiries Mr. Macgill affords us no assistance.—His employment was in the less splendid, but more safe and more honourable walk of commerce.

We find him first at Venice, whence he sails to Trieste, and from thence by the Greek islands to Smyrna. He visits Constantinople, Ephesus, the Black sea, with Odessa; the plains of Troy, and other places in the neighbourhood. An appendix by another writer, contains a more particular account of Odessa; the publick tariff of the duties paid by British goods in the Ottoman empire; and the progress of the culture and commerce of tobacco in Macedonia.

We believe it is not easy to im-

crease that abhorrence of French rapacity, which prevails throughout Europe, and especially in Britain. If it be possible that the reproductive powers of land should replace the necessities of life, of which that rapacity had despoiled a country, yet it is impossible that a state depending for existence, on commerce, should be able to support such violence. Of this Venice is a striking instance: and the state of the Venetians, as described by our author, is conformable to that of other communities, to which French liberty has proved the most crushing of despotisms.

"The most illustrious persons in Venice were reduced to the extreme of indigence, but, small was the number of those who escaped the general ruin. It was computed in 1804, *no less than a thousand of the heads of noble families were begging in the streets. At every corner, on every bridge, might be seen some fair Venetian lady, covered with a veil, and on her knees imploring the aid of charity*; whilst her male relations were occupied in pursuits far less honourable, in order to procure subsistence.

"The distresses of the nobles and of the wealthy, were not confined to themselves alone; for the Venetians being naturally ostentatious, thousands of menials, and of the lower classes of the people, were supported by their bounty. These, therefore, were now abandoned to all the horrors of want; for, in the general disorder and misery of the state, where was employment to be found for them? Innumerable gay gondolas were laid aside, and their skillful rowers, being utterly unqualified for any other occupation, were in a state of starvation.

"It is scarcely possible to depict the miserable situation of the nobles. The abbé —, a man of talents and of probity, with whom I was very intimate, one morning at breakfast related to me with tears in his eyes, the following circumstance, which he said, had happened only the night before. The abbé had passed that evening at the house of a friend. In the course of it, they were attracted and charmed by the singing of a female in the street, immediately underneath the window. The pleasure of the good abbé was, however, soon converted into melancholy. He thought he recognised the voice of a

friend, and hastened to the street to ascertain the truth. The person was so muffled up that he could not discover her. He ran to her house, and his repeated knocks at the door were at length answered from within by her children, who informed him, that the mother had gone out with their father and a friend, to procure something for supper, and that having now no servant, they were locked in till their return. Being now persuaded that the songstress was his old friend, he returned to her, and with the utmost regret, discovered that she was the countess C——, who was thus singing in the streets, in the hope of collecting a few soldi, to purchase food for her starving children.

"In her days of affluence, she had been a remarkably fine player on the piano-forte, as well as a charming singer. The abbé, who possesses an excellent taste in musick, had frequently joined in the concert with her. In those days, this unfortunate countess was the ornament and the delight of the society in which she lived.

"Before the French quitted Venice, what they could not take away with them they destroyed. Eight fine ships of the line, and several frigates which were then on the stocks in an unfinished state, they rendered useless, cutting their stems, stern-post, and keel in different places, and taking away the shores from their starboard and larboard and quarter, so that they fell down, never more to be rendered serviceable until entirely taken to pieces. This arsenal used to furnish employment to several hundreds of workmen, now its only inhabitants are a few slaves or malefactors, who are chiefly occupied in making into fire wood the remains of those fabricks which the French have destroyed, and which were formerly the pride and glory of the Venetians. A large portion of the arsenal is formed into an oyster bed, which produces no small revenue."

That the Italians did not do their duty to their country, in defending it, is notorious. Can we wonder at the consequences? And when we find the general of Roman soldiers sending his compliments to the governor of Ancona, with a message, importing that he thought *the weather too cold to put his troops under arms, that morning*: to which the governor replied: "as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much so for *Roman*

soldiers," can we but recollect what Roman soldiers were?

Surely! 'twas not such spawn as these,
Which quell'd the stern Eacides,
And died with Punick blood the seas!

One of the pleasantest rencontres described by our author is that of Osman Oglu, a Turkish sportsman, at Ephesus; and as this prince by his activity, contradicts the usual notion of Turkish indolence, we shall introduce him to our readers.

"We had not alighted long at the Caffene, before we received a visit from one of the chief men of Osman Oglu, prince of these parts, who was here upon a shooting excursion, and had despatched this gentleman to see who we were. He smoked a pipe and drank some coffee; and we, judging it prudent, returned the visit to the prince, without delay.

"This prince, who governs over an immense tract of Asia Minor, is about twenty years of age, of manly appearance, with an open and haughty countenance. All the pride of a Turkish sovereign appears in him. His physiognomy betrayed no marks of ignorance, or want of talent however ill improved. He sat on a sofa in a mud wall'd room, of about fifteen feet square. On the right hand sat a falcon; on his left, lay a young pointer; before him were stretched five Spartan grayhounds. None of his people sit in his presence, save the favourite, who visited us in his name. When we entered, according to the Turkish custom, he neither got up, nor saluted us, but sat crosslegged to receive our homage. Coffee and pipes were soon introduced. Here I was amused with another Turkish custom. The prince and the favourite were served before the strangers. Our visit lasted only a quarter of an hour, the conversation was on the pleasures of sporting. The prince proposed a party for the morning following, we agreed to join him, and then took our leave.

"The youth was surrounded by about fifty armed desperados, who formed his guard; these are never held in any estimation till they have been robbers or freebooters for many years, and have taken away the lives of a few of their fellow creatures, whether gloriously or ingloriously, whether in battle or in cold blood; and they are often called upon by their employer to recount the deeds they have done.

"The morning appeared clad in sable,

and clouds full of rain topped the surrounding mountains; but long ere the lazy god of day arose in the east, the youthful prince paid us a visit in our hovel, preceded by his savage band, one of whom, carrying a golden axe, demonstrative of his despotick power, paraded before him.

"We proposed coffee and pipes to his royal highness, but he proposed a tumbler of rum which he drank off with great relish. He informed us of his intention immediately to proceed to the field, and left us to prepare. The regards of all followed him, although, most certainly, they were not those of admiration or love, but they followed a prince: and so prone are men to pursue dignities; even in the shape in which they now presented themselves, that we soon joined him, though every moment in danger of being shot, either by himself, or some of his banditti, none of whom would miss the chance of killing a partridge, to save the life of a *Pesavenk Yahour* [infidel pimp] a name with which they frequently honour us.

"The morning was damp, and some rain dropped occasionally. The sport was but trifling, and few birds or beasts were taken. Again the day smiled, but it was a sarcastick smile. A gleam of sunshine fell upon the prince, which a hasty cloud soon threw on the ruins of Ephesus, while the distant thunder seemed to murmur, 'is not all vanity?'

"Some grew tired of princely pleasure, others continued the tedious chase, but the prince himself at length grew wearied of unsuccessful labour, and left the field."

Our author's commercial engagements presented him with a favourable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the trade of Constantinople and Smyrna; that opportunity he has embraced; and he states particulars at some length; but he gives a much less satisfactory account of the extent of trade, at the former, and of the mode of payment at the latter city, than we were prepared to expect.

"The commerce of Constantinople is nothing, comparatively speaking, to what it appears to be.

"But although the trade of Constantinople is limited, when compared with that of Smyrna, it is far better to prosecute on account of the difference both in the payments and the returns. In Smyrna, for

many articles it rarely happens that you can get the amount of your account in *less than two or even three years, although the goods are nominally sold at three or six months*; whereas, in Constantinople should a sale be made at three months, before the end of six you may in general depend on payment in cash, which is remitted in good bills of exchange; but from Smyrna it is seldom that funds can be withdrawn but in produce, on which, in general, the loss far surpasses the fine profits you had flattered yourself with in making your sales."

What is the *present* state of Constantinople cannot be known, even from so late a writer as Mr. Macgill; for since his residence there, the unfortunate Selim has fallen a victim to the bigotted barbarity of his troops. That Sultan did all in his power to promote the prosperity of his subjects. We have often pitied his patriotick feelings, and his unmerited fate.

"In Constantinople, and its environs, there are, at present, nearly ten thousand looms at work. This must yield no small profit to the state, as the materials are chiefly the produce of the country.

"Farther up in this new town [Scutari] is the printing office, established, as I have before mentioned, by the reigning sultan [Selim] in contradiction to the ruling superstition of the people; it is upon a pretty extensive plan, for the beginning of a building of the kind; there are, at present, about ten presses going. Several persons are employed in translating useful books; and many are already printed in a very beautiful manner, upon the paper made at the sultan's manufactory upon the canal, and, before leaving the office, are bound either richly or plainly, according

to the taste of the purchaser. Books of geography are printed, and also maps of all the different parts of the world, pretty accurately, in the Turkish characters. We saw, besides, captain Cook's voyages, and the elements of Euclid, in quarto. Not being versed in the Turkish language, we could not judge if they were well translated, but the translator being a man of great abilities, there is little doubt but that he has done justice to his countryman, Cook. It is generally supposed that justice has been done to Euclid.

"Besides the manufactories already mentioned, we found that many others, equally useful, are carried on at Scutari. They print and die an immense quantity of India, British, and German muslins, here and all over the environs of the capital; they make charming colours, which are more durable than those in almost any other country."

The machinations of Buonaparte, have certainly been directed against Turkey. Whether they will fail, as his mission to Persia appears to have failed; whether his late agreement with Austria has removed the difficulties, started by that power, against their execution; or, whether he may quarrel with Russia, before the time comes for his attempt on Turkey, are subjects of speculation and guess: but not of reasonable certainty. It would be well, however, if the Turks were prepared for the worst; for to say truth, our opinion inclines rather to fear, than to hope on their behalf. But, as already hinted, the event, whatever it be, we must leave to the operation of time, and the decrees of fate.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

A Sequel to the Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, containing a further Account of Mrs. Placid, and her Daughter Rachel. By the Author of the Antidote. 8vo. pp. 175. Price 4s. London. 1809.—New York, republished by D. Longworth, 12mo. 1810. Price 62 1-2.

THE former part of this story we noticed in our second volume, p. 826. We are by no means displeased with an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with the widow Placid.

The publick has distinguished the first volume, and has *substantially* expressed approbation, by an extensive and steady demand for it. The sequel is not less pleasing, or

less proper to be consulted as an adviser. That the incidents it contains are not a few, to happen within so short a space as the history comprises, may be thought rather unlucky, since sudden reformations partake of the marvellous; but the writer was shackled by her first part, to which the sequel must *per force* conform. There is, nevertheless, considerable skill in the management of the characters, and the stations respectively assigned them at the close of the volume.

As the manners and maxims of benevolence are limited to no condition of life, we may recommend the example of the widow Placid to the young, in order to prepare themselves for events and situations in which they may have occasion to exhibit the advantages arising from it; to those in middle life, whose families cannot but be gratified and improved, by beholding equal self command and calm address, with those of this pious lady; and to others who, like her, have suffered the loss of what their affections must ever regret. If the reader asks, what is her character? the volume before us shall answer the question.

"Female influence is universally acknowledged, in its effects upon society as well as individuals. The influence which the widow Placid gained over the mind of squire Bustle has been described; and it only remains briefly to consider by what means it was affected. It was not by means of the adventitious advantages of youth, beauty, or accomplishment; but her unaffected piety, and sweetness of manners. The latter quality has been greatly recommended, but too often with no other view than that of *pleasing*: from the example of Mrs. Placid, we hope the female reader will be encouraged to cultivate it for *use* as well as *ornament*. Without this amiable trait in her character, even her piety might have passed unknown or unregarded. It disposed her, indeed, to speak for the honour of religion; but the *manner* with which she spoke rendered her words acceptable. She advised without dogmatism; she reproved without acrimony; she aimed at pleasing the ear by the correctness of her language; and, above all, when she conversed on the sublime truths of Christianity, she betrayed no *party* prejudices which could excite displeasure in those she was desirous to instruct. Here, then, is a character not only worthy of imitation, but which every intelligent female is capable of imitating. The rules are few and simple; but were they adopted and practised, their effects would soon be visible, by the spread of Christian principles, in the confusion of the libertine, and the conviction of the sceptick."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Memoir of the Reign of James II. By John Lord Viscount Lonsdale. 4to. pp. 92. 1808.

WE consider the publick as highly indebted to the noble editor, for this interesting and important addition to the historical documents of our country. It has effectually illustrated some points, which were before ambiguous; and, with respect to the rebellion of Monmouth, in particular, has clearly demonstrated some facts which were before involved in obscurity. The authority, too, is unquestionable. It comes from the confidential servant of William III. selected as well for his ability as his known integrity; from an individual, present, as it were, to all

which he relates, beyond the reach of suspicion, and distinguished by his incorruptible manners.

The cause of the immediate publication of this memoir, we have understood to be this: When Mr. Fox was known to be engaged in the composition of his history, this manuscript, which had been sacredly preserved in the noble family of Lonsdale, was, with the ingenuous liberality of a British nobleman, offered to his use. Mr. Fox, however, declined availing himself of this advantage, till he should have made further progress in his undertaking.

He left his history in the form in which we have since received it, and it was conceived that the printing of this memoir would be a very acceptable gift to the noble editor's more particular friends, whose curiosity must naturally have been excited. We, for our parts, do not regret that it did not pass into Mr. Fox's hands. We should then, perhaps, have been debarred the gratification of perusing one of the neatest biographical sketches that have ever fallen in our way.

Prefixed to the memoir is the life and character of John lord viscount Lonsdale, the author of the memoir, and lord privy seal to William III. From this we learn, that he was originally sir John Lowther, Bart. and the thirty-first knight of his family, in almost a direct line. He was, also, intimately connected with all those illustrious characters by whose exertions the revolution was accomplished.

His first appearance as a publick character, was in 1675, when he was elected knight for the county of Westmoreland, which place he continued to represent as long as he continued a commoner. In this situation he pertinaciously, and from principle, opposed the designs of the duke of York, who had given unequivocal marks of his aversion to the established religion of his country. The plan for excluding him commenced in 1668, was revived in 1673, but did not finally take place till 1679, when it passed the house by a majority of 207 to 128. The lords rejected the bill by a majority of about 30.

When James II. ascended the throne, sir John Lowther was, at first, inclined to confide in the king's promises to preserve the government in church and state, as by law established; but when he saw that these promises were almost immediately broken, when he perceived that the sovereign openly and boldly acknowledged his violation of the

laws, he discarded all hopes, and joined himself to those great and good men who solicited the assistance of William. He secured the city of Carlisle, and induced the two counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland to declare for the prince of Orange.

On the accession of king William, he was made a privy counsellor, and vice chamberlain to the household.

In 1689 he was appointed lord lieutenant of Westmoreland and Cumberland. In 1690, first commissioner of the navy. After this period his health declined, and he retired to his seat at Lowther, which he adorned with paintings of the greatest artists, and amused himself with improving the general aspect of the country. We have here a most interesting detail of his private life, character, and manners, honourable to the individual to whom it relates, and no less honourable to the writer.

In 1696 he was advanced to the peerage, by the style of viscount Lonsdale and baron Lowther. In 1699 he was made privy seal, and when from ill health he was compelled to retire from business, the king would not permit him to resign, but ordered him to take the seal with him into the country. The following letter is preserved and printed, with the fac simile:

" Hampton-Court, ce 23e de May, 1700.

" J'ay este extremement marri d'apprendre par la lettre que vous avez escrit au Secret Vernon que vous avez trouve si peu de soulagement en vostre sante au bains que vous estes obligé de songer d'aller chez vous en esperance d'y trouver plus de soulagement, ce que je vous souhaite de tout mon cœur, et suis tres content que vous y alliez quoy que j'aurois extremement souhaite de vous avoir apres de moy en cette conjuncture ou j'ay plus besoin que jamais des personnes en qui je me fie autant qu'a vous, Et pour qui j'ay autant d'estime. J'espere que le bon Dieu vous rendra bientost vostre sante. Et que vous reviendrez le plus tost qu'il vous sera possible, Cependant vous pourrez faire avec les prevy seaux comme vous

avez fait l'annee passe quand vous estiez absens, ou de telle autre maniere que vous trouverez convenable, Mais j'espere que vous ne songez pas a quitter mon service sur tout a present que j'en ay plus besoin que jamais, Et que je n'y pourrez point consenti, ayant autant d'estime et d'amitie que j'ay pour vous, dont je seres tres aise de vous donner des marques en toute sorte d'occasions. "Signed,

"William R."

"For the lord privy Seal." P. xx.

In 1700 he was appointed during the king's absence in Holland, one of the lords justices to govern the kingdom; but he died in the execution of this honourable office.

Next comes the memoir, which commences with the death of king Charles, and with sentiments which breathe the genuine, and unaffected spirit of piety and virtue. After declaring his intention of setting down publick occurrences, the noble author adds:

"I hope to find an innocent entertainment in so doing, which is the ultimate pleasure of this life; for without innocence no enjoyments are satisfactory; but a sting and uneasiness attends them; and is so much a part of their constitution, that no criminal pleasure in the world is either perfect or lasting."

Immediately on the king's death, lord Lonsdale acted the part of a good and loyal subject, and attended the proclamation of James at Appleby, Cockermouth, and Penrith. How must his noble spirit have been shocked, on learning, that within less than a month after his declaration of protecting the established church, he went publicly to mass. When parliament was called, sir John attended in his place, and heard the king repeat his assurances of protection to the church.

These protestations made him so popular, that the people not only prevented their sovereign's expectations, but his wishes, in their grants to him. Some, however, were sagacious enough to foresee danger, and the first alarm was excited by

destroying the ancient mode of elections in boroughs, and compelling them to accept charters, which vested the right of election in particular individuals. Among the rest, sir John Lowther took the matter up in parliament, but it was evaded by some manœuvre of the court, and never again resumed.

The next effort of the court party was to make words treason, under the specious pretence of preserving the king's person. By the activity and acuteness of sir John, and some of his friends, certain provisos were introduced in the bill, which so mutilated its power, that it came to nothing.

The next matter of moment, introduced in the memoir, is the landing of Argyle, in Scotland, and the rebellion of Monmouth, and it is here that we feel ourselves, in a peculiar manner, indebted to this historical document.

It has ever been a matter of controversy, nor does Mr. Fox at all clear up the perplexity, whether the mean and dastardly behaviour of lord Gray, the friend and confidential adviser of Monmouth, was the result of treachery or cowardice. We think that, after perusing this memoir, little doubt can remain but that it was the basest treachery.—We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making an extract from this part of the work.

"Att this time Argyle landed in Scotland, and in pursuance of an agreement made betwixt them in Holland, the duke of Monmouth att Lime, in Dorsetshire. Argyle came better provided into a country supposed to be more disaffected, himself reckoned a man of parts and experience, and yet he did nothing that ever threatened danger. But the duke of Monmouth, contrary to all men's expectations, spun out the business into length; and tho' esteemed a man no way formidable either for parts or experience, yett with 83 men and 200. guineas, he brought things to that passe, that the success was much doubted by manie; for within a verie few days his armie was increased to seven

or eight thousand men; nay, some said to above ten thousand. But whether his own single follie, or the councill of those that were supposed to betray him, added to it, was the cause of his proclaiming himself king, was doubtfull. But this was certain, that severall thousands quitted him within three days after. He had, however, so good an armie left, and managed his businesse so cautiouslie, that he marched towards Bristol, and at Kainsham Bridge, a place not ffar from thence, in some skirmishes he was thought not to have the worst of it. But finding Bristol possessed by the King's forces, he returned back again, and entered Bridgewater, whilst the King's forces under the command of my L^d Ffeversham lay encamped upon Sedge Moor, some three miles from the town, covered with a ditch. The Duke, in hopes to surprise them, issued out in the night, and was so ffar prosperous as to misse coll. Oglethorp, who was gone to the very town of Bridgewater to gain intelligence. And the King's hors being quartered att a little village a quarter of a mile of where my lord Ffeversham was also, were said not to be in all the readinesse that was necessarie. But however the hors under the conduct of my lord Gray did so little, running away att the verie first, that there was no great want of the kings hors to oppose them. The ffoot, indeed, fought better, and two feild peeces they had did some execution. But the hors being gone, the matter was grown desperate, and herein the duke of Monmouth lost much of his reputation for courage; for instead of dieing in the feild as was expected, he left his men fighting, and endeavoured to escape in companie with my lord Gray, but was within two days taken among some bushes hid, with a pockett full of peas, which he was forced to gether for food. He was brought up to London, dined at Chivinch's lodgings, where he saw the king, and both there and by letters asked for pardon. What arguments he had to hope it would be granted, were not certain. Within fflower days he was executed upon Tower Hill, suffering fflower if not ffive blows of the axe, of which, tho' he seemed fearfull from my lord Russell's case, who had done so before, he died other ways with great constancie. My lord Gray's conduct in all this businesse gave the censorious world leav to say that he betrayed him, and that he triumphed in the revenge for private injuries received in his familie: for besides the failure of the hors under his conduct, he, after their being taken, seemed rather pleased than fearfull; his

talk was of bounds and hunting, and when the duke att Mr. Chivinch's complained of a cold he had gott, he in a scoff told him his uncle had a cure to be applied in a few days. This conduct, added to his former escape out of the hands of a messenger in a hackney coach, made the world almost assured of what they suspected; and I have been informed that one major Holmes discerned the thing so plainlie, that he told the duke three days before the battle att Sedge more, that my lord Gray was certainlie either a coward or a knave; that, if he would give him leav, he would secure him, without which he despaired of successe. The duke mode answer that t'was then too late. The courage of this major was remarkable: he had his arm broke in the battle, was brought up to London, had his life offered him by the king, if he would promise to live quietlie, and endeavour no disturbance. His answer was, that his principles had ever been republicanian, as thinking that form of government best for this nation; that he was still of that mind; that he was now an old man, and his life as little worth asking as t'was worth his majestie's giving; and t'was indifferent to him whether his majestie pardoned him or not. He was therefore sent into the countrie and hanged, whilst my lord Gray had his pardon, and became an evidence against severall. Besides those that were killed in the feild there were about seven hundred sentenced to death and executed, insomuch that all the high ways of that countrie were no longer to be travelled, whilst the horror of so many quarters of men, and the offensive stench of them lasted; of which Dr. Ken, the bishop of that diocesse, writ a most patheticall letter to his majestie; Sr Geo. Geoffrey, then chief justice and now lord chancellor, being the principal judge sent into that countrie to trie them." p. 9.

This rebellion gave a pretence for raising an army of eleven or twelve thousand men, which every summer were encamped on Hounslow heath, "to the astonishment of the people of England, who had not so much as in historie heard of anie such thing in time of peace." To make bad worse, the army was filled with popish officers, upon which the parliament remonstrated. The king was offended and dissolved them. The infatuation of James progressively increased. Roman catholicks were put into all offices. Three questions

were proposed as tests to representatives in parliament, which, with the mainly answers of sir John Lowther, we subjoin.

"1. Whether, if you be chosen a member of parliament for this countie or anie burrough thereof, will you be for taking away the penall laws and test ?

"2. Whether will you give your vote and interest for such as will be for taking away the penal laws and test ?

"3. Whether will you support the King's declaration by living peaceable with men of all persuasions, as a good Christian ought to doe ?

"These questions were brought into this countie by my Ld Preston, Lord Lieutenant for these two counties. And the gentlemen were summoned to meet him at Penrith. A day or two before the time appointed, Sr Daniell Fleming came hither, and desired to know my opinion about an answer to them. I showed him my thoughts, wch he was pleased to approve, and my answer was so universallie liked, that, excepting by two or three att most, it was given verbatim by all the gentlemen that did not comlie with the questions, wch were about 17 or 18. It was to this effect:

"1. If I be chosen a member of parliament for this countie or any burrough thereof, I think myself obliged to refer my opinion concerning the taking away the penall laws and tests to the reasons that shall arise from the debate of the hous.

"2. If I give my vote to anie to serv in parliament it shall be to such honest and loyall gentlemen as I think wil faithfullie serv the king and the established government.

"3. I will live peaceable with men of all persuasions, as a good Christian ought to doe." P. 16.

Next succeeded the ecclesiastical commission, and the contemptible and offensive proceeding at Magdalen college, Oxford. These are sufficiently known. The publick entrance of the pope's nuncio was the next cause of offence, and the progress of the king into the west and elsewhere, where he took care to let the people know his design to call a parliament, in order to have the penal laws and tests removed. The imprisonment and trial of the Bishops is the next subject detailed in the me-

moir, with some anecdotes, and, in particular, that of the duke of Devonshire and colonel Culpeper, p. 33, new at least to us. This brings us to September 1688.

The memoir at this period gives a very interesting detail of the general condition and circumstances of the other powers of Europe. First, describing the disastrous events which befel the emperour; the oppression of the protestants in France, by the revocation of the edict of Nantz; and the horrible and bloody war which was carried on, with the view of exterminating all of that persuasion. What was the consequence? The trade of France was ruined, and the prospect of tranquillity to its sovereign more precarious than ever. The description of this tyrannical act of the king of France is given in the memoir with peculiar force and animation. At this juncture James appears to have been conscious of his folly and his danger, for he restored the city's charter; revoked his proceedings against the bishop of London, and Magdalen college, to the great offence of those who had taken part with the measures of the court.

The memoir next proceeds to describe the efforts of the king to put himself in a situation of defence. Endeavours were made to raise troops: the bishops were invited to give their advice how "to amend and set to right what the councils, he had taken, had disordered." The corporations in different parts of England, which had been deprived of their ancient privileges, had them restored. The lords spiritual and temporal were summoned to hear from the king, the assurance that the prince of Wales was his real son, and not a supposititious child. The people, nevertheless, began to demonstrate great unquietness, and proceeded to destroy some popish chapels. Then follow some observations of the writer, upon the terrible earthquakes, which, at that period,

had taken place at Lima, in Italy, and other places. We now come to the revolution, which fact must be related by the author himself.

At last, after the almost frustrated expectations of the protestants, and the apprehensions of the court as it were removed by the assurance, that the prince of Orange, after having sett sail from the Briel, was beaten back by storms, wherein he had lost two men of war, near a thousand horse, besides other great damage sustained; his fleet, refitted and numerous, was discovered under full sail the 3d of November, from Dover; and the day following came into Torbay, the day of the prince's birth, the day of his marriage, and the day that begun the greatest and most extraordinary revolution that hath been seen in anie age. The next day, which was also the anniversarie for the happie discoverie of the gun powder treason plott, he landed his armie, consisting, according to the printed list, of 3660 horse, and of 10692 foot, and were transported in 560 shippes accommodated for that purpose, and conveyed by 65 men of war and 10 fireshipps.

"Before I proceed in this relation, I cannot forbear remarking, how wonderfullie this thing succeeded in opposition to so many visible and apparent accidents, anie one whereof, had they happened, the whole design must, most certainly, have miscarried.

"Every body knew how much the king of France was concerned in the preservation and support of our King, he being the onely allie in all the world he could depend upon, whose interests were intirelie united to his. How sensible he was of this was plain by the warm memorialls of the count D'Avoux, his ambassador in Holland, who owned the strictnesse of the alliance in such terms, as gave a suspicion here in England of danger, equal to anie one thing that had been done. Every bodie knew with how great wisdom that king had governed his kingdom for many years; and yett in this affair, one wiser than he, infatuated his counsilla, and made him put himself out of a possibilitie of preventing what he would have hindered, no doubt, with the hazzard of his crown; for if, instead of his carrying his arms into the palatinate and towards Cologne, as he did, he had sent but ten thousand men towards Flanders, he had utterlie rendered uselesse all the preparations; for the states would never, to be sure, have hazarded their own securitie by sending away their troops.

"Or had he, who never used to be sparing of his treasure where it was necessarie, att this time laid out 100,000*l*. amongst the principall leading men of Amsterdam, he might easilie have obstructed the whole design; for without the concurrence of that whole cittie, it could never have been effected.

"But after all, had not my Ld Dartmouth taken up his station in a place, where, as the wind stood, it was impossible for him to stir, till the prince's fleet were gone so far, that he could not overtake them, there is no question but he would have destroyed a great many of them, if not the whole fleet; he having 43 men of war, besides fireshipps, of the best shippes we had, and perfectlie well manned and equipped: whereas the Dutch shippes were crazie and old shippes, and much inferior to them in strength.

"To these escaped dangers, that of the season and ill weather usuall in that month, was not inconsiderable: and lastlie, to attempt the conquest of a nation, att that time of the year, was a thing almost unheard of.

"But when he was landed, 'tis easie to apprehend what was like to followe.

"The clergie were dissatisfied, and thought themselves ruined, from the instances off the bishops off the ecclesiasticall commission, and the case of Magdelene colledge. The justices off peace, lord lieutenants, deputie lieutenants, officers off the revenue, and off the state, were all displaced, that had not, in formal terms, complied with what was desired, and soe were in despair. The corporations were no lesse dissatisfied, by having their charters taken from them, and suffering under strange and severe regulations. The poor were intraged, by the severe exaction of the chimney upon the paupers, directlie contrarie to the intention and practice of that lawe. The soldiers were jealous and angrie, att the flavour and partialitie showed to Papists and Irishmen, as appeared in the case of coll. Beaumont, Pack, and others; soe that there seemed to be an industrie exercised by the king's councill, to disoblige all sorts and ranks of men in the kingdom; which was the deeplier resented, because the nation had never made such zealous efforts to oblige anie prince as this, att the beginning of his reign.

"They had settled with great speed a revenue off 2,100,000*l*. a year, and more, in these particulars. The customes were above 600,000*l*. the excise 600,000*l*. the chimney-money, 230,000*l*. as raised at last, the post office 55,000*l*. the small branches as first fruits, the farms, alienation office,

&c. 30,000*l.* and the dutie on tobacco and sugars, 50,000*l.* They overlooked the taking the customes without authoritie of lawe. They gave upon the tobacco and sugars threepence, when Sr Dudley North, the commissioner off the customes, and manager ffor the King in the hous of commons, asked but three halfpence. They would propose no new laws to be made ffor the securitie off religion, thoe the King had openlie declared himself off the church of Rome, because they would shoue him that they relied upon his word. They broke all the forms off parliament to dispatch the supplies demanded; ffor in the same day the motion was made for a supplie, the hous considered the motion, voted the summe in the committee, reported that vote, and agreed to it, and ordered a bill to be brought in, which steps

have always required each a distinct day; and verie often thoe in times of war, considerable intervalls of time betwixt each off them; and they past a bill of attainder against the D. off Monmouth (without examining witnesses) in one day." p. 60.

The mental qualities by which this interesting memoir is distinguished, are great sagacity of discernment, unshaken principles of patriotism, and a noble and generous integrity. It is a curious and valuable morsel of history, and great thanks are due to the noble lord who has thus kindly communicated it to the publick.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Life of George Romney, Esq. By William Hayley, Esq. 4to. pp. 416. 2*l.* 2*s.* Boards. 1809.

EVEN the most general sketch of a powerful and original genius, from the hand of admiring, yet judicious friendship, cannot fail to supply a variety of agreeable observations. But we must include Mr. Hayley in the complaint which we have had such frequent occasion to level against modern biographers, that they weaken the effect of their narrations by describing too much and relating too little; by exhibiting, in desultory terms, their own views of intellectual habits and moral characters, instead of recording such acts and sayings of the party concerned, as might enable the reader to draw his own inferences on the subject. Not that we require, in every instance, the minute fidelity of Boswell in delineating Johnson. Few, indeed, are the minds which could endure so close an inspection, and fewer still would reward us for the trouble of making it. But, wherever a character is to be portrayed, the writer falls far short of his undertaking, if he omits to mark the great peculiarities of the individual, not

only in temper but in opinion: in the education which formed his mind, and the accidents which imparted its bias: in the habits which either imperceptibly grew on him and overpowered his resolution, or in those which he laboured to acquire as the means of attaining excellence in his art or profession: and, above all, in the judgment which he pronounced on every important topick to which his attention was seriously devoted.

Yet Mr. Hayley prides himself on the precision of his statements, and on the sacrifices which he sometimes has made of the feelings of friendship to the interests of truth. Here we have a still stronger objection, since he appears to us to have dwelt much more on the unhappy infirmities of his friend, than on his great and acknowledged powers. It was, indeed, his painful duty, in writing the life of Romney, to describe him as subject to that nervous malady, the extreme sensibility to trifles, which long obscured his happiness, and, finally, clouded his reason. But,

in speaking of such a painter, we should have expected him to employ other epithets, and other periphrases, than those which he has usually adopted, and repeated almost *ad nauseam*: viz. "the tender artist;" "the tender and apprehensive artist;" (the latter is a favourite and frequent adjunct) "the sensitive—the timorous;" "our beloved and dejected artist;" "the interesting invalid," &c.

Though such might be the character in which Romney presented himself to the restorative air of Earham, and the soothing friendship of Mr. Hayley, very different are the qualities with which that friend should have seen him invested, in contemplating his mind with the design of representing it to strangers and to posterity. The expectations of those young artists should have been considered, who will open the volume with sanguine hopes of discovering the recorded opinions of one of his most distinguished countrymen on the works of foreign art, which he frequently explored; and they will close it with the greater disappointment, from being informed that the professional discussions of Romney, of which no trace is here preserved, were eloquent, original, judicious, and so full of vehemence and enthusiasm, that they frequently betrayed him into tears.

The apologies, too frequently urged by Mr. Hayley, for inserting the letters of his friend on the subject of Earham and its owner, would have been more properly applied to the numerous sonnets which crowd these quarto pages; and which have, generally, so little connexion with the main subject, that they might be, not improperly, denominated, in the old-fashioned phrase: "Poems on several occasions." The author has, also, reedited his poetical essays on painting, first published in 1778, in the form of epistles to Romney; an insufficient reason, we think, for including them in a life of that

painter. Even this unexpected accession is, however, in our opinion, preferable to the tame, elegiack stanzas composed by a godson of Romney, "aged ten years and eight months," at the instigation of Mr. Hayley, who wished to afford him an opportunity of displaying his poetical genius to the publick. They are just what might be expected, full "of Pindus and the Aonian maids."

We will be no longer detained by extrinsick circumstances from attending to the distinguished subject of this memoir.—George Romney was born in December, 1734, at Dalton in Furness; a singular and picturesque tract of high and low land in the county of Lancaster; and died in November, 1802. His father, who is sometimes styled a cabinet maker, and sometimes a builder, a merchant, and a farmer, wished his son to succeed him in business. But, though the boy discovered, at an early age, a great passion for mechanicks, the symptoms of higher endowments could not long be concealed. He was enthusiastically fond of musick, and chance directed his youthful mind to the sister art of painting:

"The fortunate incident, which led him to a cultivation of the particular art, that he was destined to profess, and to adorn, was simply this. In his youth he observed a great singularity of countenance in a stranger at church. His parents, to whom he spoke of it, desired him to describe the person. He seized a pencil, and delineated the features from memory with such a strength of resemblance, as amazed and delighted his affectionate parents. The applause that he received from this accidental performance, excited him to draw with more serious application."

The talent thus elicited received instruction and encouragement from an ingenious but unfortunate gentleman of Cumberland, who settled in the neighbourhood; whose name was John Williamson; and who, to the study of natural philosophy, musick, and mechanicks, added a firm belief

in the possibility of obtaining, and consequently an eager pursuit after, the mysteries of alchymy. Nay, he was in idea on the very point of success in his search for the philosopher's stone, when his wife unfortunately prevailed on him to join a party of female friends, and the furnace blew up in his absence! The innocent lady became hateful to the disappointed speculator, who resolved on a total separation; a circumstance by which it is supposed that the mind of Romney might possibly have been influenced, in an unfortunate and very exceptional part of his conduct.—A cabinet maker, named Wright, under whose care young Romney was then placed, recommended to his father that he should receive the advantages of tuition from a regular painter; who soon, however, decamped, with the assistance of his pupil, on a matrimonial excursion to Scotland. The student followed his example of marriage, though not of elopement, and united himself, in his 22d year, to a wife who bore him two children, but who had soon the misfortune to become, in Mr. Hayley's language, "the object of his inquietude;" not from any impropriety in her conduct; but from an apprehension rather hastily adopted by the artist, that "a young man married is a man that's marred." He considered the conjugal yoke as an intolerable incumbrance to the wings of soaring genius, and totally threw it off. On returning from his first professional tour, in which he painted portraits for four guineas each, he gave thirty pounds, out of a hundred which he realized, to "an unoffending partner:" but from that time till the approach of his last illness (a period of at least five and forty years) it does not appear that he ever saw, or in any way noticed his consort. We presume, however, that, when he was in the receipt of a large professional income, he shared it in some proportion with this faithful but deserted

wife; who proved how little she deserved her fate, by the forgiveness which she extended to him, and the affectionate care with which she nursed him, at the distressing close of his life. Surely Mr. Hayley owed it to the memory of his friend, to state with distinctness that she was not wholly neglected by him in his prosperous days; and the fact of his contributing to her support should not have been left to conjecture.

After having visited York, Lancaster, and some other northern towns, where he seems to have attained considerable practice, Romney arrived in London in 1762. He soon became a candidate for the prizes distributed by the society for the encouragement of arts and sciences; and, though he failed in a competition with Mortimer, he obtained much credit for his painting, and deserves still more for a candid admission of the justice of the verdict pronounced against him. In 1764, he travelled, for six weeks, on the continent, where he formed an acquaintance with that pleasing landscape painter, Vernet: but we are left uninformed with respect to his observations on what he saw. On resuming his situation in London, we find him gradually rising to the highest eminence as a portrait painter, and "described in the catalogue [of the exhibition in Maiden Lane] as residing at the Golden Head in Great Newport street; *a street endeared to the lovers of art* by having been inhabited by two great rivals in publick favour, Romney and Reynolds." When he changed that residence for a spacious mansion in Cavendish square, this is not only *endeared* to Mr. Hayley as the house of his friend, but also by the recollection that it formerly belonged to "Mr. Coates, an eminent painter in crayons;" and it is now occupied by Mr. Shee, "who has distinguished himself by equal application to the pencil and the lyre." In 1776, the author's friendship with Romney commen-

ced: it appears to have lasted for the life of the latter, whose irritable temper might occasionally ruffle its serenity without disturbing its constancy; and to have largely contributed to the intellectual pleasure and improvement of both.

We have little more of incident to communicate respecting this great painter, except that he proceeded in the full career of success, always regretting the necessity of exclusively devoting his time to portrait painting; by which, in a single year, he cleared 3635*l.* and sometimes painting a historical or fancy subject, for the Shakspeare gallery, or for some intimate friend; but more commonly imagining, projecting, designing, sketching, grouping, in a word *preparing* on a scale too vast to admit of much perfect execution. He enjoyed the conversation of the learned, and copied the features of the great. Lord Thurlow, in particular, is said to have sportively observed, that the town was divided between Reynolds and Romney, and that he was himself "of the Romney faction." The timidity of the nervous painter did not disqualify him from pouring forth his ideas with energy and animation, when discussing subjects of art with that distinguished character, who will be placed in a new light before many of our readers, by the following sentences:

"Lord Thurlow had a great personal regard for Romney, and was highly pleased with his conversation, when his own affability had so completely dissipated the natural reserve of the painter, that he could not only converse, but even dispute, without apprehension, upon points of art with this exalted personage, who was singularly formidable as an antagonist, in any conference, from the force of his ideas, and the fearless facility with which he expressed them. His memory was richly stored with sublime and pathetick passages from all the great poets; and he loved to expatiate on such as afforded inviting subjects to the pencil. He was willing to encourage painting; and expressed a strong desire of Romney's executing for him a large picture of Orpheus and Eury-

dice from Virgil; but on discussing the subject together, the ideas of the peer, and those of the painter were so different concerning the mode of treating it on canvas, that Romney despaired of pleasing a patron whose fancy appeared to him very far from being in harmony with his own, and he, therefore, never began the picture."

But why these general terms? Why may we not be *let into the secret* of the discordant views entertained by such able judges? The debate could not have failed to enlighten us on a very pleasing subject. We thank Mr. Hayley for the particulars, though scanty and unsatisfactory, with which he indulges us on another topick, extracted from a letter of his own, written at the time [November 1787] and since returned to him on the decease of the person addressed:

"I must try to amuse you, as well as my extreme haste will allow, by a little history of Romney, Carwardine, and the chancellor.—Carwardine asked his great patron to subscribe to the Shakspeare, showing him the papers.

"LORD THURLOW.—What! is Romney at work for it? He cannot paint in that style, it is out of his way; by God, he'll make a balderdash business of it.

"CARWARDINE.—Your lordship does not yet thoroughly know Mr. Romney; for he has such a native modesty, that it prevents his showing, before your lordship, his real powers.

"LORD THURLOW.—Have you seen his design?

"CARWARDINE.—No! my lord he shows it to no mortal yet.

"LORD THURLOW.—I should be glad to talk to him about it—bring him to dine with me to day.

"CARWARDINE.—I certainly will, my lord.

"Carwardine brings this dialogue fresh to me. Away we post to the PICTURE.

"CARWARDINE.—Romney! I have been talking to the chancellor about you, and your great picture: he says you cannot paint from Shakspeare.

"ROMNEY.—Does he? I should be glad to talk to him about it; for he has some grand ideas in his gloomy head.

"CARWARDINE.—I rejoice to hear you say so. You shall talk with him to day, for you are already engaged to dine with him.

"ROMNEY.—Are you in earnest? But I cannot go.

"CARWARDINE.—You must go. It is the happiest incident for your grand work that could have arisen.

"In short, Carwardine talked the terrified artist into spirits sufficient to make him go, with some pleasure, to this awful dinner, of which you shall hear more in my next.

"Lincoln's Inn Fields, Nov. 12, 1787.

"You will be curious to know how our friend Romney past his day with the chancellor. Carwardine tells me, their dialogue was highly entertaining to him, as they debated several points with warmth and spirit on both sides. They had no intruder to disturb the trio, and continued with their great host till ten in the evening."

Lord Thurlow one day said to the artist: "Mr. Romney, before you paint Shakspeare, I advise you to read him;" and it was true that he had probably never read a single act of his plays regularly through: so apt was he to indulge his fancy in desultory excursion, and to pursue, without method, the accidental impression of the moment.

In speaking of the patronage, accorded to Romney, by celebrated persons, we must assign a high rank to the beautiful and accomplished lady Hamilton, whom he regarded with an affection almost paternal. To this lady, Mr. Hayley appears to have spoken, in the character of his friend, without the least exaggeration, when he says:

"Thy smile, to me, was inspiration's beam,

Thy charms my model, and thy taste my guide,"

since Romney took her portrait in great variety of characters—as Circe, Calypso, a Magdalen, a Bacchante, Sensibility, Miranda, Joan of Arc, Cassandra, St. Cecilia, a Woodnymph, a Pythian Priestess, &c.—The subsequent letter to Mr. H. will give a very strong idea of his regard for his favourite model:

"August 8, 1791.

"My dear friend,

"As you will probably wonder at my

silence, it will be necessary to give you some account of the cause. In my last letter, I think I informed you that I was going to dine with sir William and his lady. In the evening of that day, there were collected several people of fashion to hear her sing. She performed, both in the serious and comick, to admiration, both in singing and acting; but her Nina surpasses every thing I ever saw, and, I believe, as a piece of acting, nothing ever surpassed it. The whole company were in an agony of sorrow. Her acting is simple, grand, terrible, and pathetick. My mind was so much heated, that I was for running down to Eartham to fetch you up to see her. But, alas! soon after, I thought I discovered an alteration in her conduct to me. A coldness and neglect seemed to have taken place of her repeated declarations of regard for me. They left town to make many visits in the country. I expect them again the latter end of this week, when my anxiety (for I have suffered very much) will be either relieved, or increased, as I find her conduct. It is highly probable that none of the pictures will be finished, except I find her more friendly than she appeared the last time I saw her. I had it in contemplation to run down for a day or two, before she returned to town, to bring you up with me, and I mentioned it to her. She said so, but in a cold manner, though a fortnight before, when I said I would do so, she was very desirous that I should bring you to town. You will see every thing is in great uncertainty, but it may turn out better than I expect.

"So far I had written before I received your kind letter, and now I have just time to give you a very short answer to it.

"I shall certainly make you a visit, and I would rather visit you when you have no company.

"Ever yours,

G. R."

This picture of "the Quarrel" must not be left without its companion on the more agreeable subject of "the Reconciliation."

"Monday Evening, August 29, 1791.

"My dear Friend,

"I have not had it in my power to write any satisfactory answer to your first letter, till within these few days. Cassandra came to town the 16th, and I did not see her till the 20th; so you may suppose how my feelings must have suffered. She appointed to sit on the 23d, and has been sitting almost every day since; and means to sit once or twice a day, till she leaves London, which

will be about Wednesday or Thursday, in the next week.

"When she arrived to sit, she seemed more friendly than she had been, and I began a picture of her, as a present for her mother. I was very successful with it; for it is thought the most beautiful head I have painted of her yet. Now, indeed, I think she is as cordial with me as ever; and she laments very much that she is to leave England without seeing you.

"I take it excessively kind in you to enter so deeply into my distresses. Really my mind has suffered so very much, that my health was much affected, and I was afraid I should not have had power to have painted any more from her; but since she has resumed her former kindness, my health and spirits are quite recovered.

"She performed in my house last week, singing and acting before some of the nobility with most astonishing powers. She is the talk of the whole town, and really surpasses every thing both in singing and acting, that ever appeared. Gallini offered her two thousand pounds a year, and two benefits, if she would engage with him, on which sir William said, pleasantly, that he had engaged her for life.

"Believe me yours

"Most affectionately,

G. R."

Romney's unhappy propensity to suspect unkindness, neglect, and coldness in his friends, poisoned all the enjoyments of his life. Even when a young student, he entertained the horrible spectre of plots against his safety, and imputed them not only to the permitted assassins of Italy, but to his countrymen, his contemporaries, his fellow-students, and his friends. His letters to Mr. Hayley, whom he visited annually for many years, seldom conclude without an apology for offences supposed to have been given to his best friend by the violence and heat of his temper. His whole conversation must have been divided between offering affronts and atoning for them, and his mind perpetually uneasy in the consciousness of rude asperity in himself, or the imagination of uncharitable misconception in others. The fanciful but elegant remark of Mr. Flaxman,

on the genius of his brother artist, might, with equal truth, be applied to his temper; it "bore a strong resemblance to the scenes he was born in: like them it partook of the grand and beautiful; and like them also, the bright sunshine and enchanting prospects of his fancy were occasionally overspread with mist and gloom." Indeed, the parallel might be extended further, to the awful burst of the wintry tempest, and the fierce explosion of conflicting elements. We have already intimated that the excessive sensibility of Romney terminated in mental derangement; and this pitiable catastrophe, while it consoles mediocrity for the absence of that delicate organization which is designated by the name of genius, should warn the highly-gifted mortal against that indiscriminate indulgence even of the purest feelings, which degenerates at last into wayward selfishness, and may become equally fatal to the happiness and the virtue of the possessor.

Those parts of the present memoir which relate to the kindness exhibited by Romney to the son of Mr. Hayley, a most promising and ingenious youth, who was placed under the tuition of our great sculptor Flaxman, are very interesting. He died at an early period, but not till he had given unquestionable proofs of genius combined with an ardent love of his art, which could not have failed to lead him to great excellence in it. The feelings of a father are not ostentatiously displayed; but they sometimes burst forth with unaffected pathos. We wish to pass lightly over the subject; but our readers would not easily forgive the omission of the following passage.

"The health of Romney revived a little, as the year 1797 advanced. He began to amuse his fancy with the prospect of his own intended building, and also with that of his friend (Mr. Hayley's villa) in Sussex, to whose habitation he had pro-

misued to escort both the architect and the young sculptor. The trio of artists arrived at Earham on the 13th of April, and, after a day of repose, proceeded to the sea-coast, where they all took a lively interest in laying the foundations of a very small, marine villa, in the Hamlet of Pelpham. Its proprietor vainly hoped that it might conduce, for many years, to the health and social enjoyments of the party, whose kind hearts gave utterance to the most fervent good wishes on its commencement. How merciful to man is that dispensation of Heaven, which allows him not to see far into futurity.

"Our architectural ceremony was a cheerful scene of social delight, from the hope that all who shared in it, and particularly the two youngest might recollect and revisit the spot with pleasure, through a length of time to come; but what anguish of heart must have seized the joyous group engaged in founding this favourite little structure, had any prescience informed them that all the three artists, taking so kind an interest in the fabric, would be sunk in the grave within the brief period of six years from its foundation? I am now sitting alone in the dwelling which their kindness has endeared, and which their ingenuity has adorned; and I feel a tender gratification in employing the uncertain remnant of my days on such literary works as may faithfully commemorate the talents and the virtues of those who still speak to me in their works, and here daily remind me both of their genius and their affection."

Some engravings after several pictures of the great artist here described are properly introduced into this record of his life and genius. They are twelve in number, and must not be omitted in our notice; though, in order to convey a correct idea of them to our readers, some first-rate painter should pronounce critically on their merits, and the most skilful engraver must be employed to make the necessary *extracts*. Among them, we have three likenesses of Romney, taken at different ages by himself, and another copied from a medallion moulded by the young sculptor already mentioned; together with three portraits of lady Hamilton, in the characters of Sensibility, Miranda, and Cassandra, charmingly engraved by Caroline Watson. We much regret that Mr. Hayley has not followed the example set by the biographer of sir Joshua Reynolds, in presenting at one view a catalogue of all Romney's pictures, with a short history of them, and a direction to the several places where they may be viewed at present.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Voyage à Peking, Manille, et l'Isle de France, faits dans l'intervalle des années 1784 à 1801. Par M. de Guignes, Resident de France à la Chine, attaché au Ministère des Relations extérieures, Correspondant de la première et de la troisième Classe de l'Institut. 3 tom. 8vo. pp. 1404. avec un Atlas en folio, à Paris, 1808.

AFTER an embargo of some years continuance, on the literary productions of France, a considerable importation has recently been permitted, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, smuggled, through the ports of Holland, into this interdicted country: and if we may be allowed to form our judgment from the article now before us, as well as from some splendid publications of voyages to, and discoveries of, countries long since discovered and described, we

shall run little risk in pronouncing the art of book-making to be quite as well understood in Paris as in London. We hail with pleasure, however, any article, in the shape of literature, which is brought to us from the east; whether of the pure and genuine production of that quarter of the globe, or whether, in its passage through the continent of Europe, it may have suffered some little adulteration in the workshops of the west. Much as we should, of

course, prefer the former, we are not yet become so fastidious as entirely to overlook the latter; among which description, we fear, we must be under the necessity of classing the work of M. de Guignes.

The great empire of China, notwithstanding its numerous and powerful claims to the attention of mankind, in consequence, perhaps, of its peculiarity of situation, and internal polity, remained for ages in almost total obscurity and exclusion from the rest of the civilized world, its existence being scarcely hinted at by ancient writers, and the real character and condition of its multitudinous subjects represented, by the moderns, in terms so incongruous and opposite, as sometimes to excite a doubt on our minds whether they speak of the same people. Long after its first discovery, the predominant opinion ran in favour of all its institutions; and this may easily be accounted for, by taking into consideration the unfavourable circumstances under which the western hemisphere was labouring about that period. The strong impressions which must necessarily have been made on the mind of that man, who, after traversing a dreary succession of wastes, over whose wide extended surface were thinly scattered a few tawny coloured, half naked, and half famished inhabitants, was thrown at once upon a fertile and cultivated region, peopled by a race of men not materially differing from Europeans, many of them comfortably, and some superbly, clothed in vests of costly materials and curious workmanship, and where the multitudes on every side were so vast, that, in speaking of them, he could not bring himself to employ a term expressive of less than millions; the impressions, we say that such an adventure was likely to stamp on the mind of the traveller, would naturally dispose him to relate to his countrymen "a tale of wonder;" and we cannot, therefore, be surprised, if, under such cir-

cumstances, we occasionally meet with exaggerations in that account of China which is usually attributed to *Marco Polo*. Those religious men also, who, impelled by a laudable zeal for disseminating the truths of Christianity among the nations of the east, after traversing many a wild waste and sandy desert, entered this flourishing empire at a time when neither the comforts nor the conveniences, much less the elegancies, of life were generally diffused over Europe, and who, at their departure, had seen but little of the world beyond the boundary of their respective convents; such men also might well be excused for any little aberration from the strict line of truth, in their reports respecting a country and people so very different from all to which they had been accustomed. The flattering reception they met with at the court of this extraordinary nation, and the pleasing prospect which presented itself of a plentiful harvest in the field of the gospel, could not fail, in some measure, to influence their minds, and to give their narratives a bias in favour of such a people.

The relations published of the several missions were sought after with great avidity by the learned of Europe; those, in particular, which concerned China, were peculiarly interesting to the philosophers of the age, as describing a people endowed with every moral and social virtue, and enjoying the advantage of civil institutions, whose sole end was that of promoting the general happiness of mankind. The learned Isaac Vossius became such an enthusiast in favour of the Chinese, that he asserted there was nothing valuable on earth that was not to be met with in China, and he lamented exceedingly that he himself had not been born a Chinese! The French academicians extolled to the skies the profound knowledge of this wonderful people in civil polity, in morality, in literature, and all the use-

ful arts and sciences; and the laborious encyclopedists considered them as not only superiour, to the rest of Asiatick nations, but at least equal to the most enlightened of Europeans. Nay, the incredulous philosopher of Ferney condescended, in this instance, to swim with the stream, and to prostitute his talents in the propagation of what, in his heart, he could not possibly believe to be true. During this phrensy of the French to establish the superiour excellence of the Chinese, there was some little danger that the *Chee-king* would have driven the *Iliad* out of the field, and the *Lee-kee* have supplanted the sublime morality of the New Testament, whose doctrines it was declared to have anticipated! In short *Laotse* was the prince of poets, and *Congfoo-tsé* the first of philosophers.

With few exceptions, this extravagant character maintained its ground for some time in the literary world. The abbé Renaudot, however, in a dissertation on the state of learning among the Chinese, annexed to his "relation of two Mahomedan travellers who visited China in the 9th century," took a very different, and, as has since appeared, a more correct view of the national character. Most of the navigators also, who subsequently called for refreshments, and those who, for purposes of commerce, visited the port of Canton, whether English, French, Dutch, Danes, or Swedes, concurred very generally in representing the Chinese as a people deficient in real science, and totally devoid of every moral principle. But the evidence of such visitors, however, could not in fairness be considered as conclusive; and many doubts yet remained, when the question was taken up by M. Pauw, who, in a work of extraordinary merit, published under the title of *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Egyptiens et les Chinois*, discussed, in a very ingenious and satisfactory manner, the pretensions of the Chinese to the supereminent quali-

ties which had so generally been ascribed to them. This inquiry seems to have arisen from some learned strictures published in the *Memoire de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, most of them by M. de Guignes (the father of the gentleman whose work is now under consideration) the object of which was to prove that the Chinese were originally a colony from Egypt. M. Pauw not only exposed the fallacy of such a conclusion, but incontrovertibly showed that not one single point of resemblance ever existed between the two nations. A performance of so much ability, in which not merely the judgment but the veracity of the missionaries was impeached, could not be silently passed over by the advocates of the Chinese. The abbé Grozier, in his preface to the *Histoire Generale de la Chine*, accuses the author of wilful misrepresentation, falsehood, and calumny, and is highly indignant at the effrontery of a German philosopher, who, from his easy chair at Berlin, presumed to pronounce judgment on a distant people whom he never saw. This argument, however, would equally apply to the abbé Grozier's *Description generale de la Chine*, which is a mere compilation from the accounts furnished by the missionaries, the abbé having no more local information than M. Pauw. The former, who was furnished with abundance of materials, seems deficient in the faculty of discrimination, whilst the latter, with great ingenuity, has sifted the grain from the chaff.

The works regarding China, having been mostly published on the continent, excited but little interest in England. Our connexion with that country was confined to one spot, and our concern limited to one object. We cared little about China so long as it supplied us with Bohea and Souchong. At length, however, an event occurred which drew the attention of the English towards that country. This was the embassy of the

earl of Macartney to the court of Pekin. The national curiosity now became so impatient to be gratified with some account of China and its inhabitants, that a publication, patched up in London from the meagre journal kept by a menial servant of the embassadour, and plentifully interlarded with extracts from Du Halde and Grozier, went through several editions, before the "authentick account" from the secretary of the embassy could make its appearance. Since that event, our knowledge of China, though still very imperfect, has considerably increased.

The supposed failure of the English, said to be owing to their obstinacy in not submitting to the Chinese ceremony of salutation, was a spur to Mr. Van Braam, the chief of the Dutch factory, to try what might be done by an unconditional submission to all that Chinese etiquette should require. He therefore solicited permission from the council of Batavia to proceed to Pekin; the council, though they approved the proposal, did not consider him as a proper person for the situation of ambassadour, but sent Mr. Titsingh, one of their own members, appointing Mr. Van Braam as his deputy. M. de Guignes, having little employ, as *Resident de France à la Chine*, offered his services to Mr. Titsingh, who took him under his protection, in the capacity of secretary and assistant interpreter. Of this embassy we have two narratives; the one by Mr. Van Braam, in two very bulky and very stupid quarto volumes, and the work which is now before us, from the pen of M. de Guignes. The account given by Van Braam, though as clumsy a production as ever issued from the literary workshop of a Dutchman, contains some valuable facts; and we are not sorry, on the whole, that his ideas and observations have been laid before the publick, as it is only by a comparison of the descriptions and sentiments of

different writers, that we can hope to obtain any thing like a correct view of nations that are otherwise inaccessible to us. From M. de Guignes, however, we were naturally led to expect a great deal more than from Mr. Van Braam. He had resided among the Chinese for many years; he had studied their language; he was educated, we may say, in the very focus of literature; he travelled under the protection of an ambassadour, to whom he acted occasionally as interpreter; he traversed the whole extent of the empire from north to south, proceeding by land to the capital, and returning by water to Canton; and to sum up all, he has taken twelve years to compose his book. Let us see then how far, under all these advantages, he has realized our expectations.

His book is arranged under three general divisions.

1. *Tableau de l'Histoire ancienne de la Chine.*
2. *Voyage à Peking; and, Retour de Peking.*
3. *Observations sur les Chinois.*

The matter contained under the first of these, is little more, in fact, than a *precis* or abstract from the ponderous work of that indefatigable missionary le père Mayrac de Mailla, published in twelve quarto volumes by the abbé Grozier, under the title of *Histoire generale de la Chine*, with occasional extracts from the translation of the *Choo-king*; yet this transcript occupies no less than two hundred and fifty pages of the first volume. We could have wished that M. de Guignes had been candid enough at least to acknowledge the sources from which he derived the information contained in this superfluous part of his work. In a book of travels announced to the world under this title, we are not prepared to look for a history of the change of dynasties, the succession of the imperial family, and the miraculous circumstances which foretold or accompanied those important

events. We do not mean to depreciate the history of China. We consider it, on the contrary, as a curious and valuable record of the transactions of times antecedent to the period from which the earliest European history is dated. We object not to the many mirasulous events, and the several instances of the interposition of a supernatural power, which occur in all ancient history. We object only to a mutilated abstract being placed at the head of a work avowedly announced as a book of travels. The *Table des Empereurs*, exhibiting their names in the characters of the Chinese language, and the *Itineraire*, which precede this historical abstract, might quite as well have been omitted, being of little use, except to increase the size of the volume.

The second division of the work occupies the remaining part of the first and one hundred and forty six pages of the second volume. It is a journal of the progress of the embassy to and from the capital, with a detailed account of its proceedings there, and of the feasts and entertainments given on the occasion, at the court of Pekin, and in the gardens of Yuen-min-yuen. Although we cannot compliment M. de Guignes on the clearness and accuracy of his descriptions, or on the depth of his observations and reflections, we are yet inclined to believe that his statement of facts is strictly correct. We believe also that the objects which he has endeavoured to describe are such only as came under his own observation. This part of the work, therefore, we consider as original, interesting, and valuable. It presents to us almost daily notices of the general nature of the surface, the soil, and the productions of the country; it gives us the appearance of the habitations, and the dress of the people; it describes the various modes of travelling; it abounds with complaints of the rogueish tricks of the mandarins; of

the insolence of the common people; of the wretchedness of the Kong-quan, or houses of accommodation; the scarcity and bad quality of their provisions; the miserable condition of the horses provided for them; and the mean and contemptible carriages and palanquins in which they were conveyed. With an attention rather more minute than was absolutely necessary, M. de Guignes has noted down every bridge, pagoda, triumphal arch, and building of a publick nature, which occurred in the course of each day's journey: and here, by the way, we must be allowed to enter our protest against the general misapplication of the words *pagoda* and *triumphal arch*. Use too frequently gives a sanction to abuse, which, however, is but a poor apology for the continuance of error. The Chinese word *ta*, or the English *tower*, might with more propriety, be adopted than the Persick *pagod* [*Boot-kooda*] which conveys the erroneous idea of a temple; and as for the objects which M. de Guignes, and all the missionaries before him, have dignified with the name of triumphal arches, they bear so little analogy to buildings of this description, either in form or intention, that there is not even the semblance of a curve in any part of their construction, being invariably a triple rectangular gateway of wood or stone, thrown across a road or street, and bearing an inscription over the central passage to designate their use, which is, generally, to record the integrity of some great mandarin, or the chastity of some antiquated virgin; two characters, which, from the honours thus bestowed upon them, it may be concluded, are not very common among this virtuous people.

We have already observed that the natural productions of the country are not unnoticed by M. de Guignes. They are noticed, however, in so vague and general a manner, as to convey but a small degree of

information. Neither he nor any of the party possessed the least knowledge, as it would seem, of natural history, philosophy, or, indeed, the least taste for them; which, in this age, when every boarding-school miss is a botanist, and every school-boy knows something of the sciences, is a defect in a modern traveller that will not easily be pardoned by those readers who look for information. Of the manner in which M. de Guignes has noted down his daily remarks, and of their mode of travelling, the following will convey a tolerable idea.

"About four in the morning, seated, *deux à deux*, in our carts, which we had taken the precaution to line with great-coats, we proceeded on our journey. The country is parched and dry, and thickly covered with dust; the roads, however, are bordered with trees, and this is the best circumstance attending them. The houses have a most wretched appearance, and look as if they were built of ashes, or rather cinders. The pagodas are abandoned; the idols thrown down, and exposed to the weather! Such was the coup-d'œil which presented itself to us before we reached the town of Hoken-fou. Here our drivers lost their way, and we had to wander up and down several streets. We observed a few gateways of brick, and a house here and there, of a tolerable appearance. That which was selected for us, belonged to the government. It was very spacious, and contained a number of rooms on the ground floor, most of which had *estrades*, or raised platforms of brick.

"After eating some fruit, we remounted our miserable and inconvenient carriages. Here we were very ill at ease, and jolted at every step beyond endurance. The shocks frequently dashed us one against another, and we had the utmost difficulty to escape mutual bruises, notwithstanding all our greatcoats. The cart was so short, that our feet hung out before; and to this unpleasant circumstance, we had to add that of being completely covered with an impalpable dust, which filtered through the mats that formed the back of the carriage, and mixed with that which rolled upon us in front; for having no light on the sides, we were compelled to keep the fore-part open, that we might see the country. Such are the coaches, and such the diligences of the Chinese." Tom. i. p. 350.

The summer amusements of the emperor of China, and his court, have been described in a lively and entertaining manner by the earl of Macartney. M. de Guignes has furnished us with specimens of their winter recreations in the frozen gardens of Yuen-min-yuen, and we should have laid them before the reader if they had possessed either interest or novelty. They consist, in fact, of such tricks of agility as may be seen at our country fairs, and of displays of fireworks, in which the Chinese must be allowed to excel. Even M. de Guignes is not a little scandalized at "seeing the emperor and his ministry amuse themselves with contemplating such paltry performances, and, above all, at their choosing to exhibit their fireworks by day, or when the moon was at the full." p. 416.

Upon another occasion, after being entertained with a vast display of fiery dragons, snakes breathing flame, and men clothed in fire, and capering about with lanterns fixed on poles, they were presented with the following curious exhibition, intended, perhaps, as a sublime allegorical representation of an eclipse of the moon:—

"A number of Chinese, placed at the distance of six feet from one another, now entered, bearing two long dragons of silk, or paper painted blue, with white scales, and stuffed with lighted lamps. These two dragons, after saluting the emperor with due respect, moved up and down with great composure; when the moon suddenly made her appearance, upon which they began to run after her. The moon, however, fearlessly placed herself between them: and the two dragons, after surveying her for some time, and concluding, apparently, that she was too large a morsel for them to swallow, judged it prudent to retire; which they did with the same ceremony as they entered. The moon, elated with her triumph, then withdrew with prodigious gravity; a little flushed, however, with the chase which she had sustained."

It is curious to observe, how well informed the Chinese appear to have.

been of the determination of the Dutch to submit to every demand, however humiliating; and how industriously they sought for opportunities of bringing poor Van Braam's head to the ground. Three genuflections and nine prostrations to "a man of his kidney," for, like Falstaff, he was "out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass," were attended with no little inconvenience, and the Chinese seemed to enjoy it; for on every trumpery present of a plate of meagre venison or insipid sweatmeats, the two ambassadours were duly called upon to bow the knee to the absent Baal! In these, and other petty circumstances concerning the conduct of the court towards the embassy, M. de Guignes is as tediously minute as if he imagined that the detail would be interesting to his readers, or honourable to his friends.

The last, and probably not the least valuable part of M. de Guignes's work, though, like the first part, injudiciously placed in a book of travels, is that division which bears the title of "*Observations sur les Chinois*." These observations occupy 330 pages of the second, and 362 pages of the third volume. They embrace a great variety of subjects, distributed under more than one hundred different heads, but placed promiscuously without regard to any systematic arrangement. Though presented as original observations, they have but little claim, in point of fact, to that title, being, for the most part, a compilation from the writings of preceding authors, with here and there an attempt to find fault with the more recent accounts of China, especially with those of sir George Staunton and Mr. Barrow.

Having thus drawn a very general outline of the contents of M. de Guignes's book, we shall now proceed to make a few observations on particular parts of it: extracting, in the first place, such passages as more immediately relate to the general

character of the nation, and the manners and condition of the people, as viewed by this impartial observer; for such he professes himself to be, and such we are inclined to believe he really is.

"I describe the Chinese," he says, "such as I found them. I have no wish to depreciate them, but I am certainly far from thinking that they are a nation of sages, a steady and rational people, who scarcely require the restraint of law to be just."

Yet, though he does not consider them with the abbé Raynal, a nation of philosophers, he thinks they are deserving of a better character than they have received at the hands of Mr. Pauw and Mr. Barrow.

"In reading the latter," he says, "it is easy to perceive that he has frequently adopted the opinion of a man, whose prejudices against the Chinese are notorious, and whose account of that people is singularly erroneous." p. 214.

It appears to us, however, that M. de Guignes, if we may trust his own account, saw them in most respects, in as bad a light as either of the above-mentioned authors. We perceive nothing, either in his journal of occurrences, or in his observations, of that decent and orderly demeanour among the middling and lower classes of this country, which has so frequently been extolled, and held up for the example and admiration of the rest of mankind. On the contrary, we are told that, while the suite of the ambassadour were left by their bearers freezing with cold in their miserable palanquins, which he describes as

"Open, and only furnished in front with a wretched screen of cloth; the populace, to get a better view of them, quickly tore the whole away, and left them exposed to a keen north wind." p. 279.

At another time his bearers ran away, leaving him perched in his crazy chair, in the midst of the rain, while the peasantry annoyed him by

pushing about the machine, opening the little windows, tearing away the curtains, and then laughing at the ridiculous situation in which he was placed.

"The people," he observes, "of these countries, seem very prone to mockery, and often laughed without cause." And again, the "Chinese appeared very insolent: they followed us sneering and sniggering, and one of them had the impudence to thrust his hand into my pocket." Tom. i. 339.

A little further on, he complains of their impertinence:

"The people of this canton are arrogant and inquisitive to a very troublesome degree. They opened our palanquins, tore the curtain, and insulted us in the grossest manner." p. 463.

Not far from the same place, they were pursued by the populace, who abused them, and pelted them with mud [tom. i. p. 348] and at no great distance from the capital, M. de Guignes tells us, that, being mounted on a lame horse, and left behind his companions, the people not only hooted, but threw stones at him, [tom. ii. p. 9.] So much for the urbanity and decency of manners among the million of China! Had these intrusions been merely the effect of extreme curiosity, they might admit of some excuse; but curiosity has never been held to form a part of the Chinese character; and their conduct can only be ascribed to that intolerable self-conceit, and that gross ignorance of the rest of mankind, which induce those semi-barbarians to consider all foreigners as belonging to a class of animals, much inferior to themselves, whom they are pleased to denominate by the opprobrious name of *Fan-quei*; which, without deviating widely from the idea meant to be conveyed, may be rendered "subjects of the devil."

M. de Guignes seems very unwilling to believe that the Chinese can possibly be guilty of infanticide; but,

unfortunately for his scepticism, there is on record such a host of incontrovertible evidence of the existence of this unnatural crime, that all argument to throw discredit on the fact, must fall to the ground. We observe, also, that, in treating of this subject, he is either guilty of a wilful misrepresentation, or that he is very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, from which he pretends to quote. Thus, after making Mr. Barrow assert, that 30,000 infants are annually exposed *in the capital*, he adds:

"This gentleman, however, soon corrects himself, and reduces this exorbitant number one half, and even much more than one half." Tom. ii. p. 286.

We have taken the trouble of turning to the passage alluded to in "Barrow's Travels," where we find it runs thus. "The number of children thus unnaturally and inhumanly slaughtered, or interred alive, in the course of a year, is differently stated by different authors, some making it about ten, and others thirty, thousand *in the whole empire*. The truth, as generally happens, may probably be about the middle. The missionaries, who alone possess the means of ascertaining nearly the number that is thus sacrificed *in the capital*, differ very materially in their statements: taking the mean, as given by those with whom we conversed on the subject, I should conclude that about twenty four infants were, on an average, *in Peking*, daily carried to the pit of death." [*Travels in China*, p. 169.] The number, therefore, stated by this author, instead of *thirty*, is considerably less than *nine*, thousand sacrificed in the capital. M. de Guignes, however, is as little cautious in contradicting his own statements, as in misrepresenting those of others. In speaking of the dreadful famines, which, he says, depopulate sometimes half the provinces, but which we are inclined to believe never yet took place to any thing like this extent, he observes:

"Fathers then expose, sell, and even kill their children; thousands of people perish, and *eat one another*; circumstances which actually took place in Chan-tong, in 1786." [Tom. iii. p. 65.] And again, he says, "this feeding on human flesh is not a story forged at pleasure, but an undoubted fact. Nor is this the only instance of it. About the same time too, in the northern part of Hou-Kouang, thirty persons were buried alive, by a party of famished wretches to whom they had refused some rice." Tom. ii. p. 163.

We are rather surprised that M. de Guignes, after taking upon himself to vouch for these people being in the habit of eating human flesh, and of burying their fellow creatures alive, to neither of which, with submission to his superiour means of information, we feel disposed to give the least degree of credit, should boggle at the practice of infanticide, especially after gravely assuring us that there are cases where fathers expose, sell, and even *put to death*, their own children. We are persuaded that, how much soever, the Chinese may pretend in their maxims to value the life of man, they are, in reality, indifferent to the feelings of human misery and human suffering. M. de Guignes tells us as a fact, which must have come within his own knowledge, that, on such a day, six of their coolies died from famine and fatigue [Tom. i. p. 320] and this horrible event he simply enters in his journal as if it were a common occurrence, and required no comment.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that the general character of a nation is not to be estimated fairly from the manners and conduct of the lower orders of the people, but rather from the state of society as it exists among the middle class. In China, however, there is no middle class. There only the great and the little, are to be found; the governours and the governed, or, more strictly speaking, the drivers and the driven.—Wealth, in China, loses that influence which it acquires in most other countries; for without office, a Chinese

has no consideration distinct from the mass of the people. Wealth, it is true, may and does purchase the insignia of office, but none of its power; such a purchase is a mere voluntary tax upon vanity, and operates only as a gratification to him who has the folly to pay it. Let us see then what M. de Guignes has to say on the manners, character, and conduct of the mandarins, or nobility of China.

In the first place, those great men who were delegated to conduct the ambassadour and his suite to the presence of their sovereign, not only defrauded the wretched, half starved palanquin bearers of the greater part of the pitiful allowance to which they were justly entitled, but occasionally degraded their high situation so far as to pummel them with their fists if they attempted to remonstrate. They pocketed the money that the government allotted for the pay of the ambassadour's Chinese servants. They sold half of the regulated allowance of provisions for the ambassadour and his train. [Tom. ii. p. 439] The first minister (or rather the favourite of the six *Colaoos* which compose the cabinet, for in fact there is no such person as prime minister in China) condescended to appropriate to his own use two pieces of clock-work, which were amongst the presents for the emperour, substituting two mean baubles of no value in their stead, to prevent a disagreement in the number of articles contained in the catalogue. The many little tricks which the Dutch experienced on their long journey to and from the capital, from these ministers of state or their deputies, can only be classed with the finesse of a post-boy, or a tavern-waiter, in Europe. So much for the honour and integrity of the great men of China.

Their good breeding is about equal to their integrity. Of this M. de Guignes furnishes abundant proof. We shall not, however, weary our readers with the disgusting detail,

but proceed to the passage in which the author sums up the national character.

"The Chinese are active and laborious. They have no great genius for the sciences; but they have an aptitude for commerce and the arts. They are supple and pliant, though haughty; and look with contempt on other nations, to which they believe themselves very superiour: maintaining, in this, the character of their ancestors, who are described by Pliny and Amm. Marcellinus as a sober and peaceable people; but resembling wild beasts in the carefulness with which they shunned the company of other men.

"The Chinese are selfish, and prone to deceive. I have seen the peasants cram their poultry with sand to increase their weight. During our journey, the Chinese stuffed the rolls of silk, which were presented to us, with paper, to make them appear more bulky; and at Peking, the mandarins gave M. Van Braam spurious gin-seng for true. Fraud is so habitual to this people that they do not esteem it an evil. It is, according to them, simple dexterity! They love gaming, and debauchery; and under a grave and decent exterior, succeed, better than others, in hiding their vices, and irregular propensities and passions. Humble in their discourse, frivolously minute in their writings, and polite without sincerity, they conceal, under an appearance of coldness and indifference, a most vindictive character. They have no mutual attachments, but endeavour to injure one another. Cruel when they are the strongest, and cowardly in danger, they are attached to life; though instances are to be found of their destroying themselves. Suicide, however, is less common among the men than the women, with whom it is the effect of jealousy; of rage, or of a wish to involve their husbands in trouble." Tom. i. p. 161.

We have heard of Roman matrons dying for their husbands, and even teaching them how easy it was to die; but it was reserved for a Chinese wife to commit suicide in order to draw her surviving husband into a scrape.

On the so much vaunted politeness of the Chinese, M. de Guignes makes this general, and we believe just remark: "Politeness with them is merely a habit, and ceremony occupies the place of sentiment." And

elsewhere he observes, with equal correctness:

"When the missionaries inform us, that the grandees are even afraid to jostle a seller of matches, they somewhat exaggerate the politeness of the mandarins. In China, it is not sentiment which generates respect, but compulsion and terror. The road of duty is clearly defined, and whoever deviates from it, is quickly brought back by the bamboo." Tom. ii. p. 458.

And he sums up the character of the government in these words:

"I have lived long in China; I have traversed this vast empire from north to south; every where I have seen the strong oppress the weak, and every man, who possessed the slightest portion of authority, make use of it to vex, to harass, and to crush the people." Tom. ii. p. 438.

His ideas of the government are equally unfavourable. The emperor is a complete despot; his ministers are all knaves and hypocrites; and the whole fabric is founded on tyranny and fraud. Each provincial mandarin strives to deceive his superiour, that superiour the great officers at court, and these the emperor!

By what causes and contrivances, so unwieldy, so badly planned, and worse constructed a machine, has continued to rub on and produce its effect for so many thousand years, while more perfect systems have successively mouldered into decay, and many of them totally disappeared, M. de Guignes does not enable us to determine; nor, indeed, does he furnish any new lights to assist us in the inquiry. For the attainment of this knowledge, more information is necessary than the mere enumeration of the departments of government, and the number and rank of the mandarins, or officers of state. This we have already heard, and, to say the truth, the tale is not one of that kind which, *decies repetitita, placebit*.

Under the head of *Classes de Citoyens*, M. de Guignes is very ill in-

formed in saying there is no permanent or hereditary nobility; and that the family of Confucius alone enjoys an honorary distinction, which passes in a direct descent. On the contrary, titles, pensions, and privileges are conferred on many families for services rendered to the state, transmissible to the descendants. He is also mistaken in dividing the people into seven classes; the law acknowledges no such division. Mention, indeed, is made in Chinese books of their distribution into four classes, called *Se*, *Nung*, *Kung*, and *Shang*: that is, the literary, agricultural, manufacturing, and mercantile classes; but this, if it ever existed, has been obsolete for ages, and the law now distinguishes only the privileged orders, officers and others in the civil and military employment of government, and the people.

The state of the arts and manufactures our author has described under a variety of heads. In some he is abundantly tedious; in others not sufficiently clear and explicit. Thus we have minute descriptions of the dwellings of mandarins, of city gates, of bridges, barges, &c. of the splendid painting and decoration of the imperial palace, and of the humble furniture of the peasant's cottage, whilst he affords little information on the subject of those arts in which the Chinese excel, as in the composition and application of colours, and varnish, and the manufacture of porcelain. He tells us, however, that old Chinese ink is good for the stomach and sovereign in cases of hæmorrhage, which, he gravely adds, is not surprising, since it is composed of *glue de peau d'âne*, an infallible remedy, it appears, for a spitting of blood. [Tom. ii. p. 236.] under the heads of *Hatching of Ducks*, *Salutations*, *Dress*, *Feasts*, *Food*, *Marriage Ceremonies*, *Funerals*, &c. we do not perceive that M. de Guignes has added any thing deserving of particular notice to what is to be found on those subjects in the works of Du Halde and the abbé Grozier.

On the state of slavery in China the missionaries have not been very explicit. Originally such only were considered as slaves who were made prisoners of war, or who, for their crimes, were by law condemned to that situation. At present, however, a father has the power to sell his children as slaves. But the state of slavery in China is very different from that which exists in the European colonies; they can at any time be enfranchised on certain conditions; they are considered as members of the family in which they live; they partake of its pursuits; follow its fortunes; and are in many respects superiour, in their condition, to our apprentices.

"During our journey to Peking," says M. de Guignes, "one of our Chinese domesticks purchased a little boy. He then drew up a writing, by which he engaged to maintain and clothe him. The instant it was finished, he called the child his brother, and treated him as if he had really been so."

Under the head of *Comedie*, M. de Guignes complains of the total want of decency on the Chinese stage, where he observes: "L'acteur met tant de verité, que la scène en devient extrêmement indécente;" a remark which he strongly illustrates by an example, of which he was an eye witness, where the heroine of the piece "devint grosse et accoucha sur le théâtre d'un enfant."—[Tom. ii. p. 324.] The excoriated lady, strutting about the stage without her skin, as described by Barrow, is decency itself when compared with this.

We pass over the compilations which he has arranged under the titles of *Sectes de Lao-kiun et de Fo*; *Secte de Confucius*; *Juifs*; *Christianisme*; *Mahometans*; *Cultes*; *Sortes*; *Pagodes*; *Bonzes*; and *Fêtes*; because we do not perceive that they add to our previous information on these subjects. Neither has M. de Guignes thrown any new light on the nature of the extraordinary language of this country; on the contra-

ry, his attempt to construct a grammar, on the plan of a Latin or Greek grammar, for what has neither inflexion, change of termination, nor the least variation in the expression of the original monosyllable, is not only absurd, but conveys a very erroneous idea of a language the most meagre and imperfect in use among civilized society. The written character, however, is exceedingly curious; but the account of it by M. de Guignes conveys not half the information that may be acquired by consulting the *Meditationes Sinicae* of Fourmont, or the *Museum Sinicum* of Bayer. The nature and construction of the system on which the Chinese character is founded, are satisfactorily explained by sir George Staunton and Mr. Barrow.

Our brethren of the north attribute the ignorance of Englishmen with respect to every thing that concerns China to a want of "that encouragement which a wise and liberal government ought long ago to have afforded." We should be surprised, indeed, if government, in their estimation, could, by any possible accident, stumble upon what was right. In the present instance, however, it so happens that government neither has, nor can have the least concern. Our intercourse with China is exclusively commercial, and confined to the East India company; and this being the fairest field in their extensive patronage; the harvest is reserved for the near connexions of the court of directors. It is a sort of family patrimony from which strangers are carefully excluded. In a few years it produces a certain fortune to their sons, or nephews, or cousins, without the employment of capital, or risk, or talent, or exertion. The whole establishment consists only of twelve supercargoes and eight writers. The latter have a small, annual allowance and a free table; and they succeed, in rotation, to the situation of the former, who have also a free table, and annually divide among

themselves, in shares proportioned to their seniority, a sum seldom falling short of 70,000*l.* arising from a per centage on the value of the import and export cargoes, and producing to each individual from 1,500*l.* to 8,000*l.* and to the chief of the factory from 10,000*l.* to 12,000*l.* a year. The services to be performed for this liberal remuneration, consist in a residence of three or four months every year at Canton, for the purpose of delivering the imported goods to the Hong merchants, and of shipping the teas for England. They then retire to Macao for the rest of the year, where they have little or nothing to do, except to make out and register the daily bills of fare for the information of their honourable employers, who, perhaps, may be desirous of seeing that their servants abroad do not keep a better table than themselves at home. Here they are cooped up within a space not exceeding two or three miles, with scarcely any society but what is formed among themselves. Thus circumstanced, it might be supposed that they would fly with avidity to the study of the Chinese language and Chinese books, as a relief from *ennui*. But no: Yet it cannot be said, that there is any want of liberal encouragement, though there certainly is of a proper stimulus. The directors are sufficiently aware of the importance of their servants possessing a knowledge of the Chinese language, and are by no means backward in holding out encouragement for the pursuit of it, as appears by their recent appointment of sir Geo. Staunton as Chinese secretary and interpreter, with a salary of 500*l.* a year, in consequence of the essential services derived from his knowledge of that language. But an additional salary of 500*l.* a year, cannot be expected to operate very powerfully in stimulating others to acquire a difficult language, where the field is equally open to them for the attainment of 12,000*l.* a year, without this know-

ledge. In fact, the whole system is faulty, but the remedy is obvious and of easy application. It requires only, that before a writer be appointed to China, he shall be able, from recollection, to write down the 214 keys, or radical characters of the Chinese language, which a boy of fifteen, of an ordinary capacity, would accomplish in three months. With this introductory knowledge, and the help of a Chinese dictionary, he would be enabled to make considerable progress in the course of his voyage to China; but, alas! where is such a dictionary to be found? There are, indeed, plenty of them in this country; but they are all in manuscript. It is easy, however, to have one of them printed. True; but how is the expense to be defrayed? To publish a Chinese dictionary, with an explanation in some European language, of ten, twelve, or fifteen thousand characters, would, perhaps, require one third part of the sum which is annually expended in—but sacred be the festive board of the directors! We will suppose, however, the dictionary printed: the writer, thus prepared should not be allowed to succeed to the situation of supercargo, until he could read the first class of school books usually put into the hands of Chinese youth; nor should a supercargo ever attain the enviable pre-eminence of chief, until he was able to address, by letter or memorial, in appropriate language, the members of government at Canton. By these or similar regulations, so that the knowledge of the language should be a *sine qua non*, either to an appointment or preferment, we should soon learn something more of the Chinese than the stale stories of the roguery of the common people, and the rapacity of the mandarins. We should augur much better from such a proceeding, than from any progress in Chinese literature, which can be hoped for from the recent establishment at Hertford.

In treating of the *Population* of China, M. de Guignes has ventured to launch into a wider field of speculation and argument than he is accustomed to do on other subjects; but his reasoning is inconclusive; and, after all, he leaves us as much in the dark, with regard to the real state of the question, as when we first set out. He tells us that, from what *he saw* in the course of his journey to and from Pekin, he is convinced that the population of China cannot exceed that of *other countries*. From so vague a statement, nothing can be collected; and the ocular proof, which he accounts so decisive, is worth no more than the opinion that a stranger might form of the population of London, by walking from Portman to Russel square, in the month of October. M. de Guignes doubts the accuracy of the enormous population of China, as furnished by the mandarins to lord Macartney; but his endeavour to discredit the statement, on account of a greater population being assigned to the province of Pe-che-lee than to Kiang-nan, while the latter is of greater extent than the former, is not a very happy specimen of critical acumen. As well might he assert that the United Provinces are less populous than the mountainous tracts of Siberia, because the latter is much greater in extent than the former. For our own part, we see no reason to call in question the authenticity of the statement furnished by Père Amiot from the *Tai-teing-ye-tung-tché*, a sort of Encyclopedie or Circle of Science, published by the authority of the late emperor Kien-long. According to this census, the population at the present time may amount to about two hundred millions of souls. It is an official document; and in a country where all are liable to personal service, and where the omission of enrolment on the public registers is a penal offence, government must necessarily possess a pretty accurate knowledge

of the number of inhabitants which compose this extensive and populous empire.

If M. de Guignes has given little information respecting the population, his statements concerning the publick revenue and expenditure are still less satisfactory; his premises are conjectural, his data gratuitous, and consequently all his calculations and conclusions of no value. We could wish he had given us more facts, and fewer extracts from other authors without acknowledgement from whence he drew them. Had he applied the small degree of knowledge which he appears to possess of the Chinese language, to the study of Chinese books, he might have been able, with the assistance of a native Chinese at his elbow, to collect a mass of very valuable information. We have heard enough of what Europeans say of the Chinese: we could now wish to hear what the Chinese have to say of themselves.

China is, perhaps, the only nation that has succeeded in adapting a scale of punishments to every species of crime. Here every offence, be it what it may, has its prescribed expiation; and the whole code is drawn up in such concise and intelligible characters, and so widely circulated throughout the empire, that no one can plead ignorance of the consequences that must result from the commission of any penal offence. The necessity is thus precluded of advocates and attornies; neither of whom are in fact known in China. The administration of justice is here wholly an affair of government, and free from all cost to the parties, unless that of a few strokes with the bamboo for occasioning trouble in frivolous cases.

There are four kinds of punishment for criminal offences:

1. A given number of blows with the bamboo, according to the nature and magnitude of the crime, from ten to one hundred, which the pri-

vileged orders (being officers of state) are allowed to commute for a proportionate fine.

2. Temporary banishment to certain distances, according to the nature and magnitude of the offence.

3. Perpetual banishment.

4. Death, the sentence of which admits of three degrees: first, by strangling; second, by decollation; and third, by a slow and painful process, in cases of treason, rebellion, sacrilege, and other crimes of extraordinary atrocity. M. de Guignes, by some strange mistake, has converted the third degree of punishment or "perpetual banishment" into that of "*Tirage des Barques*," tracking the publick barges. No such punishment is mentioned in the *Leu-lee*, or *Code of Penal Laws*, where, if it existed at all, it would most certainly have appeared. The mistake is partly copied from Grozier, and arose, in the first instance, perhaps, from a misconception of the character, the general meaning of which is, *to flow as a stream*, but which, in the above mentioned code, is used for *perpetual banishment*, probably in a metaphorical sense, implying that as the waters of a river are removed from their source to the sea, never to return, so is the exile removed from his home and his friends. The very context, mentioning the distances, as quoted by M. de Guignes, points out his mistake; the "punishment of tracking the Imperial barges is imposed for two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and three hundred leagues, according to the enormity of the crime"; which, in fact, are the distances to which the offender is to be perpetually banished. Tracking of barges, is one species of personal service to which the land holders are liable; it is possible, also, that the magistrates may possess the power of inflicting it as a punishment for petty crimes and misdemeanors. It gives us no small degree of pleasure to observe the notice of a

translation in the press of the *Leu-lee*, or *Code of Penal laws* above mentioned, by sir George Staunton. From this work we are persuaded, that more real knowledge may be collected, than from all the volumes which have hitherto appeared in Europe on the subject of China. We have long known that the whip and the bamboo are powerful instruments in the hands of government; but they are not sufficient to explain and unfold the system, by which such a mass of population has been kept so long in due order and obedience to the laws. We sincerely hope that sir George will not stop here; having commenced his literary career with an arduous and important undertaking, we trust that he will not be deterred by any obstacles in the path which he has thus marked out for himself. If, without being deemed guilty of presumption, we might venture to recommend to his attention any particular class of books, we should say that the world would be most highly gratified by translations from those numerous collections of moral tales with which we know the press in China to abound; or of those dramatic productions in which are represented the manners and customs of real life, and the state and condition of domestick society. Faithful versions of this kind would, in a great degree, supersede the tiresome papers scattered over the numerous volumes of the *Lettres édifiantes et curieuses*; and the mass of matter that is now shut up in the fifteen ponderous quartos of *Mémoires sur les Chinois*. Du Halde and Grozier would then serve only as compilations of notes, to be referred to occasionally for the illustration of particular passages. But, we have extended our observations on this article as far as our limits will allow. We shall therefore only remark that, under the head of *Commerce* and other subjects immediately connected with it, M. de Guignes has employed no

less than one hundred and thirty pages, a great portion of which consists of matter that is altogether absurd and fallacious. He describes, for instance, companies and factories as flourishing in 1808, which actually ceased to exist near half a century ago; and he leads us to suppose that the French are still carrying on a flourishing and lucrative trade with China; whereas, it is well known, that not a single French ship of any description has, for the last seventeen years, made its appearance in the river of Canton, with the exception of one or two small vessels during Mr. Addington's truce. It would seem that the national vanity would not permit him to announce to the world the total annihilation of the trade and intercourse of France with that country.

We find nothing deserving of particular notice in the few remaining pages of the last volume, which are occupied with a brief account of the author's voyage to the Phillipine Islands, the Isle of France, and from thence to Europe. The "Table Alphabetique des matieres," which concludes the volume, would be useful, if the passages referred to were to be found under the respective pages indicated in the table. Upon the whole, we are not altogether satisfied with M. de Guignes's performance. It is not what the title page professes it to be, a book of travels; and, with the exception of the short diary of a journey to and from the capital, it might have been composed in the purlieu of the ci-devant Palais Royal by a person whose travels never extended beyond the suburbs of Paris. Considering the many advantages which the author possessed, we were certainly led to expect something better; the name too had long been familiar to the literary world. But great talents are not hereditary, any more than great virtues; and the commercial agent of China can never be recognised, by the present

work, as a descendant of the learned and ingenious author of the "Histoire des Huns," the translator of the "Choo-king," and the writer of many valuable articles in the "Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres."

We shall add but one word on the folio Atlas of plates which accompanies these volumes. It is in fact a most wretched specimen of the state of the fine arts in the capital of *la Grande Nation*; indeed the whole performance is so miserable, as even

to disgrace a Chinese artist; to whose drawings, in fact, if we are not greatly deceived, the engraver has been indebted. Yet many of these tame and trumpery prints bear the names of no less than three persons; thus we have "De. Guignes fecit;" "Duval sculpsit;" "Desseve direxit." In this respect the national character has suffered no change; a Frenchman must still call to his assistance the whole ocean, when a pail of water would be more than sufficient for his purpose.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of Josias Rogers, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's ship Quebeck. By the late William Gilpin, M. A. Prebendary of Salisbury, and Vicar of Boldre, in New Forest. Published by his Trustees for the Benefit of his School at Boldre. 8vo. pp. 184. Price 6s. boards. 1808.

CAPT. ROGERS having been Mr. Gilpin's parishioner, and well known to him both in his private and his professional character, Mr. G. deemed it a duty to avail himself of various documents which fell into his hands, by paying a just tribute to departed worth in the record of a meritorious life. He accordingly composed the memoirs before us, which form a very interesting historical tract, entertaining even to the general reader, and highly honourable to the lamented subject of them; who was carried off by the yellow fever, at Grenada, 24th April, 1795, aged only forty. To the most amiable personal qualities, he added the highest professional merits; and the events of his life display such

evidences of his zeal, his activity, his judgment, his coolness, his intrepidity, and his knowledge, as render him an object well worthy of the contemplation and imitation of all young heroes of the ocean. The energy of his mind, indeed, and the versatility of his talents, which enabled him to act on shore as a soldier with as much honour and effect as at sea in his more immediate sphere, assimilate his character very much with that of the illustrious Nelson. He has left one brother, captain Thomas Rogers, also of the royal navy; having had the mortification of losing another brother, and a nephew, out of his own ship, by fever, while in the fatal West Indies.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

Singular local Changes in the relative Situations of France, England, and Holland; occasioned by the Encroachments of the Sea.

THE recent accidental discovery of a chart of the British channel, seen at Calais in 1798 by a Dutch captain, said to be 850 years old, in the possession of a respectable inhabitant who had been mayor of that place, seems to have thrown a very strong light upon the *encroachments of the sea*. This chart, delineated on parchment, extended on the east to Heligoland; on the north to Orfordness; and on the west to the present site of the Isle of Wight, which then formed a part of the main land of England. The principal headlands, as they now exist, were correctly laid down. Between Dover and the opposite side of the coast of France, there was a space of three miles only; Calais must, therefore, have been then situated in the interior. Not any entrance was described either into Dunkirk, Flushing, or Beerhaven. The island of Goree being attached to the main land, of which it formed a part, there was not any passage to Rotterdam. Not any Flemish banks were laid down; the space occupied by them, and intermediately between them and the coast opposite, likewise constituting a portion of the main land. But in the North Sea, the depth of water in this chart corresponded with the present depth. The Vlie, or Fly Island as it is now called, was connected with the main land.

Such and so extraordinary are the encroachments which the sea ap-

pears to have made on this part of the coast; as, in the space described, the more prominent and elevated headlands are on the side of England, it would seem that, with a reference of three miles only, instead of seven leagues, forming what is called the Strait of Dover, the great, if not the entire loss of land, must have been on the side of France; the sea continuing to gain until it was stopped by the cliffs of Calais, and the elevated lands in the vicinity. The headlands, styled the Forelands, north and south, then existed as at present. That part of England, therefore, cannot have sustained any material loss in the space of nearly nine centuries, since this chart was made: but, towards Hampshire, the deperdition of soil must have been considerable, if the Isle of Wight was then really connected with the main land. Reasoning from the other data supplied by this ancient chart, it is presumable that the opposite coasts of France, Flanders, and from Dieppe, perhaps, to the farthest extremity of the latter country, must have been greatly deteriorated by these encroachments. Let the age of the chart be considered, and reflection be made at the same time on the constant ravages the sea is known to have more recently committed in different quarters, the above facts, however extraordinary, will then not appear entirely void of probability.

Letter from W. Richardson, D. D. late Fellow, Trinity College, Dublin, to Thomas Allen, Esq. containing Facts and Observations relative to the Variety of Irish Grass, called FIORIN.*

SIR,

IN compliance with your request, I shall throw together some facts and observations on the subject of our Irish *Fiorin Grass* (whose luxuriance you admired so much at PORTRUSH in the course of your late tour) selecting, as well as I can, such circumstances as I have slightly or not at all touched upon in my former publications relative to this very extraordinary grass.

The attention shown to such of these as have already reached your country, is very gratifying; and the experiments making upon fiorin, or rather the attempt to cultivate it about Edinburgh, are to me highly flattering, and lay me under an obligation of aiding such spirited efforts with every cooperation in my power.

The condition I lay myself under of searching for *new* matter, must necessarily make this communication somewhat desultory; but, even so, should you think fit to present it to the Farmer's Magazine, I readily consent.

PORTRUSH FIORIN CROPS.

I shall commence (for the encouragement of those who live in bleak situations) with the history of the stripe of meadow I showed you at Portrush, little more than one hundred yards from the rocky shore of the Northern Ocean.

The ground, raised by nature a little above the level of the meadow, which I had got possession of five or six years ago, was so light, dry and poor, that, in 1805 and 1806, I did not consider it as worth mowing, but left its crop standing, to be eaten with the aftergrass with the rest of the meadow, when my cattle should be turned in.

In the year 1807, desirous to bring this unproductive part of my field into a profitable state, I planted potatoes in it with the usual quantity of dung; and when they were dug out late in September, laid it down with fiorin, having just at that time acquired some knowledge of the great value of this newly discovered grass.

Late in September 1808, the stripe was mowed; and I then published, in an addition to the memoir honoured with a medal by the board of agriculture, the mower's affidavit, that it was the finest meadow he ever cut; and also the testimony of the magistrate who administered the oath, that the crop seemed double the quantity usually had on so much ground.

The same person has just now mowed it again, and thinks the present crop much better than that of last year, though very different; the strings which compose the present crop being little more than one third of the length of those he had cut before; but the deficiency in the length of the strings of the second year was more than compensated by the prodigious increase of their number. The hay is now, September 23d 1809, in lap cocks; and the country people who come to see it, are fully satisfied that I must have carried in hay at night from another place, to increase the quantity, for bravado.

The second stripe at right angles to the former, whose shaking mat and enormous strings surprised Mrs. Allen and you so much, was circumstanced and cultivated in the same way the following year. It was laid down in the middle of September 1808, in the presence of earls O'Neil and Gosford, then at my house; both

* For another publication on this subject see Select Reviews, Vol. II. page 401.

these noblemen being anxious to witness the process of laying down fiorin grass, which, by that time had acquired considerable celebrity.

Your inquiries were particularly directed to the proper seasons for laying down a grass, the accounts of whose enormous produce had sometimes reached you in print, and of which you are now a competent judge yourself.

PROPER TIMES FOR LAYING DOWN FIORIN GRASS.

I have, on different occasions, stated that fiorin grass will thrive well if laid down with roots or strings any day in the year.

I was certainly right, when looking only to the grass itself; but, when crops are our object, other circumstances must be taken into consideration and we must inquire what are the periods of its enemies and competitors, and when will fiorin grass encounter them at the greatest advantage.

Here we must speculate *a priori*, and look to the separate natures of the rivals contending for possession.

Fiorin is in perpetual vegetation; while the other grasses and weeds it has to contend with, have only their paroxysms of growth, and their periods of torpor.

Let us avail ourselves of these opposite habits, and put down fiorin, when the powers of its competitors are not in action, and it probably will have acquired vigour enough to overpower them when they resume their efforts, at first feeble.

I shall illustrate this by example.

Aware of the importance of the point to which you direct your inquiries, I determined to ascertain it with precision; and in 1808, as I dug my potatoes; from the 1st of August, I, every third or fourth day, dressed and laid down the ground with fiorin strings and roots, every one of which came on well; but unfortunately so did its spontaneous competitors.

I interfered and wed, but in vain; the promiscuous vegetation came on

with vigour; and the feedling grasses were not distinguishable from the nascent sprouts of the fiorin.

Thus, though a single root of fiorin had not failed, its rivals had got on so much better, that, early in July, I was obliged to mow an indiscriminate fleece, of which the predominant grass was *Holcus lanatus*.

What was put in later produced a very different result, viz. the magnificent crop I have mentioned, exclusively fiorin. The reason is obvious; the middle of September is (at least in that harsh climate) too late for spontaneous vegetables to come forward with success; of course, the fiorin was left in exclusive possession until spring.

To return to your question. I consider, from the above and similar observations, that the best months for putting down fiorin are October, November, and December; some of my finest crops were laid down on the 18th of the preceding December.

In January, February, and March, fiorin will come on well; even put down in April and May, if carefully wed, it will, in rich ground, give a tolerable crop that year.

FIORIN SEED.

You ask, does not fiorin grass produce seed? and, if so, why not propagate by seed as with other grasses?

Seed, no doubt, and in the greatest abundance is produced; but the young tendril is so diminutive, and so slow of growth, that it is nearly impossible to protect it from weeds and other grasses which do not mark their species early. With much difficulty I reared two or three small spots from the seed; but, in extensive practice, seed is inadmissible.

SOILS FIT FOR FIORIN CULTURE.

You were surprised at a position you had met with in some publication of mine, *that fiorin thrive equally in all soils, the wettest and the driest*.

The term *equally*, in strictness,

may have been improper. I meant equal health, but certainly not equal luxuriance.

I can confirm my revolting position by strong facts.

October 1806, in forming a new *hortus irriguus*, for experiments in irrigation, my dam flooded a ditch, containing many fiorin roots, not one of which was destroyed; they still continuing to send up their strings to the surface, after being covered for three years by water 20 inches deep; and they are carefully preserved for inspection.

Again, in April 1807, I planted a fiorin root on the top of my garden wall, ten feet high. At the time, I put some little earth about it, but never watered, or even approached it since; yet it has continued for three years in good health in that dry situation. I often, indeed, find fiorin roots growing on the rough sides of old walls, and particularly at the deserted castle of Benburb near me, and on earl O'Neil's park wall.

In practice, through an extensive and much diversified farm, I have not yet found a single spot so wet, or so dry, that fiorin may not be (or rather has not been) cultivated to advantage on it.

I do not possess any light, loose, dry, sandy soil; yet am sanguine enough to expect, that a valuable crop of fiorin hay might be obtained from such ground, after a slight top dressing, tolerably rich; and I earnestly recommend the experiment to the possessors of such land.

That fiorin will grow there, nature tells us in the most convincing manner; for its panicles, at this season, abound on every spot of the description. That it will be *luxuriant*, if kept in exclusive possession, and effectually protected, I speculate thus.

Our common meadows, whose hay is chiefly composed of the *stalk* bearing the panicle, come to their period of perfection between the inflorescence and the ripening of the seed,

mostly in June and July; then their vegetation ceases. Their luxuriance, of course, depends much on the quantity of rain that fell in May and June; and when these months happen to be dry, our hay crops fall off greatly.

Fiorin crops depend on circumstances totally different; for though the panicles of this grass are very abundant, and come forward in July, it is not upon them we depend for our crop: it is on the *strings*, or *stolones*, infinitely more abundant, and of far superiour quality.

But the periods of vegetation of the *stolones* is very different. Their greatest paroxysm is in September. I think they vegetate rather more in October than in August. They increase their length a good deal in November, and continue growing through December.

Hence I expect it will follow, that in the driest, and even sandy ground, the fiorin strings will find moisture enough at the latest periods, in which it has pleased nature to call their powers into action.

SEASON FOR MOWING FIORIN, AND MAKING IT INTO HAY.

The late growth of the *stolones*, in which the value of the fiorin hay *exclusively* consists, induces the necessity of mowing at a very late period; and fortunately, nature has endowed those strings with powers wherewith to brave the severities of the season to which they must necessarily be exposed, during the process of converting them into hay.

You ask me—at what time I *really* intend to mow the fourteen acres of fiorin meadow I have now standing?

My positions relative to winter, and even spring hay-making, have been deemed so revolting, as greatly to discourage fiorin culture, and have stopped many who otherwise would have engaged in it.

Hence, to prevent the ill effects of so general a prejudice, I found it necessary to establish the *facts*

supporting this new practice, by irresistible evidence; and to demonstrate the existence of the course upon which this curious property of fiorin depends; and to deduce, from uncontroverted principles of natural philosophy, that this effect necessarily follows from the cause whose existence I have established.

I have precluded myself from recurring, in this letter, to former publications; and therefore confine myself to a direct answer to your question.

The answer is to the same purport with a notice which I published last year in my own country, and have lately sent to England, viz. *That I would mow and make hay on the first and fifteenth of every month, from October to March inclusive; and that I would take care to have hay in the field, exposed to the weather during that whole period.*

I commence mowing this year somewhat earlier; and, as I must soon leave the northern shore, I began to cut my Portrush meadow, September 25th.

You saw it four or five days before, and can bear testimony to its high state of vegetation. I made you remark the surface bristling with innumerable green points, like the teeth of a flax hackle; every one of them in full growth, adding rapidly to the length of the string, of which F. showed you that it formed the point; of course, that I lost much in quantity by so early mowing.

On the 1st of October, I shall cut the fiorin in my plantations, orchards, that close under hedges, and, in general, whatever is exposed to have its hay adulterated by falling leaves.

October 15th, I shall mow my irrigated fiorin, allowing full time to make it into hay, and to take it off before November 10th, when I wish to let in the water.

I shall mow the rest, as suits my convenience, on the 1st and 15th of the succeeding months; promising to

your countrymen, as I did to the English, that whoever comes, or stands to inspect my proceedings, shall have fiorin roots, strings, seeds, and full instructions on every process relative to it; and also be taught how to know it *at home*; where, I can assure them, it is the most common grass with which nature has clothed their country.

Quantity—AMOUNT OF FIORIN WINTER CROPS.

For the *quantity* and the *quality* of my fiorin crops, I must refer to the printed defence of my sanity, which has been often impeached on account of my paradoxical positions relative to this grass.

You will see there, that it was proved, before the earl of Gosford and lord viscount Northland, by the oath of the person who assisted me in measuring the ground and weighing the hay, that one portion, *not* manured the preceding year, produced at the rate of *six tons* the English acre; and that another portion which had been manured, produced at the rate of seven tons, four hundred, 1 quarter, and 8 pounds; that the hay, when weighed, was dry, rattling, and merchantable by *weight* between man and man. The two noblemen certifying, at the same time, for the superiour quality of the hay.

WINTER GREEN FOOD.

Should the enormous quantity and great value of fiorin crops prove insufficient to tempt your countrymen to venture upon Christmas hay-making, there is another most important use to be derived from fiorin grass, which relieves them from the necessity of encountering so formidable an operation; that is, an inexhaustible stock of winter *green food*, which can be mowed *daily* for their milch cows.

Though I have pressed this topick in different publications, I must, in this instance, deviate from my rule of seeking new matter, and earnestly

recommend the culture of fiorin in Scotland, had it nothing to recommend it but this solitary advantage.

I do not proceed upon mere speculation; the value of fiorin, as a *winter* green food, is established by practice. Two years ago [1807] I tried it on a small scale, with complete success. Two acres of this grass *last year* [1808] left me (after my hay experiments) a considerable quantity for my milch cows, which, while it lasted, both enriched their milk and increased its quantity. For this year I have an abundant stock; and, probably, during the rest of my life, my cows will not taste *dry* hay.

Here is an additional motive for inspecting my proceedings. Those who are not disposed to believe my statements upon the quantity of my fiorin crops; and those who are obstinate in denying the possibility of saving hay in the midst of winter, may be curious about this *new fact*, and willing to ascertain the existence of a valuable winter green food of such easy acquisition.

PROCESS OF MAKING HAY AT CHRISTMAS.

I shall conclude by replying to a question, which you, as well as many others, have often put to me.

By what process can I save hay in the three winter months, when, exclusive of the deluges of rain, and falls of snow, to which it must be exposed, evaporation is rarely in action; a season, during which the atmosphere is rarely disposed to absorb moisture, but is, generally, parting with what it holds dissolved?

I was not so hardy as to speculate *a priori*, upon the success of so unusual a practice. The facility of saving fiorin hay *in winter*, I discovered by accident, as I have detailed minutely in a memoir published in the Transactions of the Belfast Literary Society, and it was some time afterwards that I discovered, and stated to the world, the *principle* upon which this curious property (peculiar to fiorin

hay) depends. I cannot now go over the same ground again, but shall proceed to what I have not stated before, viz. *my mode of making hay in winter*.

To look for a fine day at that season might be vain, and to wait for it where the quantity of hay is considerable, must be inconvenient; besides, the close *flat* soil of this grass is always so wet, that rain, at the time of mowing, could not make it worse; but, from the length of the strings, it rises from the scythe so rough in the sward, that the air has a free passage through it, and also in the lap-cock; nor in either does it receive injury, though it should be exposed for weeks without turning.

I open out the hay in the first stirring wind, which soon carries off its exterior damp, whether it came from rain, or was acquired while lying flat on the ground. As for its own *internal* juices, I am anxious to retain them.

As soon as the *surface* is dry, I hurry the hay into lap-cocks, when I consider it safe from all danger.

In the next wind (after a week, and I care little how much longer) I open the cocks for half an hour to let the air pass through them; hurry eight or ten of them into a large cock, in which it will stand the winter safely; but, as wind might scatter it, I consider it more prudent, in another windy day, to throw it into cocks as large as men can build, without treading. These, secured by two ropes (easily made from the long strings) will certainly stand secure until wanted for house or other consumption, and need not be removed from the place where they stand, as their surfaces will not bleach, nor their bottoms rot, as happens in other hay-cocks.

Thus a most troublesome and expensive part of the process of securing our hay will be saved; I mean, that of bringing it home, and putting it into large ricks; an operation, during which, the farmer's whole

stock of hay is much exposed to the weather in late and uncertain seasons; and also to another serious danger, that of heating in the rick.

These advantages may help to compensate for the loss of *aftermath*, which, in florin meadows, is necessarily given up; but the real compensation lies in the enormous quantity, and the superlative quality of the hay itself.

Should the conductor of the Farmer's Magazine honour this com-

munication from another country, with a place in his collection, I shall cheerfully reply, through the same channel, to any inquiries that may be made relative to this grass, whose *value*, at least, is a new discovery, and whose great superiority over other grasses is more strongly marked in our very *worst*, than in our *best* grounds. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

W. RICHARDSON, D. D.

Moy, Ireland.

TERRESTRIAL WATERSPOUTS.

IN the evening of 26th of June, 1809, a terrestrial waterspout appeared about a league southeast of Carmagnole, in the department of the Po. The weather was stormy. The cloud which gave rise to this meteor was grayish, and not very large; but it began to lengthen on one side, forming, as it were, a very sharp tail, which approached the earth in a serpentine line. The cloud had then the shape of a reversed cone, part of which emitted a very perceptible yellowish light; this cone, about half way between the summit and base, might be eight or nine yards in circumference. As it approached the earth, a kind of cloud that looked like smoke, having also the appearance of a kind of cone, was formed, and its summit advanced towards the waterspout. The duration of this meteor was twenty minutes, during which it traversed a space of more than eight hundred yards, and then descended in a deluge of water. In its way, it overthrew a young oak, and stripped the bark from a mulberry tree, the roots of which were almost entirely laid bare, by the removal of the earth which covered them. The bark was reduced to a dry, whitish, and almost friable substance. The lower cone also exerted its fury upon the dust, which it raised, and the corn which

was then cut in the fields, and which it carried away and dispersed. A man, who was in the line traversed by this phenomenon, feeling himself beginning to rise, held by a bush, that he might not be carried away. A quarter of an hour after the disappearance of the waterspout, there was a thunder storm, with hail. The thermometer was at 18°, and the mercury in the barometer, which at first stood at twenty seven inches six lines, rapidly fell, 2 1-2 lines.

Another phenomenon, attended, however, with still more mischievous effects, occurred on the 8th of July near Aix, in the department of Mont Blanc. The wind was south, and the thermometer at 22°; the cloud in which it originated, appeared in the form of a waterspout, about six miles from Aix, at a considerable elevation. It proceeded along the chain of the Lesser Alps, situated northwest of Chamberry. It was slightly charged with electric matter, and carried along with it a prodigious mass of flakes of ice, with a tremendous noise. Having traversed the distance of about eighteen miles, along the summit of the mountains, a contrary current of wind meeting it above lake Bourget, about six miles from Aix, detached a portion which was carried toward the north northeast; while the other continued its course

westward, towards the Lyonnaise. In both directions, the storm spread devastation through the vallies. The town of Annecy has not a single pane of glass, or tile left whole. The lumps of ice were as large as a man's fist; some weighing 3, 3½, and even 4 pounds. Numbers of the country people are wounded; several shepherds are killed, and great

numbers of cattle killed and wounded. The desolation is general throughout a tract of forty two miles. The progress of the column of ice along the mountain, opposite to Aix, exhibited the most terrific, and at the same time imposing spectacle that can possibly be conceived.

DESCRIPTION OF MEUDON.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Meudon, September 7, 1791.

YOU ask me, my sister, for a further description of my abode, if that can be called an abode where I am only a transient lodger, and from whence I every moment expect to receive a summons to depart; for, alas! I know not whither! You ask, too, my motives for preferring this place, which in my last letter I told you was melancholy, to Versailles or St. Cloud, where I could equally have the advantage of gardens, or to Chaillot, Passy, or some other pleasant village, more immediately adjoining to Paris. My dear Fanny, I prefer this place, *because it is melancholy, and because it is retired.* Here, as I wander over the deserted gardens, I seldom meet any body but the men who keep them in something like order, and who do not even look back at me, or mark my solitary walks. There are at Meudon two palaces, one of very ancient structure and long quite uninhabited: the other built, or at least repaired, by the dauphin, father of the present king, which Louis the XVIth has occasionally inhabited, and which contains many handsome apartments. They both stand in the same garden, which has never received any modern improvements; and in many parts of it the borders are destitute of their former ornaments; and, of many of the trees and shrubs that remain.

"The boughs are mossed with age,
And high tops bald with dry antiquity."

Adjoining to the most ancient of these royal houses, which terminates a long avenue and a large court, is a chapel with an arched gateway, leading to it from the garden, and surrounded by paved passages and high cloisters; and it is on some broken steps, that, near these almost ruinous buildings, lead from the lower to the upper garden, I frequently take my pensive seat, and mark the sun sinking away above the high coppices that are beyond the gardens (and I imagine form a part of them, though I have not yet ventured to wander so far.) A yet more cheerful seat I have found for my less melancholy moods, on the wall of the terrace on the opposite side, which looks down immediately on the village of Meudon; where, among its pleasant looking houses, they still point out the habitation of the celebrated *Rabelais*. As I never enjoyed, because, perhaps, I do not understand his works, I contemplate it not with so much pleasure as it would afford those who can admire them.—Of late, my Fanny, I have found this view too *riante*, and have adhered almost every evening, after I have put my little ones to bed, to the old steps: where I hear no sounds but the bell of the convent of Capuchins (which is on a high ridge of land, concealed by

trees, about half a mile from the old palace) or the wind murmuring hollow through the iron gratings and stone passages that lead round the chapel, from whose windows of painted glass I can fancy the sullen genius of superstition peeps forth, sighing over his departed power, in melancholy responses to the summons that call the monks to their evening devotions. I often meet, as I come through the avenue, some of these venerable fathers, who, with slow steps, and downcast eyes, their cowl frequently covering their faces, and their arms crossed upon their breasts, pass me; apparently so occupied by their holy meditations, as not to hold an insignificant being like me worth even a salutation. But why should that seem discourteous, which is probably a part of their religion? I ought also to consider, that, besides the gloomy austerity of their order, they are now, perhaps, more austere, because they are unhappy. They believe their altars are violated, and their profession rendered odious; they fear their subsistence may fail them, and that they may be turned out into a world which is seldom too kind to the unfortunate, and is likely to treat *their* misfortunes with ridicule instead of pity. I have observed, within this last week, one among them who seems more restlessly wretched than the rest. I remark him every day pass by the windows of the house where I live, with a little basket in one hand, and a staff in the other; his hood always concealing his face; and his tall figure bending as if weighed down by calamity. After the morning duties are over, I see him glide among the trees in the garden, or among the vines that clothe the declivity towards the village. More than once he has come forth of an evening from the cloistered passages of the chapel, and, with solemn step, crossed near me to attend the last offices of the evening, when he hears the

bell from the convent echo among the winding colonades. There is something particularly affecting to me, in beholding this solitary mourner, whose griefs, though they are probably of a different kind from mine, are possibly as poignant.—Perhaps he was once a gay and thoughtless inhabitant of the world. He may have seen (for he does not appear to be a young man) these now deserted palaces blazing in the splendour of a voluptuous court. Among its vanished glories, he may have lost all he loved; and he has now, it may be, no other consolation than visiting, in the *cimetière* of the chapel, the stone on which time is destroying even the sepulchral memorial of his beloved object. My house is just like other French houses; and its only recommendation to me is the melancholy sort of repose, and the solitary walks, which its immediate neighbourhood to the gardens of Meudon afford me. The windows command great part of the view between this place and Paris, to which it would be difficult for the pencil to do justice: with a pen, it were hopeless to attempt it. The first yellow tints of autumn are hardly stealing on the trees, increasing, however, where they have touched them, the beauty of the foliage; the sky is delightfully serene; and a sunset in the gardens here exceeds what I ever saw in England for warmth and brilliancy of colouring. No dew falls, even when the sun is gone, though we may call the evenings now autumnal evenings. I shall probably meet my fellow sufferer, for such I am sure he is, the solitary Capuchin. I have just seen him walk towards the palace garden. Well! and is there not satisfaction in beholding a being, who, whatever may have been his misfortunes, seems to have found consolation and fortitude in religion? I have often entertained a half formed wish that he would speak to me:—perhaps his own sufferings

may have taught him that tender sympathy with the sufferings of others, which is often so soothing to the sick heart, and he might speak of peace to me ! I am sadly distressed here for want of books; the few which, with such a quantity of necessary baggage, I was able to bring with me, I have now exhausted; and though my good friend, monsieur Bérgeasse, has sent me some from Paris, they happen to be such as I cannot read with any pleasure. I have supposed it not impossible that the monk might supply me from the library of his convent. This deficiency of books has compelled me to have recourse to my pen and my pencil, to beguile those hours, when my soul, sickening at the past, and recoiling from the future, would very

fain lose its own mournful images in the witchery of fiction. I have found, however, a melancholy delight in describing these sufferings. I usually take my evening seat on the flight of steps I have described to you. Sometimes, when I am in more tranquil spirits, I sketch, in my port folio, the wild flowers and weeds that grow among the buildings where I sit; in some parts, ivy holds together the broken piles of brick from whence the cement has fallen; the stone crop, and the toad flax cover or creep among the masses of disjointed marble; several sorts of antirrhinum still wave their pink and purple blossoms along the edges of the wall; and last night I observed mingled with them, a root of the field poppy, still in flower.

The following Account of the Locusts of Africa is from Jackson's Morocco.

LOCUSTS are produced from some unknown, physical cause, and proceed from the desert, always coming from the south. When they visit a country it behoves every individual to lay in a provision against a famine; for they are said to stay three, five, or seven years. During my residence in West and South Barbary, those countries suffered a visitation from them during seven years. They have a government among themselves, similar to that of the bees and ants; and when the sultan Jerraad, king of the locusts, rises, the whole body follow him, not one solitary straggler being left behind to witness the devastation. When they have eaten all other vegetation, they attack the trees, consuming first the leaves, and then the bark, so that the country, in the midst of summer, from their unsparing rapacity, bears the face of winter. In my travels, I have seen them so thick on the ground, as sometimes actually to have covered my horse's hoofs as he went along. It is very annoying to travel through

a host of them, as they are continually flying in your face, and settling on your hands and clothes. At a distance, they appear, in the air, like an immense cloud, darkening the sun; and whilst employed in devouring the produce of the land, it has been observed that they uniformly proceed one way, as regularly as a disciplined army on its march; nor will it be possible to discover a single one going a different way from the rest. In travelling from Mogador to Tangier, before the plague in 1799, the country was covered with them. A singular incident then occurred at El Araiche; the whole country from the confines of Sahara to that place was ravaged by them, but after crossing the river El Kos, they were not to be seen, though there was nothing to prevent them from flying across it. Moreover, they were all moving that way, that is to the north; but when they reached the banks of the river, they proceeded eastward, so that the gardens and fields north of El Araiche were full

of vegetables, fruits, and grain. The Arabs of the province of El Garb considered this remarkable circumstance, as an evident interposition of Providence.

This curse of heaven can only be conceived by those who have seen the dismal effects of their devastation. The poor people, by living on them, become meagre and indolent, for no labour will yield fruit, whilst the locusts continue increasing in numbers. In the rainy season they partially disappear, and at the opening of the spring the ground is covered with their young. Those crops of corn which are first mature, and the grain which becomes hardened before the locust attains its full growth, are likely to escape, provi-

ded there be other crops less forward for them to feed upon.

In the year 1799, these destructive insects were carried away into the Western Ocean by a violent hurricane; and the shores were afterwards covered with their dead bodies, which, in many places, emitted a pestilential smell; that is, wherever, the land was low, or where the salt water had not washed them. To this event succeeded a most abundant crop of corn, the lands which had lain fallow for years, being now cultivated; but the produce of the cultivation was accompanied with a most infectious and deadly plague, a calamity of which the locusts have often been observed to be the fore-runners.

[From the Asiatick Researches.]

NUPTIAL CEREMONIES AMONG THE HINDOOS.

THE ceremonies, of which the nuptial solemnity consists, may be here recapitulated. The bridegroom goes in procession to the house where the bride's father resides, and is there welcomed as a guest. The bride is given to him by her father, in the form usual at every solemn donation, and their hands are bound together with grass. He clothes the bride with an upper and lower garment, and the skirts of her mantle and his are tied together. The bridegroom makes oblations to fire, and the bride drops rice on it as an oblation. The bridegroom solemnly takes her hand in marriage. She treads on a stone and mullar. They walk round the fire. The bride steps seven times, conducted by the bridegroom; and he then dismisses the spectators, the marriage being now complete and irrevocable. In the evening of the same day, the bride sits down on a bull's hide, and the bridegroom points out to her the polar star as an emblem of stability. They then partake of a meal. The bridegroom remains three days at

the house of the bride's father. On the fourth day, he conducts her to his own house in solemn procession. She is there welcomed by his kindred, and the solemnity ends with oblations to fire.

Among the Hindoos, a girl is married before the age of puberty. The law even censures the delay of her marriage beyond the tenth year.—For this reason, and because the bridegroom, too, may be an infant, it is rare that a marriage should be consummated until long after its solemnization. The recital of prayers on this occasion constitutes it a religious ceremony; and it is the first of those that are performed for the purpose of expiating the sinful taint which a child is supposed to contract in the womb of its mother.

On the practice of immature nuptials, a subject suggested in the preceding paragraph, it may be remarked, that it arises from a laudable motive: from a sense of duty incumbent on a father, who considers as a debt, the obligation of providing a suitable match for his daughter.

This notion, which is strongly inculcated by Hindoo legislators, is forcibly impressed on the minds of parents. But, in their zeal to dispose of a daughter in marriage, they do not, perhaps, sufficiently consult her domestick felicity. By the death of an infant husband, she is condemned to virgin widowhood for the period of her life. If both survive, the habitual bickerings of their infancy are prolonged in perpetual discord.

Numerous restrictions in the

assortment of matches impose on parents this necessity of embracing the earliest opportunity of affiancing their children to fit companions.—The intermarriages of different classes, formerly permitted, with certain limitations, are now wholly forbidden. The prohibited degrees extend to the sixth of affinity; and even the bearing of the same family name is a sufficient cause of impediment.

Humboldt's Observations on the *Gymnotus Electricus*, or Electrick Eel.

THE terroure and dislike which the Indians of South America showed to encounter the shock of the gymnotus, opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the wishes of our author, to have live fish brought to his lodgings at Calabozo; so that he was reduced to the necessity of repairing to the pond where the gymnoti inhabit, to assist at the fishing, and to make his observations on the spot. He was, accordingly, conducted by a party of Indians, to Caro de Beza, a stagnant, muddy pond of water; and there the scene which ensued no less surprised than entertained our travellers; for the Indians began their preparation for catching the gymnoti, by driving about thirty half-broken horses and mules into the water, the banks of which they guarded, and then, by means of their cries, their poles, and harpoons, endeavoured to prevent the retreat of the horses, reluctantly forced to enter the pool. The intention of this stratagem, it seems, is, that in the battle which ensues between the gymnoti and the horses, the former, by the repeated discharges of their electrick organs, may so far exhaust the powers of their shocks, as to be afterwards more safely and easily caught and dragged on shore.

Accordingly, no sooner had the cattle been driven into the water,

than the gymnoti, enraged at the intrusion, began hostilities, by discharging their batteries through the breasts and bellies of the enemy, with such frequency and force, as soon completely to overpower both horses and mules. All appeared stunned and alarmed; some fell down, and often disappeared for a while beneath the surface of the water. Two were fairly drowned; and some who, in spite of the vigilance of the bystanders, made their escape, sunk down on the bank, enfeebled and benumbed.

When the battle had continued about a quarter of an hour, the eels became in their turn exhausted, and their electrick strokes more and more feeble; while the cattle, sensible of the weakness of the enemy, recovered from their panic, and renewed the combat, till the gymnoti fled before the horses, and approached the banks, where they were easily seized and dragged on shore by the line and harpoon.

The electrick strokes communicated by a gymnotus, in full vigour, is sufficiently powerful to stun the sensibility and paralyze the masculine powers of a horse; and such a stroke passed through the belly and chest, would, in the opinion of our observer, be sufficient to kill a man. The stroke received by him, from the

comparatively exhausted fish, when first dragged on shore, exceeded in force any he had ever experienced from a large Leyden phial completely charged. On another occasion, the concussion having passed through the lower extremities, he suffered severe pains in the knees, and in almost every joint, during the whole day. The kind of sensation which accompanies the stroke of the gymnotus is, he remarks, somewhat different from that received from an electric conductor from the Leyden phial, or from the voltaick pile. The difference, though distinguishable at all times, is still more remarkable in the strokes of the fish considerably exhausted. A sort of thrilling vibratory sensation is propagated along the touching extremity, and is succeeded by a disagreeable numbness. It seems to be this peculiar sensation that has conferred on the gymnotus the names of *tremblador*, and *anguille tremblant*, in the Spanish and French settlements.

It is observed by Humboldt, and by

Gay Lusac, that the torpedo yields strokes only when the electric organs are touched; that the stroke is more severe when the whole hand is applied, than when the animal is touched with a single finger; and that when it strikes it is observed to move, convulsively, its pectoral fins. But from every part of the body of the gymnotus, indifferently, strokes may be obtained, as powerful too, from the application of a little finger as of the whole hand; and when the animal strikes, no perceptible motion can be observed.

If the brain be destroyed, or the head separated from the body of the gymnotus, the power of communicating shocks is instantly lost; and, though the apparatus remains otherwise entire, no electric phenomenon can be observed. Nay, the muscles seem now unexcitable, even by artificial, galvanick combinations; for no contractions were observable on arming them in the usual way with zinck and silver; the heart alone could be thus excited.

MISCELLANY.

THE ART OF IMPROVING TURKISH BEAUTIES.

THE students in *gastronomy* [i. e. the epicures] at Paris, have lately amused themselves with speculations on the mode adopted (as they say) in the seraglio to produce that *embonpoint*, which is considered as a *sine qua non* in Turkish beauty. They describe it in, the following manner: These indolent beauties are put into a narrow and feebly enlightened place; are kept almost constantly reclined on well stuffed cushions, and are bound to observe a *strict silence*. Their only amusement is playing a few notes on the theorbo, beating the tympanum, or adjusting their headdresses before a looking glass. They bathe twice a day; they

are wrapped up voluptuously; their fair skin is made extremely smooth and supple by essences, and to render the whole effective, they are crammed with a soup made of maize, sweetened with honey, or sirup of dates. As this is a regular custom among the Asiatics, it is probable, that the procedure is not without some foundation in nature. Although fashion at present prescribes to our fair readers a certain slenderness of shape, which, in a moderate degree, is graceful, yet when among its revolutions it shall require an *embonpoint*, we trust they will bear in mind the efficacy of dark rooms, soft cushions, strict silence, and maize soup!

Curious Anecdote of L'Abbé Moliere.

THE abbé Moliere, who had distinguished himself in France by his observations on the astronomical systems of Descartes, was so extremely simple in his manners, that, taken from astronomy, he was a stranger to every thing. He was so poor, that having no servant, and often not even wood to make a fire, he would study in his bed, in which he would sit up, with his small clothes placed upon his head by way of night cap, the legs hanging over his shoulders; and thus accoutred, pursue the deepest speculations.—While writing one morning in this curious position, he heard a knock at the door. “Who is there?” cried the abbé, “come in.” A person entered, whom the abbé did not notice, but continued writing, till roused by the intruder, who demanded his money. “Money!” said the astonished Moliere, “Yes, your money,” replied the other. “Oh, I understand, you are a thief.” “Thief or no thief, I must have money.” “Indeed! very well, feel in this pocket,” turning one leg of his small clothes towards the villain. No money was, however, to be found. “Here, then,” said the abbé, “take this key; go to that closet, and open the third drawer in the bottom of the bookcase.” The thief opened the second. “Ah! leave that alone, those are my papers: don’t disturb them: you’ll find the money in the next.” The thief found it. “Now shut the drawer;” but the other waited not for that ceremony, but betook himself to flight: “Mr. Thief, pray shut the door—diable, he has left it open; what a rascal of a thief! I must get up in the cold to shut it; deuce take him.” Thus saying, the abbé jumped out of bed, shut the door, and resumed his labours.

ANECDOTES.

A lady from London was lately taking a rural walk near Cheltenham,

and in her *devious* paths appeared not very scrupulous as to the sacred barrier of hedges, &c.—A farmer, who, in an old-fashioned way of thinking, did not exactly see the necessity of his being put to the inconvenience and expense of repairing the prostrate fences, ventured to remonstrate with the *fair Celia*, who exclaimed, with great simplicity: “Laud a mercy! I thought the country and the fields was *nobody’s*!”

When queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the mayor, on congratulating her on the memorable event, said: “When the king of Spain attacked your majesty, *egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear.*” The queen could not help smiling at this, and her admiration was further heightened, when, at her departure, he begged permission “to attend her majesty to the *gallops*!” which stood a mile out of town.

HUMANITY OF JUDGE POWELL.

Jane Wenham was tried for witchcraft before him; her adversaries swore she could fly: “Prisoner, can you fly?” “Yes, my lord.” “Well then, you may; there is no law against flying.” She lost her character, but saved her life; for he would not convict even by confession.

PASQUALI, THE MUSICIAN.

Pasquali, who is, we think, exhibited by Hogarth, in the character of the *Enraged Musician*, resided in Greek street, Soho. He was, we believe, the son of a painter of very considerable merit, particularly in the execution of small, but animated conversation pieces. This excellent artist died about the year 1700.

Pasquali the younger, who was

one of the performers at the opera house, was a man singular in his appearance and irritable in his temper. To this unfortunate propension his contemporaries were, *charitably*, in the almost constant habit of administering *food*; insomuch that it has been said, that a junto of them, who were fond of *tricks* and *mischiefs*, and who consequently, according to the fashion of those times, were called *humorists*, actually sent all those *vocal* and *instrumental* annoyances that appear in the print, who were characters well known at that period, and that *Hogarth* took advantage of the assemblage, and drew from nature a scene in which, as far as graphick delineation can convey aerial ideas, the most dissonant grating, abominable and harassing sounds, appear to be operating upon nerves of the most exquisite sensibility, in the moment when the efforts of study had expanded the springs of genius, and wound to the highest pitch of enthusiasm those mental exertions, which a breath will at any time repress, and the rustling of leaves, of silk or any thing, dissipate: in fact, at the very moment when the musician was *composing*.

ABSENCE.

The celebrated *Hogarth* was one of the most absent of men. Soon after he had set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord mayor. When he went the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion house by a different door from that at which he entered, he immediately began to call for a hackney coach. Not one could be procured; on which *Hogarth* sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached his house in *Leicester fields* without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till *Mrs. Hogarth*, astonished to see him so wet and fatigued, asked him where he had left it."

THE BOOKFISH.

The following account of the discovery of a book is very remarkable. It is contained in a letter from *Dr. Samuel Ward*, then master of *Sidney college*, Cambridge, to archbishop *Usher*, dated June 27, 1626. "There was the last week a cod-fish brought from *Colchester* to our market to be sold, in the cutting up of which, there was found, in the maw of the fish, a thing that was hard, which proved to be a book bound in parchment. The leaves were glewed together with a jelly; and being taken out, it did smell much at first, but after washing it *Mr. Mede* did look into it. It was printed, and he formed a table of the contents. The book was intituled, *A Preparation to the Cross*. Now it is found to have been made by *Richard Tracey* of whom *Boyle* makes mention, and says that he flourished in 1550." The book so recovered was published the following year, with this quaint title: "*Vox Piscis*; or, the Book-fish: containing three treatises which were found in the belly of a cod-fish in Cambridge market, on midsummer-eve last, 1626." 12mo.

CROMWELL AND MAZARINE.

Cardinal *Mazarine* having refused to deliver up *Dunkirk*, according to the articles agreed upon at the commencement of the war between France and Spain, in which war *Oliver Cromwell* engaged as an auxiliary, on the above condition, the protector wrote the following laconick and spirited letter to that minister:

"Thou traitor, *Mazarine*, if thou refusest to deliver *Dunkirk* into the hands of *Lockhart*, my friend and counsellor, whom I have sent with full power to receive it, by the eternal God, I will come and tear thee from thy master's bosom, and hang thee up at the gates of *Paris*."

POETRY.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy
lay,

His hammock swung loose at the sport
of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary his cares flew
away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er
his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native
bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's
merry morn;
While memory stood sideways, half cover-
ed with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted
its thorn.

Now fancy her magical pinions spread
wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy
rise,
Now far, far behind him the green waters
glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses
his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the
thatch,
The swallow sings sweet from her nest
in the wall,
And trembling with transport he raises the
latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to
his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of de-
light,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's
warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the maid of his love, whom his
bosom holds dear.

The heart of the dreamer beats high in
his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships
seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through
his rest;—
“O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for
no more!”

Ah what is that flame which now bursts
on his eye?

Ah what is that sound which now
larums his ear?

'Tis the lightning's rude glare, painting
hell on the sky;

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groans
of the sphere.

He springs from his hammock and flies
to the deck,

Amazement confronts him with images
dire,

Wild winds and mad waves drive the
vessel a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds
are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously
swell,

In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy
to save,

Unseen bands of spirits are ringing his
knell,

And the death-angel flaps his broad
wings o'er the wave.

O sailor boy, wo to thy dream of delight,
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-
work of bliss!

Where now is the picture that fancy
touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's
honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy, sailor boy, never again,
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes
repay:

Full many a score fathom deep down in
the main,

Unseen and unhonoured thy frame shall
decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance
for thee,

Nor redeem form or frame from the
merciless surge;

But the white foam of wave shall thy
winding-sheet be,

And the bleak winds in midnight of
winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs
shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral
shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber
be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion
below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle
away,
And still the vast waters above thee
shall roll,
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye,
O sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy
soul!
M.

THE BLACKBIRD.

[By W. Holloway.]

HARK! hark! how sweet yon blackbird
sings,

Before my casement on the tree!
Ah! rest dear bird! thy jetty wings,
And stay, and breakfast here with me!
Pluck where thou wilt the chosen fruit,
The goosberry, or cherry rare;
The owner will attend my suit,
And for my sake the plund'rer spare.
Thy tuneful predecessors here
Charmed me, in boyhood's idle days!
And now thy mellow numbers dear,
Remind me of their much loved lays.
E'er such companions have I sighed—
For shades and solitudes like these,
In scenes where tumult, strife, and pride,
Have much annoyed my bosom's ease.
Thine are the woods, and thine the vales,
Where thou mayst range with freedom
blest,
When I return where care assails—
For I am but a summer guest.
Well have we met—but meet no more!
Then, O! prolong thy little stay—
For soon, the song and visit o'er,
We each, dear bird! must flit away.

LINES

Upon the Death of the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Adams, who lately died of a Decline in the East Indies.

[By Sir John Carr.]

WHEN Time a mellowing tint has thrown
O'er many a scene to memory dear,
It scatters round a charm unknown;
When first th' impression rested there.

But oh! should distance intervene,
Should Ocean's wave, should changeeful
clime
Divide, how sweeter far the scene,
How richer every tint of time!

E'en thus with these, a treasured few,
Who gladdened life with many a smile,
Tho' long has passed the sad adieu,
In thought we love to dwell awhile.

Then with keen eye and beating heart,
The anxious mind still seeks relief
From those who can the tale impart,
How pass their day in joy or grief.

If haply health and fortune bless,
We feel as if on us they shone;
If sickness and if sorrow press,
Then feeling makes their woes our own.

'Twas thus of Mira oft I thought,
Oft dwelt upon the scenes she graced;
Her form in beauty's mould was wrought,
Her mind the seat of sense and taste.

Long hovering o'er her fleeting breath,
Love kept his watch in silent gloom;
He saw her meekly yield to death,
And knelt a mourner at her tomb.

METAPHORICAL EXPRESSIONS

AND LITERAL TRUTHS COMPARED AND
APPRECIATED.

Written in the year 1797, upon recovering from a pleurisy, and addressed to a passionate and poetick Lover.

WHILE flames of love employ *your* songs,
'Tis mine to chant inflamed lungs.
You sing of torments in the breast,
I, in the region of the chest:
They both are near; but which is best?
Deprived of breath, my pangs deny
The consolation of a sigh—
A consolation *you* enjoy.
Each time I cough, ten thousand smart
Exceed the keenest of your darts.
Do you lament your *freedom* fled?
Behold me captive to my bed!
You rapturous *hug* the chains you *love*,
What can he hug, who cannot move?
You talk of fevers in the brain,
Of pangs that thrill through every vein:
Come look at *me*, and then complain.
You boast of tenderness, and mine is such,
I scream with pain upon the slightest
touch.
I grant some anguish you endure,
But how *cestatic* is your *cure*!—

Two *bleeding hearts*, they say, have charms;
 'Tis not the case with *bleeding arms*;
 Bliss sympathetick would they know,
 If streamlets should for ever flow?
 When charming Chloe *feels your pain*,
 You instantly are well again:
 You drink in *cordials* from her eyes;
 Your bosom glows with sweet surprise;
 Your spirits mount above the skies.
 What is the cure the patient knows?
 A cure that robs him of repose;

With Spanish flies his bosom glows!
 The mildest cordials for his ills
 Are nauseous draughts and bitter pills.
 Intestine tumults often show
 His cure is wretchedness and wo.—
 And, when he feels his bowels move,
 'Tis not the sympathy of love.
 Thus if you grieve, lament, and sigh,
 And moan your fate, ah, well may I.

G.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACT OF OPIUM.

M. Parmentier has made publick a new method of preparing the extract of opium, far superiour to any other hitherto known. It takes from that substance the smell by which it is distinguished, and which is always in proportion to its malignant qualities. The manner of preparing twenty four ounces of opium is as follows: Macerate it in rain-water for five days; then boil it for a quarter of an hour with two pounds of pulverized charcoal; strain and clarify it with white of egg, and by a suitable evaporation you will obtain twelve ounces of extract.

ments, of preserving the air pure in large halls, theatres, hospitals, &c. The apparatus for this purpose is nothing but a common lamp, made according to Argand's construction, suspended from the roof of the hall and kept burning under a funnel, the tube of which rises above the roof without, and is furnished with a ventilator. For his first experiment he filled his large laboratory with the smoke of oak shavings. In a few minutes after he lighted his lamp the whole smoke disappeared, and the air was perfectly purified.

ARTIFICIAL MAGNET.

A German author has lately published a work in which he states a very curious fact. "A person" says he, "having an artificial magnet suspended from the wall of his study, with a piece of iron adhering to it, remarked, for several years, that the flies in the room, though they frequently placed themselves on other iron articles, never settled on the artificial magnet; and even that if any of these insects approached it, they in a moment again removed from it to some distance." "It is worth the trouble," says professor Voigt, who repeats the same circumstance in his journal, "to make further observations on this phenomenon; and, were it confirmed, magnetized iron might be employed to preserve it from being dirtied by flies. Perhaps it might be employed also for other purposes."

THE NUTMEG.

It is a fact which ought to be known to all housewives, that if they begin to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout; whereas the same nutmeg, grated from the other end, would have proved sound and solid to the last. The centre of a nutmeg, consists of a number of fibres issuing from the stalk and its continuation, through the centre of the fruit, the other ends of which fibres, though closely surrounded and pressed by the fruit, do not adhere to it. When the stalk is grated away, those fibres having lost their hold, gradually drop out, and the nutmeg appears hollow; and as more of the stalk is grated away, others drop out in succession, and the hollow continues through the whole nut. By beginning at the contrary end, the fibres above mentioned are grated off at their core end, with the surrounding fruit, and do not drop out and cause a hole. Another circumstance worth knowing, is, that in consequence of the great value of the oil of nutmegs, it is often extracted from the nuts that are exposed to sale, by which they are rendered of very little value. To ascertain the quality of nutmegs, force a pin into them, and

PURE AIR.

Dr. Van Marum has discovered a very simple method, proved by repeated experi-

if good, however dry they may appear, the oil will be seen oozing out all round the pin, from the compression occasioned in the surrounding parts.

USE OF MOSS IN PACKING TREES.

The valuable application of the long, white moss of the marshes, to the packing of young trees for exportation, by Mr. William Curtis, of the Botanick Garden, Brompton, is done by squeezing out part of the moisture from the moss, and laying courses of it about three inches thick, interposed with other courses of the trees (shortened in their branches and roots) stratum above stratum, till the box is filled, when the whole must be trodden down, and the lid properly secured. The trees will want no further care during a voyage of six, seven, or twelve months, as the moss is wonderfully retentive of moisture, whilst its antiseptick quality prevents fermentation or putrefaction. In fact, vegetation proceeds even in this confined state, and blanched and tender shoots are formed, which must be gradually inured to the external light and air. This white moss is very common in most parts of Europe and America, which renders the application more easy, and the discovery more important.

The following recipes are in circulation on the continent, for the destruction of caterpillars, ants, and other insects:—Take about two pounds weight of black soap, the same quantity of flower of sulphur, two pounds weight of truffles, and 15 gallons of water; the whole must be well incorporated by the aid of a gentle warmth. Insects on which this water is sprinkled die immediately.—Query, is this liquor effectual in destroying that noisome vermin, the bug? If so, its composition cannot be made too extensively known; as we do not perceive that it is likely to damage bed-furniture, &c.

On the Revival of an obsolete Mode of managing Strawberries. By the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S. &c.

[From the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, Vol. I. Part I.]

THE custom of laying straw under strawberry plants, when their fruit begins to swell, is, probably, very old in this

country. The name of the fruit bears testimony in favour of this conjecture; for the plant has no relation to straw in any other way, and no other European language applies the idea of straw in any shape to the name of the berry, or to the plant that bears it.

When sir Joseph Banks came to Spring Grove, in 1779, he found this practice in the garden. John Smith, the gardener, well known among his brethren as a man of more than ordinary abilities in the profession, had used it there many years. He learned it soon after he came to London from Scotland; probably at the Neat Houses, where he first worked among the market-gardeners. It is, therefore, clearly an old practice, though now almost obsolete. Its use in preserving a crop is very extensive. It shades the roots from the sun; prevents the waste of moisture by evaporation; and consequently, in dry times, when watering is necessary, makes a less quantity of water suffice than would be used if the sun could act immediately on the surface of the mould. Besides, it keeps the leaning fruit from resting on the earth, and gives the whole an air of neatness, as well as an effect of real cleanliness, which should never be wanting in a gentleman's garden. The strawberry-beds in that garden at Spring Grove, which has been measured for the purpose of ascertaining the expense incurred by this method of management, are about seventy five feet long and five feet wide, each containing three rows of plants, and of course requiring four rows of straw to be laid under them. The whole consists of 600 feet of beds, or 1,800 feet of strawberry plants, of different sorts, in rows.

The strawing of these beds consumed this year, 1806, the long straw of twenty six trusses: for the short straw, being as good for litter as the long straw, but less applicable to this use, is taken out. If we allow, then, on the original twenty six trusses, six for the short straw taken out and applied to other uses, twenty trusses will remain, which cost this year 10*s.* a truss, or 16*s.* 8*d.* being one penny for every nine feet of strawberries in rows. From this original expenditure the value of the manure made by the straw when taken from the beds must be deducted; as the whole of it goes undiminished to the dunghill as soon as the crop is over. The cost of this practice, therefore, cannot be considered as heavy. In the present year, not a single shower fell in Spring Grove, from the time the straw was laid down till the crop of scarlets was nearly finished, at the end of June. The expense

of strawing was, therefore, many times repaid, by the saving made in the labour of watering; and the profit of this saving was immediately brought to account in the increase of other crops, by the use of water spared from the strawberries; and besides, the berries themselves were, under this management, as fair, and nearly as large, as in ordinary years, but the general complaint of the gardeners this year was, that the scarlets did not reach half their natural size, and of course required twice as many to fill a pottle as would do it in a good year. In wet years, the straw is of less importance in this point of view; but in years moderately wet, the use of strawing sometimes makes watering wholly unnecessary, when gardeners who do not straw are under the necessity of resorting to it; and we all know, if watering is once begun, it cannot be left off till rain enough has fallen to give the ground a thorough soaking. Even in wet years, the straw does considerable service. Heavy rains never fail to dash up abundance of mould, and fix it upon the berries. This is entirely prevented, as well as the dirtiness of those berries that lean down upon the earth; so that the whole crop is kept pure and clean. No earthy taste will be observed in eating the fruit that has been strawed; and the cream which is sometimes soiled, when mixed with strawberries, by the dirt that adheres to them, especially in the early part of the season, will retain to the last drop that unsullied red and white which give almost as much satisfaction to the eye while we are eating it, as the taste of that most excellent mixture does to the palate.

MR. JOHN DAVENPORT [*Barlem*] has obtained a patent for a *Method of ornamenting all kinds of Glass, in Imitation of Engraving, &c. by Means of which any Designs, however elaborate, may be executed in a Style of Elegance hitherto unknown.*

The method heretofore known for engraving on glass, has been by means of a machine with wheels, of different substances, which have been employed with sand, &c. to grind off some parts of the surface of the glass which is to be engraved on, and then by means of grinding and polishing different parts on the rough surface, the different figures are formed according to the design given. By this invention, instead of grinding or taking off any part of the surface of the glass, the

patentee, lays on an additional surface or coating of glass, prepared for the purpose, which, when subjected to a proper degree of heat, will incorporate with the glass to be operated upon, so as to produce an effect similar to that which has hitherto been obtained by means of grinding. When it is required to ornament glass, then, previously to the heat being applied, with an etching or engraving tool such parts are to be taken out as will produce the required effect, and that in a much superiour way to the effect produced by the usual mode of grinding, polishing, &c. The materials used are to be melted in a crucible, or other pot, and they are to be made up in the same manner, as if used for the making of the best flint glass, broken glass, or as it is usually denominated, "cullitt" being the principal ingredient in it. Mr. D. gives several mixtures, of which the first is; 160 parts of cullitt; 10 of pearl ashes; 40 of red lead; 10 of arrence.

The second is; 120 parts of cullitt; 160 of red lead; 60 of sand; 60 of borax.

The third is; 70 parts of red lead; 22 1/2 of sand; 40 of calcined borax.

When these are subjected to such a heat, as to be thereby completely fused, he takes equal parts of each mixture, and grinds them to an impalpable powder, for the purpose of being mixed with a menstruum proper for coating the glass.

The menstruum consists of one part of double refined loaf sugar, dissolved in two parts of pure water; to which is added, at the time of mixing the powder, about one-third part of common writing ink. The effect, we are told, produced by this addition, is similar to that produced by the addition of oxyd of manganese, used in a small quantity by the glass makers, in making their best flint glass, because, without such an addition, the specimens would be of a cloudy or milky appearance. A quantity of this menstruum is used sufficient to render the ground mixture of a proper consistence for laying on with a thin, smooth surface. When the coating or mixture is thus prepared, the glass is to be coated by means of a camel's hair brush, or squirrel's foot, &c. It is then to be exposed to a heat sufficient to produce a semivitrification of the coated surface, and to incorporate it with the substance or body of glass, so coated. But the heat must not be carried higher than this, because in that case, a complete vitrification would ensue, and the desired effect of having a surface in imitation of the rough surface produced by grinding, would not be obtained. The article must, under such circum-

stances, be re-coated, and submitted again to the fire. If after the coating has been applied, any borders, cyphers, or other ornaments, are wanted to be executed thereon, then previously to the heat being applied, with an etching or engraving tool, such parts of the coated surface must be chased out, as will produce the desired effect, after which the requisite degree of heat is to be applied.

This invention is not only applicable to all kinds of useful and ornamental articles of glass ware, on which the common methods of engraving have been practised, but may be applied to window-glass and plate-glass, of every description, in place of grinding, for the purpose of making window-blinds. It is also said to be peculiarly adapted to produce beautiful specimens of art, for the windows of altar-pieces, libraries, museums, coach-windows, and for the glass used in ornamental buildings of all descriptions. This invention has another advantage over the common method, by the work wearing much cleaner than the work of ground-glass; the surface of which being fractured by the action of the wheel, &c. is therefore liable to gather dirt on the rough, unpolished parts of the borders, &c.

TOBACCO.

A chymist at Paris has lately made several curious experiments on tobacco, which, if found to be correct, will occasion a great innovation in the trade and manufacture of that vegetable. His results were, that the acrid principle of tobacco differs from that of all other vegetables whose properties are known; that it can, by an easy process, be separated from the plant, either green or dried, and in a liquid state; and that the juice thus extracted may be combined with the dried leaves of any tree, and thus form tobacco. The remains of the plant, after the acrid principle is thus separated, have neither smell nor taste.

To Restore the Lustre of Glasses which are tarnished by age or accident.

Strow on them powdered fuller's earth, carefully cleared from sand, &c. and rub them with a linen cloth.

AROMATICK VINEGAR.

An ingenious gentleman, after justly observing that there are many insulated facts in chymistry, of which the publick remain for years without a knowledge, has published the following recipe.

Take of common vinegar any quantity, of powdered clalk, or common whitening with it to destroy the acidity, then let the white matter subside and pour off the insipid supernatant liquor; afterwards let the white powder be dried either in the open air or by a fire. When it is dry, pour upon it sulphurick acid [oil of vitriol] as long as white and acid fumes continue to ascend. Stone vessels are the properest to be used on this occasion, as the acid will not act upon them. This product is the acetick acid, known in the shops by the name of aromatick vinegar. Its simplicity and cheapness points it out as the most useful preparation for purifying the air of prisons, hospital ships, and even private houses when contaminated by any kind of contagion.

This acid in a liquid state may be best obtained from the apparatus of Nooth, and it must of course be collected in water.

ANCIENT SCULPTURE.

The Eugenian Museum, at Milan, has lately been enriched with eight new pieces, discovered in the excavations at Aquilegi, consisting of a group of two busts in marble, remarkable for the elegance of their drapery; a statue without a head, likewise of marble; an arm adorned with bracelets, the hand holding an instrument that was employed in sacrifices; the upper extremity of a cippus, several sepulchral caskets of lead; a stone inkstand; and several sarcophagi.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

Articles of literary intelligence, inserted by the booksellers in the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

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A Second Journey in Spain, in the Spring of 1809. By Robert Semple, 8vo. 8s.

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PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Rev. Josiah Pratt is preparing two Volumes for the press, one of which will contain Memoirs of Young Men, and the other Memoirs of Young Women. These Memoirs are compiled or abridged from authentick documents, and are designed to illustrate the nature and operation of real Religion.

The Favourite Village, with an additional Poem never before published, by the late poetry Professor of Oxford, Dr. Hurdia, will be published in a few weeks.

Travels through the States of the Empire of Morocco in the year 1806, By Dr. Buffa, Physician to the Forces, will be published very shortly in an octavo volume. His correspondence with that court, relative to the Interests of Great Britain, including a Letter from the Emperor of Morocco himself to the King of Great Britain is prefixed to it.

A Translation of M. de Luc's Travels in the North of Europe, will appear in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. Ticken intends to publish a Historical Atlas, ancient and modern, to consist of six select charts.

Early in February was to be published, in one vol. 8vo. price 7s. A Sequel to the Expedition of Humphrey Clinker, a Novel found amongst a collection of old manuscripts, and universally allowed by the numerous literary characters who have perused it to be the production of the late Dr. Tobias Smollet, Author of the History of England, Roderick Random, &c. Printed at the Philanthropick, for Mr. John Kerr, Lambeth.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR JUNE, 1810.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Voyage dans le Tyrol, &c. i. e. A Tour in the Tyrol, to the Salt Mines of Salzburg and of Reichenhall, and through Part of Bavaria. By the Chevalier de Bray, Privy Counsellor of State to H. M. the King of Bavaria, &c. 12mo. pp. 254. Paris, 1808. Price 5s. sewed.

AMONG the Alpine regions of Europe, the Tyrol stands preeminent for the rich variety of its picturesque scenery. Swisserland, it is true, presents objects that are more stupendous; but, if the masses are more vast, the outline is not so broken, nor are the most impressive features of landscape so much blended and so fully brought within the range of the eye, as in the Tyrolean district. Here the traveller who delights in the union of the sublime and the beautiful, is sure to receive the highest gratification: here mountains and defiles of the boldest character, *glaciers*, cataracts, and lakes of the most singular kind, with woods and valleys of a peculiar physiognomy, constitute a *tout ensemble*, within the scope also of distinct vision, which overwhelms the beholder with such impressions and feelings as no words can express. To the striking grandeur of the scenery is added a peculiarity of character in the inhabitants; who possess all the manly virtues of mountaineers; who are hardy, frugal, and industrious; who are at once ingenious, brave, and superstitious; and who cherish an ardent love of liberty, and the most enthusiastick attachment to their native hills.

In the Tyrol, then, nature and man both urge the most forcible

claims to the attention of the philosopher, and open an ample fund from which he can richly repay himself. Often, therefore, as we have been summoned by travellers to repeat this journey, we are never sorry to receive a fresh invitation. By the account which the French editor gives of the work of M. de Bray, we were induced to expect much gratification from it; though the small size and humble appearance of the volume did not seem to justify so high a eulogy on the author, as "that he had in his account omitted nothing, that he had said every thing in a few words, and said every thing well." Yet, notwithstanding this declaration, by which we were prepared for something worth reading, we did not enter on the perusal of this little book with prepossessions that were fatal to the result. M. de Bray has, indeed, condensed much information and amusement in a very narrow space, and has afforded a more distinct view of the Tyrol than is to be found in much larger and more pompous volumes. His account of the salt mines and salt works at Salzburg and at Reichenhall is so perspicuous, that the reader clearly apprehends the manner in which the salt is found embodied in the bowels of the earth, the mode in which the mines are

worked, and the different processes employed for extracting the pure salt and fitting it for use. Human ingenuity, availing itself of the energies of nature, abridges human industry, and, by a judicious application of the mechanical powers, makes machinery play the part of hands and feet. At Reichenhall this truth is amply exemplified, where a common Bavarian carpenter (another Brindley) without education, has planned and constructed a complete piece of machinery, by which water is raised and distributed, saw-mills and forges are worked with precision, and the several articles necessary in the manufacture of salt are produced. The different galleries in these stupendous salt mines are described by the chevalier, both as to the effect of these subterraneous excavations on the mind of the traveller who explores them, and as to the energy of the people who are employed in them.

“The appearance of the interior of a mine is very striking. When we were conducted into it, the galleries were illuminated, and the eye could not reach to the end of these long subterranean alleys, which seemed to be the avenues of some temple consecrated to the infernal deities. Nothing is more beautiful and impressive than the appearance of these vast caverns; and of the commodious galleries in which we pass without danger along them; where on all sides we are struck with the adventurous spirit and industry of the human race; where we observe the miners wandering about like shadows, or working like the Cyclops; where all the elements are employed to snatch from nature treasures which appear to be inexhaustible; where the thunder occasioned by the blowing up of the rocks, the deafening noise of the waters which rush along the subterraneous canals, the profound silence which succeeds the most terrific explosions, the dim light of the flambeaux, and the glitter of the crystals of salt reflecting the light; where in short, the *tout ensemble* forms a magick scene which at once captivates the imagination and promotes reflection. In the chambers where they blow up the rock with gunpowder, round the fosse which has been excavated,

is carried a gallery from which the bottom cannot be perceived. Ten mines had now been charged, and the lights were extinguished before the blast was made. It is impossible to describe the effect of this explosion, of that sombre light which precedes it, of the subterranean thunder which follows it, and of the long and powerful shakes which are communicated to the side walls of these dark caverns, the roofs of which tremble and vibrate like the covering of some enormous drum. Here all is bustle, activity, and motion. As we pass through the long galleries, for the most part magnificently vaulted, we see enormous levers, pistons, and the long branches of the pumps; vast cylinders in motion; and water rapidly flowing in long troughs of wood, and carried off by under ground drains. Every where we observe the conduits of the saline waters leading to one common reservoir, though separated in many instances, on account of the different qualities of the brine; to be thence forced up by a pump to reservoirs above, where they undergo other operations. We seem here to be suddenly initiated into the secrets of those great laws of motion which govern the world, and admitted to contemplate the action of those immense wheels which move the machine of the universe.”

Many other observations are made on the properties, mode of working, and profits of these stupendous salt mines; which we must refrain from transcribing in order to attend the chevalier in his farther rambles when he quits the shades and gains this upper world. Amusing as is his account of this region of darkness, we cannot say that it so highly pleases us as some of his above-ground pictures.

No sooner does the traveller emerge into day, than he takes us into an eminently romantick country; for not even Switzerland presents any thing more curious or attractive than the country of Salzburg, that of Berchtesgaden, and the mountainous part of Bavaria. At a small distance from Berchtesgaden, is a celebrated lake, which the tourist in course visits, and the scenery of which he has endeavoured to portray in description. Whether any verbal painting can convey an ade-

quate idea of the lake itself, and of the assemblage of wonders which surrounded it, may be doubted: but the detail of M. De Bray would certainly furnish the landscape painter with materials for a very sublime composition. Our readers shall see the picture of the lake of Kœnigssée or St. Barthélemy, as it is sketched in the small volume before us:

"I do not believe that a lake exists which is so wonderfully shut in as that of Kœnigssée. Immense mountains, running up to a point, enclose it on every side; while their bases reach to the bottom of the waters, whose gloomy though pure surface reflects their lofty summits. The declivity of these eternal walls is so sharp, that it is impossible to carry a walk round on the borders of the lake. On all parts to the right, its shores are inaccessible. That side, washed by torrents of rain and snow, produces only a few stunted pines and some slender herbage. The eastern side is less bold and more wooded, but excessively steep, and can be ascended only by men who are accustomed to climb mountains and to brave the sight of their precipices. Often from the middle of the lake we observe some *Chamois* running and skipping about; for nothing can equal the agility and nimbleness of these animals, which leap the sharpest rocks, and seem to hover over their summits. The most intrepid hunter with difficulty pursues them into their formidable retreats; and sometimes, when hard pressed, they will throw themselves from a great height into the water of the lake, there encountering other enemies who follow them in small boats, when they endeavour to escape by swimming.

"The two enormous walls, which nature has placed on the two sides of this lake, so completely confine it as to cause an invariable calm and freshness to prevail. The sun can only for a few hours warm its waters, and their excessive depth contributes also to maintain a coldness which is injurious to the propagation of fish. Many streams precipitate themselves from the top of the mountains, falling in cascades almost perpendicular into the lake, which at a distance resemble long ribands of silver playing over masses of verdure. One of these cascades falls from an elevation of more than 300 feet. Nothing, however, can equal the beauty of that which we discover above the peninsula of St. Barthélemy. It is formed by a stream of

which the current is dammed up by a sluice, in order to float down the wood which is felled in the mountains. The spectator places himself on a bank directly opposite to the spot at which the torrent falls into the lake. The usual flow of water forms a very beautiful spectacle: but, at a given signal, when the sluices are opened, we perceive above the tops of the highest trees a frightful body of white foam, like snow, pushing irresistibly forwards. It bounds, it precipitates itself in murmurs, it divides, it dashes in a thousand different forms on the rocks which oppose its course, and falls from a perpendicular height of 240 feet into the vast depth of the Kœnigssée. In the season for felling timber, the workmen collect whole forests in the basins which are above the sluices; and, as soon as these are opened, the wood, thus formed into masses, is carried down by the torrent, descending with a horrible crash, and describing vast parabolas as they are thrown at a distance into the water of the lake. At the moment when this mass precipitates itself, a gloomy murmur is heard, the forest appears agitated by a sudden tempest, the trees hang their humid heads, and a terrible storm seems to be approaching. In fact, as soon as the torrent has reached the Kœnigssée, a violent rumbling wind scatters every thing around it; and the waters of the lake are so strongly agitated that it would be dangerous to be near the place of its fall. At the distance of more than 200 toises, or 400 yards, our boat was violently shaken, we were inundated with a humid dust, and felt a sudden cold: but the astonishment excited by so beautiful a spectacle engrossed every other faculty, and we could not remove our eyes from so magnificent a picture, which was enlarged in the imagination. Here let us listen with rapture to that sublime voice, which nature makes heard only in deserts and vast solitudes.

"The convent of St. Barthélemy is, indeed, the only edifice to be seen in this grand and majestic amphitheatre; and its solitary position seems to add to the reflective incitements of the spot, and to speak powerfully to the mind of the spectator. I know not by what melancholy disposition I then painted to myself the pious recluses rambling on these contemplative shores: but I transported myself in idea to this holy retreat, and traversed these uninhabited rocks and shores, where the noise of waters and of winds brings to remembrance a tumultuous and agitated life. Here all is concentrated in one single idea. The immensity of nature typifies the

eternity of its author. Man alone, in the midst of such grand objects, blushes for a moment at his insignificance: but, proud to feel in himself the faculty of admiring them he soon launches into the highest regions of thought. Thus he figures to himself a world still more grand, and pictures still more magnificent, which, a secret voice whispers to him, he shall be called one day to enjoy. Now, all that was before astonishing sinks in his estimation, and this sole thought remains, that God is greater than all the objects with which we are surrounded."

The author apologizes for the warm enthusiasm of these reflections: but scenery such as he has delineated cannot be surveyed without strong emotion; and we should not envy the *temperament* of that man who could contemplate nature in its utmost sublimity, without ascending, in thought, to the throne of Nature's God. Such a spot as the lake of Koenigssée would be a bad closet for an atheist.

Quitting Berchtesgaden, the tourist proceeds to Traunstein and to Rosenheim, between which places is the largest lake in Bavaria, called Chiemsee, 20 leagues round; and, crossing the Inn, he stays a few days at Munich.

Chapter II. includes a tour to the upper Isar, and into the county of Werdenfels. Among other notices, it contains an enumeration of the beautiful Alpine plants which are to be found in the Tyrol. Ascending the high mountains, M. De Bray gives a sketch of the landscape from their summits; and, in speaking of the peasantry who inhabit them, he does not forget to inform us how much their happiness is promoted by the pure passion of love.

In the third chapter, we are presented with various details on statistics, geography, and morals, chiefly relative to the Tyrol. These, however honourable to the Tyrolean character, afford no inviting account of the country as a place of permanent residence. A wild and romantic region is not productive. The

people of the Tyrol are scantily supplied: in the elevated vallies, the prevalence of cold obstructs vegetation; and only by industry and temporary emigrations, the inhabitants obtain a supply of necessaries; yet they love their country; never entirely quit it; and have high ideas of liberty. Having great command of water, the Tyrolese avail themselves of this circumstance in the erection of mills, which are usual appendages to the cottages; and to such an extent is machinery carried, that an instance is given of a cradle being rocked by a rope connected with one of these mills. We should be betrayed into an immoderate length, were we to copy the traits of character contained in this part of the work; and we can only state from it that the Tyrol, not including the Voralberg, contains 480 square miles, and that the population was estimated in 1801 (the time of this excursion) at 700,000.

We are conducted, in the last chapter of this volume, through the largest portion of the Tyrol, from Mittenwalde to Zirl, Inspruck, Brenner, Sterzingen, and Brixen, to Bolzano or Botzen. After having retraced the same route, M. de Bray visits a portion of Bavaria, in the vicinity of Munich, of which he affords the most pleasing description; comparing the country from Weilheim to Stahremberg, to our Blenheim park and Richmond. Nothing, indeed, appears to escape his observation which is worthy of notice, and we seem to accompany him as he proceeds. He speaks of the physiognomy of the Tyroleans as having an expression of something gay and open, and as displaying a character strongly marked. Of Inspruck, the capital, which is surrounded on all sides by immense mountains, he states that "it contains some noblesse, but few people of fortune. The noblesse of the Tyrol have little wealth, and are much in debt. The nature of the country, in some

measure,* excludes great possessions." The inns, however, are reported to be tolerable, and the reception of the traveller pleasant. We are advised not to overlook the brilliant glacier of Ferner, and other striking objects. Through the whole route, such wonders present them-

selves, that it is impossible for the reader not to envy the chevalier the pleasure of this excursion, and to wish that his account had been more minute. But brevity is a more pardonable and less frequent fault than dull prolixity.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Letters from Canada, written during a Residence there in the years 1806, 1807 and 1808; showing the present State of Canada, its Productions, Trade, Commercial Importance and Political Relations:—Illustrative of the Laws, the Manners of the People, and the Peculiarities of the Country and Climate. Exhibiting also the Commercial Importance of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton: and their increasing ability, in Conjunction with Canada, to furnish the necessary supplies of Lumber and Provisions to our West India Islands. By Hugh Gray. 8vo. pp. 406. 12s. Boards. 1809.

THE interruption of intercourse between our West India colonies and the United States, in consequence of the American embargo, has fixed, of late years, an increased share of publick attention on our remaining portion of the North American continent. The traders connected with Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick have sought to avail themselves of this opportunity to effect a permanent exclusion of the American citizens from our sugar colonies; and although our Board of Trade has not complied with their applications to the full extent of them, enough has been done to place the United States on a footing of comparative disadvantage. In the volume before us, Mr. Gray comes forward in the character of an opponent of those States. He has adopted an opinion which is unfortunately current among persons who should be better informed, that it would be beneficial to England to discourage the traffick between our sugar islands and the American States; and he does not hesitate to recommend compulsory measures for the accomplishment of this favourite object. Having al-

ready discussed this question at length,* it is unnecessary for us at present to make any other observations on it than that Mr. Gray, though evidently acquainted with mercantile routine, appears to be a stranger to the principles of trade; and that the projects recommended by him and others, in regard to our sugar colonies, have never received the countenance of men who are conversant with the real causes of national wealth.

We take early leave, therefore, of Mr. Gray, in his capacity of political speculator, and attend him in that of traveller; in which we find him, in no small degree, diligent and entertaining. He has followed the example of other travellers in conveying his remarks in the form of letters to a friend. After having mentioned the propriety of recording, without delay, the first impressions excited by a new scene, he proceeds to describe his arrival in the St. Lawrence, and to expatiate, in terms of rapture, on the delightful prospect from Quebec. None of the views which he had seen in the course of his travels on the continent of Europe, nor from Gibraltar, from

* See Monthly Review for May 1809, p. 70.

Bellegarde in the Pyrenees, from Montpellier, nor from Cintra near Lisbon, are to be preferred to this specimen of American scenery. He enlarges also very justly on the commercial advantages of its situation in extent of water carriage: but he allows imagination to carry him too far, when he contemplates [page 73] the possibility of Quebec being the first city in America; because the length and rigour of her winter, which suspends navigation and almost all other business during half the year, will form an insuperable obstacle to that proud elevation. Of the intenseness of the cold, he gives several very striking examples. Experiments have been made on iron shells, by military men, to ascertain the force of the expansion of freezing water. After having nearly filled the shells with water, iron plugs were strongly driven in at the fuze hole by means of sledge hammers: but they could never be so firmly fixed as to resist the expanding ice, which sometime afterward pushed out the plugs with great force and velocity, a bolt or cylinder of ice immediately shooting up from the hole. When a plug was used with springs to lay hold of the inside of the shell, so that it could not possibly be pushed out, the force of the expansion split the shell. The great distance to which these iron plugs were thrown shows the amazing power of the expansion of frost; a plug of 2½ lb. weight being thrown 415 feet from the shell. A different experiment, of a still more remarkable nature, we shall relate in the author's own words. It is mentioned when he is describing his journey to the southward over Lake Champlain, in the depth of winter:

"The Lake, though 120 miles long, is not broad, seldom above 10 to 15 miles; and there are a great many islands and headlands, which direct the course of the pilot in summer, and the cariole or sleigh driver in winter.

"So soon as the weather moderated, we set out on the lake; and took a guide

for some time till we should fall in with some one going our way, or discover a track in the snow to direct us.

"Travelling on Lake Champlain is, at all times, really dangerous; and I would not advise any one to attempt it, if it can be avoided; which may generally be done by lengthening the route. Instead of going on the Lake to Burlington, or Skeensborough, you may go by way of St. John's, Windmill point, and Sandbar, to Burlington, and from thence to Skeensborough.

"It is very common for sleigh, horses, and men, to fall through the ice, where the water is some hundred feet deep; and you have no warning of your danger till the horses drop in, pulling the sleigh after them; luckily the weak places are of no great extent; you extricate yourself from the sleigh as quickly as possible, and you find the ice generally strong enough to support you, though it would not bear the weight of the horses. You instantly lend your aid in pulling out the horses, and in endeavouring to save them, which is done in a manner perfectly unique, and which will require the greatest stretch of your faith in my veracity to believe—the horses are strangled to save their lives.

"When the horses fall through the ice [there are almost always two in an American sleigh] the struggles and exertions they make, serve only to injure and sink them; for, that they should get out of themselves, is, from the nature of the thing perfectly impossible. When horses go on the Lake, they always have, round their necks, a rope with a running noose. I observed that our horses had each of them such a rope; and on inquiry, found out for what purpose it was intended. The moment the ice breaks, and the horses sink into the water, the driver, and those in the sleigh, get out, and catching hold of the ropes, pull them with all their force, which, in a very few seconds, strangles the horses; and no sooner does this happen, than they rise in the water, float on one side, are drawn out on strong ice, the noose of the rope is loosened, and respiration recommences; in a few minutes the horses are on their feet, as much alive as ever. This operation has been known to be performed two or three times a day, on the same horses; for, when the spring advances, the weak places in the lake become very numerous; and the people whose business leads them often on it, frequently meet with accidents. They tell you that horses which are often on the lake, get so accustomed to being hanged, that they think nothing at all of it.

"Pray, tell me, do you not think that this is one of those *stories* that *travellers* imagine they may tell with impunity, *having a license*?—Seriously, you are wrong. Though this manner of saving horses, and getting them out of the water, appears extraordinary, yet, I assure you, the thing is very common, and known to every one who has been accustomed to travel on the lakes and rivers of this country during winter. The attempt, however, does not always succeed. It sometimes happens, that both sleigh and horses go to the bottom: and the men too, if they cannot extricate themselves in time. There was an instance of it on lake Champlain, a few days before I crossed it.

"These weak places of the ice, which prove so treacherous, have been later in freezing than the surrounding ice. In all lakes, and large bodies of fresh water, there are some places which never freeze; and some which freeze much later than others. It is to be accounted for, probably, in this way. The great body of the water is of a higher temperature than the atmosphere, although the surface has been cooled down below the freezing point, and become ice. The water is constantly giving out its heat to the atmosphere, at some particular place which thereby is kept from freezing for a considerable time. By and by, when the frost becomes very intense, that place at length freezes, but does not acquire the strength necessary to support the horses."

Another danger in this sort of travelling arises from the fissures in the ice.

"Large cracks, or openings, run from one side of the lake to the other; some of them, six feet broad at least. I had not proceeded many miles on the lake before I met with a crack; but instead of an opening, I found that at this place the ice had shelved up to the height of several feet; and I learned that this was an indication of their being an opening further on. At the distance of eight or ten miles from this place, I was surprised to observe the driver put his horses to their full speed. I could see no cause for it. In a few minutes, however, I saw the crack or opening, about five feet broad. We were at it in a moment. It was impossible to check the horses, or to stop and consider, of the practicability of passing, or of the consequences. The driver, without consulting any one, had made up his mind on the subject. The horses took the leap, and

cleared the opening, carrying the sleigh and its contents with them. The concussion on the opposite side was so great, however, that the runners of the sleigh were broken, and there was a great chance of our being thrown, by the violence of the concussion, out of the sleigh, into the gulf we had crossed: this had very nearly taken place; but I was fortunate enough to regain my seat. By the help of some cords we repaired our damage, and proceeded on our journey. We met with several other cracks, but as they were not in general above a foot or two in breadth, we passed them without fear or accident. When the ice is cleared of snow, which was frequently the case, I could see that it was about a foot in thickness; yet it made a crackling noise as we went along and seemed to *give* to the weight of the sleigh and horses, as we advanced, which produced sensations not very pleasant."

Summer travelling in Canada is performed in a calesh, a vehicle with a single horse and two wheels, without springs or cushions. Neither this conveyance, nor the Canadian *auberges*, can stand a comparison with the comforts of travelling in England: but, rude as they are, Mr. Gray has no hesitation in preferring them to the carriages and inns of Spain, Portugal, and even of France.

The population of Lower Canada, or the country lying along the course of the St. Lawrence, from above Montreal to the sea, exceeds 200,000. Of Upper Canada, the most populous part lies in a southwest direction from Lower Canada, ascending the St. Lawrence by its left bank, and occupying the northern shores of lakes Ontario and Erie. Thirty years ago, this tract was nearly one continued forest; but its climate, in consequence of its southward position, being less severe than that of lower Canada, it has become of late years, a preferable resort in the opinion of settlers. Its population amounts to 100,000, consisting of a mixture of British and Americans from the United States. The inhabitants of Lower Canada are almost all French, being the posterity of the colonists who occupied it when

it fell into our possession in 1760.—The administration of justice, as far at least as it regards the law of debtor and creditor, is in no better state than in our sugar-colonies. “A man [page 120] needs not pay his debts here unless he thinks proper; he has only to intrench himself behind the forms and quibbles of the law, and laugh at his creditors.”—In pursuance of the erroneous policy which we have adopted in all our transatlantic colonies, a trader in Canada cannot be declared a bankrupt; his property cannot be put in trust for the benefit of his creditors; nor can he even be prevented from disposing of it in almost any way which he thinks fit. Neither can he be arrested, unless on oath that he is about to leave the country. If he be sued, he may put off his creditor from term to term by a succession of quibbles; and if at last judgment be obtained in the lower court, the matter is carried to the court of appeals, where a year or two can easily be wasted. After all this, an appeal may then be made to the king and council, so that one appeal follows another till the patience of the creditor is exhausted; and the worst is that, during all this time, the debtor is combating the creditor with the money which he ought to have paid to the latter. The consequence of the want of law, and of the disadvantages inseparable from intercourse with a newly settled country, has been that the majority of mercantile adventurers in Canada have failed. Of the English manufactures exported to this colony, no payment has been made for a considerable proportion, but it has been, as in other quarters, deceitfully transferred from the hands of their British owners to those of colonial settlers.

It is said that, previously to our conquest of Canada, the inhabitants were honest and punctual in the performance of their various engagements; but that, after the con-

quest, almost all the persons of the greatest respectability, those who, by example or authority were qualified to keep good order in the country, and who knew the people, their prejudices, and their wants, left it and went to France. In their room came English governors and judges, who, though well meaning and just, were strangers to the laws and customs of the people. The lower ranks of the Canadians, and a large proportion of the middle ranks, are immersed in profound ignorance; and to be able to read and write is an attainment not always possessed even by those who aspire to seats in their provincial assembly.

The constitution lately given to Canada was formed on the model of our own. Upper and Lower Canada, being very different in language and manners, are governed by distinct assemblies; the consequence of which is, that the French colonists, being far more numerous in Lower Canada than the English, have a correspondent majority in the legislature. This circumstance gives no small offence to Mr. Gray, who labours hard to show that these illiterate settlers have no right to a voice in the administration. But we cannot compliment him on a knowledge of the principles of government; any more than of the laws of commerce. He remarks, indeed, with great justice, that we are too eager to introduce our constitution among people who are by no means fitted to receive it, as in the case of Corsica. But, in attempting to point out a remedy for the defects of our Canada government, he ventures on a subject which is foreign to the occupations of a merchant, and should be reserved for minds that are accustomed to profound investigation.

A similar observation may be made on Mr. G's account [p. 158] of the manners of the Indians. It is marked by that precision which is the result of actual observation, but it discovers no traces of an acquaint-

tance with the general history of civilisation. A different testimony, however, is due to Mr. Gray when he avoids speculation, and confines himself to matters within the sphere of a merchant. His statements then bear the stamp of care and accuracy, and form documents of considerable importance to those who are interested in Canadian affairs.

After having noticed the perseverance with which the Roman catholic missionaries, in a former age, explored the interior of Canada, submitting to the miseries of savage life, and setting its dangers at defiance, Mr. Gray remarks that the catholics and protestants continue to live, in this quarter, on the best terms. They go without scruple to each other's marriages, baptisms, and burials; and they have even been known to make use of the same church for religious worship, one party occupying it in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. Of the slowness of the Canadians in adopting improvements, the following may be taken as a specimen:

"It is only within these very few years that barley has been known in this country. It was introduced by a gentleman who erected a distillery near Quebec. He imported the seed from England, and after much pains taken to overcome the antipathy which the Canadian *habitants* has to experiments, he succeeded in prevailing upon them to give it a trial. He gave them the seed gratis, and bound himself to pay

them a *certain* sum for each acre they should sow, whatever the produce might be. In this way he overcame their prejudices; and barley is now very common in all parts of the country."

The quantity of wheat exported from Canada varies from half a million to a million of bushels. It is what we term in this country spring-wheat, the seed being put into the ground so late as May, and the harvest finished in the beginning of September. It obtains a higher price at Glasgow than at London, because the wheat in the West of Scotland is of such a quality (in consequence of the wetness of the climate) as to be materially improved by an admixture of the hard and dry grain of Canada. In Upper Canada, the grain is generally converted either into flower or biscuit before exportation; the length of the navigation to the coast rendering it an object to compress bulk in order to save freight.

The abstract which we have given will be sufficient to convey to our readers an idea of the plan of Mr. Gray's book, and of the different subjects which he has introduced into it. The arrangement of his materials has been made with care, and his style possesses animation; so that the author may be said to have performed his task well, except in those places in which he has ventured out of his depth.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Memoirs of British Quadrupeds: illustrative, principally, of their Habits of Life, Instincts, Sagacity, and Uses to Mankind. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A. M. Fellow of the Linnean Society, and late of Peterhouse, Cambridge. 8vo. in two parts, 630 pages, and 71 engravings.

THIS, in the preface, is stated to be the first volume of a projected series of memoirs of British animals; in which, for the accommodation of such persons as are inclined to pursue the study of any one branch of the zoology of these islands in

preference to the others, each class will be rendered perfectly distinct from the rest. Of all the classes, from the quadrupeds to the insects, the author says, he intends to give an account of every known species; but that from the insects, downward,

owing to the immensity of their numbers, it will not be possible for him to do more than insert a description of the several orders and genera, and to delineate the habits of life and economy of the most interesting species.

Mr. Bingley commences the present volume with a general view of the structure and functions of quadrupeds; and the first genus that he describes is that of the bat. We here find many original and very interesting remarks. All the animals of this tribe are extremely singular in their economy; and, until the celebrated experiments that were made upon them by the abbé Spallanzani, their habits and instincts were but little understood. These experiments were intended to ascertain by what means the animals were enabled in the dark, when even their eyes and their ears were perfectly closed, to avoid obstacles placed in the way of their flight, and so placed as even to render it a matter of some difficulty to avoid them. From Mr. Bingley's account of the common bat, we select the following description of the mode in which that animal contrives to eat when the insects on which it feeds are so large as not easily to have admission into its mouth.

"At different times, I have had several of these bats alive; but in the spring of 1804 I caught one, which, within an hour afterwards, had courage sufficient to take food out of my hand. I held one of the common house flies in my fingers, in such manner as to touch the animal's nose, and rouse it from sleep. It made a kind of smack with its mouth; threw itself suddenly forward by its hind feet; and immediately devoured the insect. I then caught for it one of the large, blue, flesh-flies. I touched its nose with this, as I had done with the former, and the animal seized it precisely in the same manner. But in the latter case, there was some difficulty. The fly was so large, that, notwithstanding the width of the bat's mouth, it could not entirely have admission. My curiosity was excited to know in what manner it would so dispose the fly as to get it down its

throat; since its fore feet were evidently useless for the purpose. I was soon satisfied. The animal, raising itself somewhat higher than usual on its fore legs, bent its head with great dexterity under its belly, and forced the insect into its mouth, by thrusting it, from side to side, against that part of the membrane which extended betwixt the two hind legs. I cannot be mistaken in this particular; for, during the life of the animal, the experiment was often repeated."

Mr. Bingley enumerates six British species of bats; and he has figured them all except the lesser horse-shoe bat. He then proceeds with the seals. We shall insert, for the entertainment of our readers, some of the anecdotes which he has related of a pied seal that was caught in the month of December, 1778.—This animal was supposed to have been very old when taken. Its teeth were yellow and much worn; and its whiskers of great length, white, and the hairs very rough. Notwithstanding its great age, it was soon rendered docile and tractable.

"It was attentive to the voice of its owner, and, on all occasions, obeyed his commands with great readiness. It would bend itself, roll round, turn on its back, give the man one of its paws or fins; or elevate the upper parts of its body out of the water of the tub in which it was kept, according to his orders. It answered to his call or signs by its voice, which was hoarse, and seemed to proceed from the bottom of its throat, and had some resemblance to the hoarse bellowing of a bull. On attentively watching the animal, it appeared that this sound (though less harsh) was produced on inspiring as well as on expiring air. It would answer its master, when it heard his voice, though he were at some distance, and out of sight. Whenever this was the case, it seemed to search for him with its eyes; and as soon as it again perceived him, though only after a few moments' absence, it never failed to exhibit proof of its joy, by a kind of hoarse, murmuring noise. Till the animal was rendered tolerably docile, its owner said, that it invariably attempted to bite, with violence, any person who in the slightest degree offended it.

"For about eight days, at a certain season of the year, this seal, which was a

male, changed its usually mild disposition to a singular degree of ferociousness. During this time, no one, not even its master's voice, had any influence over its actions. One day it seized him by the sleeve of his coat, and could not be induced to loose its hold, till its jaws were forcibly wrenched open by means of an iron instrument. Another time it laid hold of the head of a tolerably large dog, which it crushed to pieces with its teeth. In short, it exercised its fury upon every living object that ventured to come within its reach. It bellowed, and always, during these days, seemed in great agitation. Sometimes it would continue to bellow for many hours successively.

"The animal usually slept in the daytime; and was frequently heard to snore at a very considerable distance. Its repose was so sound, that its master could easily approach without awaking it; and it often happened that he had a difficulty in rousing it, unless at the same time, he put a fish of some kind to its nose. In this case, however, the animal soon recovered its wonted vivacity. If the fish was withdrawn to a little distance, it would raise its head, and the interior part of its body; and standing upon its forefeet, would endeavour to catch it. This was the only kind of food that it could be induced to eat; and of carp and eels (the fish it was usually fed with) it was most fond of the former. Care was always taken to roll them in salt before they were offered; and about 30 lbs. weight of these fish, raw, and thus covered with salt, were necessary for its daily subsistence. All the eels were swallowed whole, as well as a few of the carp that were first presented. But when the animal began to be satiated, it gutted the others before it ate them. For this purpose it seized them by the head, which it crushed between its teeth; then, with singular address, it ripped open the belly, emptied it of its contents, and, in conclusion, swallowed the remainder of the bodies whole."

The different British varieties of the dog are next noticed. These are fourteen in number, the whole of which are figured in the plates, and with a degree of spirit and animation that reflects great credit on the abilities of Mr. Howitt, the draughtsman. The shepherd's dog, the setters, the grayhound, the lurcher, and the pointer, are particularly excellent. Numerous anec-

dotes are given of each of the varieties. In some of Mr. Bingley's descriptions, we think, there is no inconsiderable degree of elegance. Speaking of the general character of the dog, he says:

"Without excepting even the elephant, the dog seems the most tractable and docile of all the brute creation. His gentleness and fidelity have rendered him, in many countries, not merely a useful, but a necessary companion of man. To the orders of his master he yields a ready and implicit obedience. He acts upon these orders with alacrity; and, by his vigilance and courage, frequently secures him from the attacks of his enemies. He guards, both by day and night, his property; and will often risk his life in its defence. He is seldom inclined to injure any person, unless previously irritated or assaulted, and is almost the only animal which forbears to resent bad treatment from his owner. The dog, under such usage, does not even seek to desert his master; but, in spite of the injury, will still continue to follow and defend him. If he has committed a fault, and finds that it is discovered, he crouches at his master's feet, as if to implore his clemency: but, if he be not fortunate enough to obtain mercy, he submits to the chastisement, and, the moment it is over, will lick the hand that punished him. On the least encouragement, he recovers his accustomed gayety, runs round, and affectionately fawns upon his master. On all occasions he is attentive to his voice; and he knows, intimately, that of every person from whom he is accustomed to receive favours or attention."

The characters both of the wild and domestick cat are well delineated; and we were particularly pleased with the remarks which Mr. Bingley has made on several circumstances relating to the latter. The next in succession are the weasels, a tribe of which the British species are five in number: the common and pine martin, polecat, common weasel, and stoat or ermine. The following anecdote is related of the common weasel; but we have strong reasons for considering Mr. Bingley in an error respecting the animal, although the circumstance is corroborated by a somewhat similar

account given by Mr. Kerr, in his translation of the *Systema Naturæ*. We know that, by the country people of several parts of England, the stoat and the weasel are confounded; and we consider it more than probable, that this has been the case in the present instance, particularly when we recollect that the weasel, properly so called, is one of the smallest of the British quadrupeds, and that the stoat is at least twice its size.

"In the warren at Wakefield Outwood, in Yorkshire, a weasel was, one day, observed in the act of dragging along a young rabbit, which it had just killed. The little animal was watched to a burrow, the repository of its plunder; and the mouth was carefully stopped up, till a spade could be brought to dig it out. On turning up the earth, there were found lodged, at the bottom of the hole, no fewer than fourteen couple of small rabbits, all of which had evidently been conveyed thither by this voracious and destructive invader. The reason given for such an enormous accumulation of provisions was, that, although the weasel usually satiates itself with some part of the blood of the animal it kills, it never devours the remainder of its prey till it is in a state of putrefaction."

We cannot resist the temptation of inserting some pleasing anecdotes of a harvest mouse that Mr. Bingley had in his possession upwards of two years. These mice, which are of a bright chesnut colour, and so small as seldom to be more than about the sixth part of an ounce in weight, are hitherto unknown in any other parts of England than the counties of Hants, Dorset, Wilts, and Sussex.

"About the middle of September, 1804, I had a female harvest mouse given to me by Mrs. Campbell, of Chewton House, Hants. It had been put into a dormouse cage immediately when caught, and a few days afterwards produced eight young ones. I entertained some hopes that the little animal would have nursed these, and brought them up; but having been disturbed in her removal, about four miles, from the country, she began to destroy them, and I took them from her. The young ones, at the time I received them (not more than

two or three days old) must have been at least equal in weight to the mother.

"After they were removed, she soon became reconciled to her situation; and, when there was no noise, would venture to come out of her hiding place, at the extremity of the cage, and climb about among the wires of the open part before me. In doing this, I remarked that her tail was in some measure, prehensile; and that to render her hold the more secure, she generally coiled the extremity of it round one of the wires. The toes of all the feet were particularly long and flexible, and she could grasp the wires very firmly with any of them. She frequently rested on her hind feet, somewhat in the manner of the jerboa, for the purpose of looking about her; and in this attitude could extend her body, at such an angle as at first greatly surprised me. She was a beautiful little animal; and her various attitudes in cleaning her face, head, and body, with her paws, were peculiarly graceful and elegant.

"For a few days after I received this mouse, I neglected to give it any water; but when I afterwards put some into the cage, she lapped it with great eagerness. After lapping, she raised herself on her hind feet, and held her head with her paws. She continued, even till the time of her death, exceedingly shy and timid; but whenever I put into the cage any favourite food, such as grains of wheat or maize, she would eat them before me. On the least noise or motion, however, she immediately ran off, with the grain in her mouth, to her hiding place.

"One evening, as I was sitting at my writing desk, and the animal was playing about in the open part of its cage, a large, blue fly happened to buzz against the wires. The little creature, although at twice or thrice the distance of her own length from it, sprang along the wires with the greatest agility, and would certainly have seized it, had the space between the wires been sufficiently wide to have admitted her teeth or paws to reach it. I was surprised at this occurrence, as I had been led to believe that the harvest mouse was merely a granivorous animal. I caught the fly and made it buzz in my fingers against the wires. The mouse, though usually shy and timid, immediately came out of her hiding place, and running to the spot, seized and devoured it. From this time I fed her with insects, whenever I could get them; and she always preferred them to any other kind of food that I offered her.

"When this mouse was first put into her cage, a piece of fine flannel was folded up into the dark part of it, as a bed, and I put some grass and bran into the large, open part. In the course of a few days all the grass was removed; and; on examining the cage, I found it very neatly arranged betwixt the folds of the flannel, and rendered more soft by being mixed with the knap of the flannel, which the animal had torn off in considerable quantity for the purpose. The chief part of this operation must have taken place in the night; for although the mouse was generally awake and active during the daytime, yet I never once observed it employed in removing the grass.

"On opening its nest, about the latter end of October, 1804, I remarked that there were amongst the grass and wool at the bottom, about forty grains of maize. These appeared to have been arranged with some care and regularity; and every grain had the corcule, or growing part, eaten out, the lobes only being left. This seemed so much like an operation induced by the instinctive propensity that some quadrupeds are endowed with, for storing up food for support during the winter months, that I soon afterwards put into the cage about a hundred additional grains of maize. These were all in a short time carried away; and on a second examination, I found them stored up in the manner of the former. But though the animal was well supplied with other food, and particularly with bread which it seemed very fond of, and although it continued perfectly active through the whole winter, on examining its nest a third time, about the end of November, I observed that the food in its repository was all consumed, except half a dozen grains.

"This interesting little animal died in the month of December, 1806, after a confinement of two and a quarter years. I have some reason to believe that its death was occasioned by water being put into its cage, in a shell picked up on the seashore, that had been much impregnated with salt."

We find, from this volume, that the number of known species of British quadrupeds is forty four; that there are fourteen distinct varieties of British dogs; fourteen of sheep; and thirteen of cattle. Anecdotes are related of the whole of these, and nearly the whole of them are figured in the engravings. At the end of the volume there is a sy-

nopsis of the animals, which contains an account of the shape, dimensions, &c. as well as a reference to all the authors that have been consulted. This we consider a great improvement, as the popular parts are by this means freed from the interruption of such as are technical. A considerable saving of space also arises from this plan, which allows the descriptions of the animals to be much more compressed than they could possibly have been if incorporated into the body of the work.

The plan and execution of this volume, we think, are both good. Indeed, we have seldom seen a work of natural history, which, at so cheap a rate as the present, has yielded us so much amusement. The plates, which are very numerous, contain, with some few exceptions, admirable representations of the animals; and they are infinitely the more interesting, from the circumstance of their having been all executed from original drawings.

Having thus far stated our favourable opinion of this work, we must now be permitted to point out some defects and some errors. And first with respect to the plates. The representation of the great bat is by no means correct. The head is too much like that of a dog; and the ears do not close sufficiently round the eyes. Both the head and ears of the martin are incorrect. The fox we do not like; and the cow in the plate of Devonshire cattle is bad. If a living Suffolk carthorse had his legs in the same proportion as those in the print of that animal, the near fore leg would be at least six inches longer than the other. These defective plates, which, indeed, are very few in proportion to the whole number in the volume, we hope the author will think it necessary to cancel in a future edition. The situation of the spleen in some animals does not certainly warrant the conclusion which Mr. Bingley has drawn in p. 12, "that this member is chiefly of

use in regulating the supply of blood for the necessities of the stomach." We would ask the author also, on what authority it is, that, in p. 140, he asserts that wild cats are "altogether untameable, however young they may be when first caught?" since it is evident, that the originals of the present domestick cats must have been wild? With respect to the sy-

nonyms at the end of the volume, we think that it is at present a matter of little importance to quote the works of Gesner, Ruysch, Klein, or Brisson; but we confess that we were rather surprised not to find a single reference to the German work on *Mammalia* by Schreber, particularly as some other German books of natural history have been consulted.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Letters from Portugal and Spain, written during the March of the British Troops under Sir John Moore With a Plan of the Battle of Corunna, and appropriate Engravings. By an Officer. 8vo. pp. 340. 9s. boards. London, 1809.

IT was to be expected, and much to be desired, that we should be supplied with details of the unfortunate Spanish campaign under the late sir John Moore, from some of those who were engaged in the sad scene, and whose situations afforded them opportunities of recording the events which they beheld. We have, accordingly, been furnished with several publications of this nature, which respectively demand from us such a report to our readers, as our other duties and our space will permit us to assign to them, considering their number and the similarity of their contents. But we regarded it as incumbent on us to place first on the list the narrative which has been prepared from the papers of the lamented general himself, of which a full abstract was given in our number for September last; and to which, as the standard, in all questions of high political and military import, every other account must be referred and be subservient. In miscellaneous information, however, and in delineations which respect countries and manners, the productions of private individuals have, in course, the advantage; and to these points, therefore, we shall chiefly attend in our view of them.

From the signature to the plates in this volume, viz. *R. K. Porter, delin.* and from current report, we understand that it proceeds from the pen of a gentleman of that name, to whose pencil the publick have been frequently indebted; who has also served on the staff of the British army; and who, during his travels in Russia, received the honour of knighthood from the sovereign of that empire. His style of writing possesses the liveliness and the freedom which are appropriate to epistolary correspondence; but is not always sufficiently correct for the literary eye; and he speaks of the people with whom he is mixing, and of the transactions to which he was a party or a witness, with an unservedness which is desirable for historical purposes, but which may, perhaps, subject him to the charge of harshness in some cases, and in others to that of a deficiency in the secrecy of a *preux chevalier*. His representations of both the Portuguese and the Spanish are, indeed, generally unfavourable; and it is to be regretted that all former travellers, and the events of the present day, but too strongly corroborate his opinion.

Of Lisbon, the usual picture pre-

sents itself; and we are introduced to nasty streets and dirty houses; idle monks and amorous devotees; meretricious dances and obscene songs. We lament also to hear that "since the departure of the French, those in power are again making the horrors of the inquisition the instruments of their vengeance."

During the writer's march through Portugal into Spain, a very discreditable national trait presents itself:

"We were frequently shown the caps and arms of the unfortunate Frenchmen who had fallen sacrifices to the knives of this oppressed people. They told us exultingly, while they held them up, the particulars of many a bloody scene; and how often it had been repeated by the discovery and murder of some other poor stragglers. I fear that this base sort of revenge is the only one the generality of this nation are now capable of devising. I nowhere hear amongst them any sentiments on their release from a foreign yoke, which speak principles of a nobler kind than a merely natural joy at being relieved from insult and exaction. No grand views connected with freedom and national advantages seem to enter their heads. All they think of is the temporary escape from personal inconvenience; and I have a notion that had Napoleon's generals acted with less rigour, and condescended in any degree to have won the people's confidence, we should have heard that all was very quietly settled in Lusitania. But when the titles of the native nobility are assumed, and their estates sequestered; when the lower classes are oppressed and plundered, no wonder then that every body being injured, all should seek redress, and, fearful of their own strength, fly to the broad shield of England."

On entering Spain at Alcantara, sir Robert Porter says that he contemplated the proud walls of that city as "a type of the brave nation we came to defend; noble in ruins, and settled on the impregnable rock of nature, determined to maintain their existence against those attacks which shook other places to their foundation."

"With such sentiments, such respect and cordiality for the inhabitants, did we

enter Alcantara. But the governour proved a beast, a vulgar, uncivil animal, with little power to serve us, and less inclination. He was asleep when we called on him. Indeed all seemed asleep to the feelings we brought along with us. They received us with the coldness of men, showing they were resolved ever to consider us as strangers, and treated us with an inhospitality they durst not have ventured had they not believed us to be friends."

Heu! sic omnia! with only such exceptions as confirm the rule.

At Salamanca, we find the author's military views become very gloomy, and his ideas but too much in accordance with those which we know to have been entertained by the commander in chief, and with the actual result. He anticipates the necessity of that *retreat* which he yet deprecates and dreads, and he adds:

"From the brave honesty of sir John Moore, I have no doubt of his informing ministers at home of the true state of Spain; and of how shamefully the junta has misled them, by its representations of the patriotick zeal and military preparation of the nation. That the Spaniards did not continue as the junta found them was its own fault. Oppressed and outraged by the French, with a wild revenge, hordes of enraged people rose in every quarter of the kingdom. Their sudden and impetuous vengeance carried all before them; the veteran armies of France were destroyed; the usurper driven from his assumed capital; and the cry of restitution resounded every where. This was the sympathetick act of a whole nation; and this was the fortunate moment for a virtuous nobility to have turned it to their country's advantage. Had some great spirit seized this conquering body, and guided it with the singleness of aim which actuated the soul of Pelagius, when at the head of his zealous Asturians he drove the invading Saracens over his native mountains, we should not now be shut up in Salamanca, nor would the flying Spaniards be seeking a temporary refuge in their dishonoured homes."

In a letter from Sahagun, when the army was advancing to the enemy, sir R. Porter well observes:

"Bad as appearances may be, I have such a reliance on the prudence as well as courage of sir John Moore, that I am certain he would not risk the tarnishing his fame, and the honour of his troops, by bringing them into a situation where either were likely to be injured. I am persuaded that the steps we are preparing to take were not determined on by him without his having conceived an idea of their necessity; that it would do still more than rescue the name of his army from the obloquy which the 'great vulgar' as well as the 'small,' from ignorance of the peculiar situations of the objects they arraign, are ever ready to throw upon what does not exactly meet their expectations. Not that I believe he would needlessly sacrifice a hair of any man's head who is under his command, to gain the proudest admiration which depends on the prejudging judgments of those whose voice may give popularity, but never can bestow fame. He, with every other veteran, must be aware that it is sometimes the duty of a general to risk the odium of being called too severely cautious; nay, of being stigmatized with the appellation of lukewarmness, and a hundred epithets of the same complexion, rather than purchase acclamations at the expense of humanity; and, by a brilliant rashness, hurry his brave followers into an extremity where death is inevitable. The mob may deify such a valiant fool; but true heroism is to have the courage to refuse as well as to give battle."

We now present a trait of a different kind, in compliment to the good sense of our countryman whom it brings forwards:

"Being now in the venerable cloisters of St. Dominique [Salamanca] I cannot leave them without recounting an adventure which, under their hallowed roof, befel our mutual friend captain——. Hearing that a grand *Te Deum* was to be performed there, to invoke a blessing on the united arms of Spain and England, curiosity led him to be one of the audience. He found the holy place filled with the laity of Salamanca, besides the white brotherhood and flocks of *religieuses* of every rank from the neighbouring monasteries. The consecrated part of the congregation were arranged on either side of the main body of the church, clothed in all their sacerdotal attributes, and holding the sacred implements of their function. A very large standard, fringed and tasselled, and on which was painted or worked

the figure of the saint, was held in the hands of a priest, of the highest order. This hallowed production is never brought forth but upon the most extraordinary occasions.

"Our friend, unconscious of being himself an object of any attention, was standing very composedly listening to the loud swell of the organ, and the still louder voices of the tonsured choir, when a monk approached him respectfully, and saying something relative to a standard, took his hat from him, and at the same time taking his hand. Captain——, who did not clearly understand what was said, supposed he was going to conduct him to a spot more convenient for seeing the religious ceremonies. Judge, then, his surprise on finding himself not only led up to the consecrated banner of St. Dominique, but at having it placed in his grasp! At that moment the monks left him to be the supporter of their holy ensign; and a cloud of incense issuing from the surrounding censers, covered the flag and its holder. Imagine the feelings of our friend! to be thus made a partaker in papistical rites, and placed in a situation so conspicuous, and so hazardous of offending those we came to befriend, should he attempt to resist this enforced honour. However, the sudden roar of the organ, and the pealing voices of the fraternity, with the rapid advance of the marshalled corps *des religieuses*, interrupted his amazed cogitations, and hurried him forward, like a stream, still bearing in proud array the sainted standard. Though reluctant to make one in such an exhibition, yet as he had been seized upon, and presented with the flag as a testimony of the Spanish church's amity with that of England; he would not, in common charity and prudence, but behave with all requisite decorum and respect.

"I believe it was the first time that so revered an appendage of the Roman catholic faith was intrusted to the hand of a heretick. With a grave countenance he obeyed his fate; and the procession moved on, amidst a renewed burst of sacred minstrelsy. They passed through the great entrance; made rather a long circuit of the city, entering several cloisters and consecrated places, and halting at certain spots, where the holy singing again burst forth; and our friend was occasionally enveloped from the eyes of the attendant multitude by the vast volumes of smoking frankincense which rolled around him.

"After his patience and his arms were heartily fatigued by his ponderous load,

the party retraced their steps, and re-entered the church of St. Dominique. On gaining the original place whence the standard had started, a long prayer was said, another cloud of fragrance filled the air, and captain —— resigned his sacred trust into the hands of the superiour priests. His hat was given to him, and he gladly retired down the line of monks, being bowed and sung out of the church till he reached the open air. When fairly escaped from sight, he literally took to his heels, congratulating himself that an exhibition so inimical to the simplicity of his own faith had terminated without any restiveness on his side, and consequent affront on the part of our devout allies. He told me that he had the honour to precede the holy Virgin in this march, and that she brought up his rear, clad in all the costly apparel of the loom and the jeweller's shop.

"When I asked him how he could bring his conscience to be a partaker in this mummery, his reply was: 'I certainly would not have volunteered it; but in carrying a flag through a few streets, I neither worshipped stocks nor stones, nor subscribed to any repugnant doctrine. For peace sake I accepted a civility paid to my country; and by my compliance, I hope I have shown the people that we are as willing to be tolerant of their prejudices, as they have declared themselves to be of our faith.'

Of the chastity of the ladies we have already intimated that the author does not speak favourably; and in Iberia as well as in Lusitania, the *tender passion* is still depicted as "bearing sway," even among "the holy ones:"

"On the Portuguese frontiers, the fair inhabitants of a few nunneries did not even keep a threshold between our curiosity and their seclusion. We found as free ingress into their cells as if we had been a regiment of confessors. Their veils were thrown aside; their holy abstinence neglected; and adventures truly romantick ensued. I fancy more than the history of Rousseau's nun was here realized in a hundred instances; and could these lovely forsworn have seen any prospect of safety by flight, I believe many of our officers would have had a daughter of the church added to his baggage."

Other instances are given; but this may here suffice.

In reporting the first action between the British and the French cavalry, the author makes a representation which we most seriously recommend to our military rulers, and especially to the colonels of our Merry Andrew regiments of dragoons:

"Most of our brave fellows who felt the edge of the French sword were cut in the head; and that owing to the little defence which the present form of their caps allows. This circumstance shows the necessity of changing the prevailing fashion of fantastick headdresses in the field, for the less ornamental but more useful helmets of our enemies. Whatever be the fate of this expedition, we should at least make it serviceable to us, by learning all that is to be taught by the great masters of arms, who for these twenty years have been educated in a university of blood and victory. *The duce is in it*, then, if we cannot take a lesson from them in the art of shielding the most vital parts of our persons.

"Their helmets are light, excellently adapted to guard the head, and at the same time very elegant. They have brass chains which come under the chin, protecting the ears and the sides of the face from a horizontal *coup de sabre*. The men who wore furred caps at all resembling our own, had them lined within with a hoop of iron; and from the ears devolved two strong bars. Even with this heavy appurtenance their weight did not exceed that of the flimsy, but mule-like appendages that encumber the heads of so many of our soldiers. Indeed, this awkward cap of ours, by being constructed partly of pasteboard, soaks up a great quantity of wet during the violent rains of this country, and so becomes unbearably heavy and disagreeable, while it affords no protection to the wearer. At all times they can be cut down to his skull with the greatest ease. Excepting this defect, every other military appointment of our people, both for themselves and their horses, is superior to that of the French. An excellence which cannot but be perceived by them; while the late rencounters must force them to acknowledge our advantage in still more essential respects."

Truly affecting details are given of the inconceivable misery which attended the final retreat of the army to Corunna, and of the battle at that

port: but we have not room at this moment for additional extracts; and we shall find sufficient particulars of these scenes in other volumes, to which we must hereafter attend. We farther copy only one sufficiently remarkable passage:

"One of the French officers, our prisoner, said to me during our retreat: 'Your country and your general little know how nearly your army was becoming ours by purchase.'

"I answered: 'No Englishman would thus sell his honour.'

"No: your Spanish friends.'

"It instantly struck me that Morla, who sold his conscience and the capital, and with that his country, was to have drawn us also into the snare! How ought we to thank the memory of our commander that we were not thus made a prey!"

In the beginning of this article, we hinted generally at the occasional inelegance and incorrectness of sir R. Porter's language, and we shall now specify a few instances. P. 3. "*I hope in heaven* this may be the case." P. 46. "No day escapes *but what you witness*," &c. P. 103 "They never are fatigued with any *employment* more active than *idleness*." [What countryman is sir Robert?] P. 110. "They both *eat and drank*." P. 122. *et al.* he speaks of an institution called an *enfance trouvée*; p. 112. *et al.* we have *merveille* for *merveille*; and 125, &c. *chanion* for *chanoin*. False concords of noun and verb are also frequent. Six views in *acquatinta*, and a plan of the battle at Corunna, illustrate the volume.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The East India *Vade Mecum*; or, Complete Guide to Gentlemen intended for the Civil, Military, or Naval Service of the Hon. East India Company. By Captain Thomas Williamson, Author of "The Wild Sports of the East." In Two Volumes. pp. 500. Price 1*l.* 8*s.* London. 1810.

IT was justly said by sir William Jones, that "every thing related to India partook of a kind of infinity." The mere directions for the voyage and the necessary preparations for performing it with safety and comfort would, in detail, make no diminutive volume. The minor *proprieties* to be observed when arrived; the proper precautions on the subjects of health, connexions, personal conduct, and sundry other *items*, while they add greatly to the interest, increase the bulk, of such instructive communications. The reflections of an attentive observer, with the speculations of a native of the commercial island, Britain, contribute still farther to enlarge a work intended to convey some notions of what India is. These are very useful, if not absolutely indispensable points of information to those who

adventure life and enjoyment in search of fortune in that burning clime. The imagination of youth, hurried away by the ardour of spirit attendant on their period of life, sees no evils, no difficulties, no dangers, where the experienced look around with apprehension, and proceed with caution. That caution we must commend; and if our verdict has any influence on the spirit of our youthful readers, we advise a sedate attention to the premonitions of those who have acquired, at much risk, and often at the cost of many vexations, a right to declare their opinions with frankness. This may be said, of almost every individual who has resided for any length of time in India; and certainly, it may be truly said, of those who have visited the provinces of that vast empire, generally, and have directed

their acquaintance with them to useful purposes. Military men have many opportunities for this. Deep meditation may not be the most obvious feature in the character of a soldier; yet when his mind takes this direction, the interest of his remarks is sure to be increased by the variety of service he has seen, and the events in which he has participated. He may observe if he will; when it can be added, he will observe if he may; nothing is wanting to entitle his opinions to deference.

Captain Williamson resided many years in India. He beheld that country, its natives, its visiters, and its governours, with an observant eye. He saw and felt the inconvenience as well as the enjoyments of that remote empire, and he has laudably employed his abilities in contributing to the better acquaintance of the publick at home, with that distant region of the British dominions. It is true, that the absence of proper divisions, with an apparent negligence of distribution, gives his work an air of irregularity and confusion; but this is only apparent. It preserves more appropriate order than some others, in which the parade of book and chapter is scrupulously adhered to. We would not, however, be understood, as favouring the absence of those necessary breaks in a volume, which answer the purposes of distinctions, and not only direct the reader to a subject; but, by confining his attention, in some degree strengthen it. On the contrary, we think the maintenance of them is a point of propriety; and that this is not the only work which suffers by their absence.

An analysis of these volumes would describe the cadet about to proceed from England to India; the previous arrangements, with that intent; the course of the voyage; the arrival at Madras; the farther progress to Calcutta; the habits of the natives; the manners of the Europeans; the characters and number

of the servants, of the confidential agents, with the tricks of their stations; the modes of travelling, by cattle, by palanquin, by camel, by elephant, and the conveyances by water; the manners of female domesticks, with the amusements of their mistresses, their dress, accomplishments, and situation; the state of orphans in Bengal, with the publick institutions in their favour; the buildings and labourers of India; the seasons of that country; the accommodations of various kinds, amusements, markets, tanks, &c. the mode of collecting the revenue; the great advances lately made in most professions; houses of agency, of trade, of commission and remittance, &c. &c.

On most, or all, of these subjects we meet with information, very desirable as matter of *previous* acquaintance, by the young mind, especially; and calculated to modify that vehemence of anticipation which, in Britain, depicts India as a region "all gold and bounty."

The observations of capt. W. on sundry particulars of natural history, as well relating to inhabitants of the waters as to those which roam on land, especially his descriptions of the insect torment, and the serpent race, with which India abounds, are entitled to distinguished notice. Those which narrate atmospherick phenomena; the periodical risings of the rivers, with their consequences, though not new, are evidently the result of observation, and therefore valuable, as they confirm or correct, former accounts of the like subjects. We are also interested by the captain's speculations on additional articles of commerce, some of which look plausible enough; and by his proposals for the benefit of his Indian acquaintance. We do not, indeed, sanction all his projects; nor do we even give judgment on them; but we think many things that have fallen from his pen are deserving of commercial

attention. From this general commendation of his performance, we proceed to select some of its more striking particulars.

In the course of the voyage, nothing is so common as to bait a hook for sharks. Capt. W. thus describes this sport:—

“Even at the depth of 50 feet, the shark may be distinguished as he approaches the bait, by a luminous appearance, extending in an oval form, in that direction in which he swims. He generally seizes with avidity, turning on his side at the moment; without which he could not get it into his mouth owing to the excessive length of his upper jaw. So soon as the bait is in his mouth, the fish, on feeling the resistance of the rope, makes a sudden plunge downward, at the same moment, recovering his former position. The hook, being extremely sharp, rarely fails to pierce the jaw, when, in an instant, the whole length of line will be run out. *As no human force could be properly relied on to check the fish's course*, the end of the rope is either fastened to some timber head, or to a tackle fall. The latter is preferable, because it adds to the length of the line, and does not check the fish so suddenly. Without the latter precaution, the rope may be snapped, or the hook torn away from the shark's jaw. The quantity of heavy line, added to the weight of the hooks and chains, soon bring the fish under command, when he is towed up to the gang-way, and there, by means of a slipnot passed over his fins, hoisted into the waist.

“Few persons will taste of a blue shark, it being considered unwholesome; but of the brown shark, which rarely exceeds five feet in length (while the former has been known to measure near thirty) most of the seamen will solicit a steak. The average sizes of sharks may be from six to twelve feet in length: *it is very common to collect a pailful of young ones, each about a foot long, that take refuge in the parent's maw*. Behind the fins are usually several sucking-fishes, adhering to the shark's sides. These are supposed to live upon its blood; but some doubts may be entertained, at least whether that is its sole subsistence, when I state, that in Madras Roads I caught, by means of a hook and line put out for ground fishes, a sucking fish that measured rather more than two feet.

We would add other minutiae to this account. 1. The inexperienced

should cautiously refrain from fixing their eyes intently on those of a shark, while swimming near the ship. Females especially, have been known to swoop in consequence of long continued attention, and to become the prey of this ferocious depredator. 2. The power of this fish being in his tail, the axe should cut off that member instantly as he reaches the deck, lest he should knock somebody overboard with a stroke of it, in struggling. 3. We have known the head of a shark taken in the morning, and separated from his body, to bite off the wrist of a man who incautiously ventured to put his hand into the mouth in the evening of the same day. It is probable that many cold blooded creatures retain life while the sun is above the horizon.

Much more dangerous are those moral sharks which strangers, youth especially, are surrounded with on their arrival in India. If we knew in what stronger language to convey our conviction of the dangers arising from them, we certainly would adopt it. We transcribe our author's description of them.

“Here I deem it an indispensable duty,” says capt. W. “to warn the young adventurer not to dissipate his money, ruin his health, and injure his reputation, by frequenting taverns. In England, where persons who do not keep house must occasionally sit down to a meal in publick, custom has not only connived at, but sanctioned, the resort to coffee-houses, &c. With us, these afford convenience to thousands, who could never provide so comfortably at home, at the same expense. The coffee-houses in Europe may likewise be considered as the rendezvous of persons in the same line of business, and offering the opportunity for adjusting a thousand matters, which, either owing to remote residence, or to the pressure of other concerns, could not else be brought to immediate conclusion.

“The taverns in India are upon a very different plan. They are either of the first rate, at which publick dinners are occasionally given; or they are of that mean description which receive *all who have a rupee to spend, under the determination of extracting that rupee, in some shape or other*.

The former class is very confined in numbers, but the latter are abundantly numerous, and may be readily distinguished by the promiscuous company, the shabbiness of the treatment, and the excess of imposition practised, especially on novices. It is extremely easy to avoid the necessity for running into the mouths of these levithans; all that is requisite being merely to call at the first office, or shop, and to inquire for the residence of the gentleman to whom the letter of introduction may be addressed. No ceremony should be used in explaining the circumstances, and in soliciting the aid of a servant to lead the way. I never yet heard of a want of civility on such occasions.

"Nothing can be more forlorn than the situation of a mere adventurer, on his arrival in India! With money in his pocket, he may assuredly subsist; but, without some friend to introduce him into society he may remain for years without being noticed; for, throughout the East, and especially at the several presidencies, he who knows nobody, him will nobody know? Residence at a tavern is, in itself, a perfect disqualification among persons of repute; as implying either an addiction to liquor, or a predilection for low company.

"The ordinary mode in which a European is attacked on his first arrival at Calcutta, is by the tender of a bearer, carrying a large umbrella, to shelter master from the sun or rain. There is something about a stranger, in that quarter, which instantly announces him to all the predatory tribe, who wait at the wharfs in expectation of living booty: but, if such were not the case, his total ignorance of the language would be sufficient to determine their conduct. The bearer, who is in league with that numerous horde of miscreants, called *sircars*, abounding, not only at Calcutta, but throughout the lower provinces, speedily conveys the hint to his associates, when a smooth-faced chap, who speaks English well enough to be understood, and who comprehends more than he will acknowledge, advances, and making a respectful obeisance, called a *salaam*, by bending his head downwards, and placing the palm of his right hand to his forehead, makes an offer of his services to the stray Briton. The *sircar* leads him to some paltry tavern; the tavern-keeper, under the plausible pretext of aiding towards the completion of the youth's wishes, never fails to inquire whether the gentleman has any friends in town? or even in the country? If affirmatively answered, "mine host" feels himself tolerably secure of his money: but will probably assert, that the

friend in town is out of the way, and will not be back for some days. Should the gentleman be totally destitute of friends, then comes the rich harvest. Imposition following imposition, swells the bill; which, if appearances warrant forbearance, is kept back as long as possible, under the pleasing assurance of perfect confidence: but, in the end, a catalogue of items is produced which never fails to alarm, if not to ruin, the unsuspecting victim!

"If, unhappily, the guest should so far lower himself as to associate with the ordinary company of the common drinking room, he is irretrievably gone. Quarrels, riots, and inebriety, must follow; in all probability rendering him subject to the notice of the police. Should his face ever be seen at that office, it would be next to impossible that he should be admitted into any respectable circle. What with lodging, dinners, wines, &c. of the worst description, but all rated at the highest prices, he must be a fortunate wight who escapes under a gold mohur [*i. e.* two guineas] per day: in general, double that sum is charged; so that a person starts at the rate of 1000*l.* per annum, at least.

"If we add the allurements held out by the sable beauties, who will contrive means to retail their charms so long as they think money is to be had, we shall find no trifling expense incurred. This latter part of the ceremony is usually performed by some fellow who can speak English, and thoroughly understands whatever relates to the interest of the concern; which, among other things, includes thieving, lying, cheating, pimping, &c."

This description is but too correct. Much might be added as to particulars. The *principle* of opposition to these, and to many similar decoys, should be laid in a strong sense of virtue and piety before the youth quits England. The subject is of the very first importance.

Various deceptions practised by servants, &c. are stated by capt. W. but, neither he, nor any man, can pretend to elucidate them all. In this too, India partakes of infinity. Yet we deem this article, which occupies many pages, as entitling these volumes to marked attention.

If such be the situation of male adventurers to India, what must be

that of females *consigned* to that country? Some notion of it, but greatly below the truth, may be formed from our author's remarks, on a different subject; the European concubinage in India.

"The number of European women to be found in Bengal, and its dependencies, cannot amount to *two hundred and fifty*, while the European male inhabitants of respectability, including military officers, may be taken at about *four thousand*.

"The outfit is not a trifle. No lady can be landed in India under respectable circumstances throughout, for less than *five hundred pounds*. Then, again, she should have friends to receive her; for she cannot else obtain even a lodging, or the means of procuring subsistence.

"Some allowance must be made for the climate, which by no means suits every constitution, and invariably oppresses all whose minds are ill at ease, or who have not the means of withstanding that influence, so particularly hostile to persons newly importing from Europe.

"Let us, however, suppose all these things to be done; and that some worthy dame welcomes the fair adventurer to her house, with the friendly intention of affording an asylum, until some stray bachelor may bear away the prize. We have known some instances of this, and, in particular, of a lady making it, in a manner, her study to replenish her hospitable mansion with objects of this description; thereby acquiring the invidious, or sarcastick, designation of 'Mother Coupler.' But such characters are rare; and it generally happens, that those who have the will, do not possess the means, of thus rendering the most essential of services to young women, who, we may fairly say, are, in this case, transported to India, there to take their chance! That several have been thus sent, or, have thus adventured, round the Cape, cannot be denied. In any other country they would have experienced the most poignant distress, both of body and of mind; but, such has ever been the liberality evinced towards this class of unfortunate persons, that, in most instances, prompt, and effectual relief has been administered. It would be easy to adduce cases, wherein the most bountiful subscriptions have been made in behalf of ladies, who, by obeying the summons of husbands, or of parents, have, on arriving in the river, found themselves to be widows, or orphans!

"When the vessel arrives, the parent,

&c. though alive, may be full a thousand miles distant from the metropolis, and be unable to reach it under two or three months! Here we see formidable objections against a lady's proceeding to India; but one, not less powerful, remains to be stated; namely, the immense expense ever attendant upon wedlock in that quarter. Such is the increase of domesticicks, of clothing, of accommodation, and, particularly, in keeping a carriage, without which no comfort can be expected, that it is utterly beyond the means of full four persons in five to receive a European lady into their houses. Even on a penurious scale, the difference will amount to full *three hundred pounds yearly*; but if, as is certainly desirable, it be conducted on a more appropriate footing, *double that sum must be allowed*. Add to this, the peremptory necessity that exists, for sending every child to Europe at a very early age; the expense of which is never to be computed under a hundred and fifty pounds. To complete the difficulties attendant on the occasion, it is a thousand to one, but, that, at the end of a few years, the mother is compelled, by those peculiar infirmities inseparable from her situation in that climate, to accompany her infants to Europe; there to seek the restoration of health, and console herself among her little offsprings, until the father may, notwithstanding those heavy demands created by the wants of his family, be able to save sufficient money to repair to the objects of his affection. This is no exaggeration: it is to be witnessed annually; and may be seen attended with the most distressing effects to most meritorious individuals, who, unfortunately, allow love to walk in at the door, without observing that poverty is treading upon her train."

"We doubt whether 'sittings up,' are so completely exploded, as our author seems to conclude. If they be, we connect their history with the present subject, as illustrating what ladies *formerly* underwent in India, in search of husbands. It might have been added, that unless a lady received proposals within a *very few days* after her exhibition, her hopes were considered as all but annihilated.

"Among the several justly exploded ceremonies we may reckon that, which existed until within the last twenty years,

of '*sitting up*,' as it was called: we must at the same time, do the *ci-devant* inhabitants of Calcutta the justice to remark, that the practice was evidently founded on good will and hospitality; although it bore so strong a resemblance to the exhibition of a cargo of slaves, as to occasion many a caricature, and many a satirical expenditure of ink. This '*sitting up*,' as it was termed, generally took place at the house of some lady of rank, or fortune, who for three successive nights, threw open her mansion towards the evening, for the purpose of receiving all, both ladies and gentlemen, who chose to pay their respects to such ladies as might have recently arrived in the country. The fair damsels were thus at once introduced to the whole settlement, and not unfrequently obtained a variety of offers from men of the first consequence. Many matches have, indeed, been concluded even before the third night of exhibition. If we consider the fatigue attendant upon the return of these numerous visits (for the slightest omission would have been an unpardonable offence) and that the novelty of riding in a *bocah* (or chair-*palanquin*) would not be agreeable to all, we may form some idea of what many a delicate female, melting with heat, tight-laced, and tormented with musquito bites, must have undergone during the performance of this ceremony. To the gentlemen of the settlement, it might have been abundantly pleasing. They had nothing to do but post about in their *palanquins* from one sitting up to another, and there either to admire or to quiz, the fair sufferers according as their taste, or caprice, might dictate. The throng has, in some *lovely* instances, been so very great, that even a fourth night has been required for the benefit of bachelors from the interior!"

The proposal of captain W. to employ the orphans of Europeans, by establishing a factory in which female labours might be useful, marks his benevolence: others must judge on the propriety of adopting it. It is certainly a lamentable fact that from their destitute condition "it is probably owing to reflection, as much as to their arriving at puberty, that so many of these unfortunate girls [orphans] become insane."

The atmosphere of India has very distressing effects on persons newly arrived within its influence. This too, requires caution. Captain W. has well described it.

"Nothing can be more preposterous than the significant sneers of gentlemen on their first arrival in India; meaning, thereby, to ridicule, or to despise, what they consider effeminacy, or luxury. Thus, several may be seen annually walking about without *chattahs*, (*i. e.* umbrellas) during the greatest heats; they affect to be ashamed of requiring aid, and endeavour to uphold, by such a display of indifference, the great reliance placed on strength of constitution. This unhappy infatuation rarely exceeds a few days; at the end of that time, sometimes only of a week (nay, I have known the period to be much shorter) we too often are called upon to attend the funeral of the self-deluded victim! The first attack is generally announced by cold shiverings, and bilious vomiting; delirium speedily ensues, when putrefaction advances with such hasty strides, as often to render interment necessary so soon as can possibly be effected.

"The glare is certainly far more distressing than exposure to the sun, at some seasons: but nothing can equal the effects of both glare and sun shine, acting upon the human frame, during a midsummer's day; when, perhaps, not a breath of air is moving, when every leaf seems to repose, and every bird, saving the vulture, the adjutant (or argeelah) and the kite, retires to some shady spot, to avoid the solar ray. At such times, the peaceful Hindoo confines himself to an apartment, from which light is generally excluded. There he sits among his family, enjoying his pipe, drinking the pure beverage afforded by some adjacent spring or well; and, in general, avoiding to eat, except of ripe fruits, especially the *turbooz*, or water melon, until the cool of the evening. In the mean while, however, he perspires copiously, even though in a state of inactivity, unless when refreshed by a *punkah*, or fan, moved either by his own hand or by that of some menial.

"The instinct of the birds above named, to wit, the argeelah, the vulture, and the kite, all of which are extremely numerous throughout India, and contribute greatly to the salubrity of the air, by carrying off astonishing quantities of putrefactive offal, &c. is wonderful! About midday, when the sun's beams strike with incredible force upon the earth's surface, these feathered scavengers ascend, perhaps to the height of seven or eight hundred yards, so that the largest of them (the argeelah) is scarcely discernable: there they soar beyond the reach of reflection from the heated soil, enjoying the freshness of a cooler atmosphere, and de-

ascending only when allured by the scent of prey."

That under such intolerable heats, there should be any who add artificial flame to these natural and inevitable ardours, is astonishing! what may be expected from indulgence in such poisons? not death; but consequences worse than death.

"In Bahar, palm trees [*tauls*] are peculiarly abundant. There we often see groves, of hundreds upon hundreds, let out to the *kulwars*, or distillers, to great advantage. These venders of misery have the art of rendering the *toddy* peculiarly potent, by causing it to work upon the kernels of the *datura*, that grows wild in every part of India, and possesses in every part, whether the stem, root, leaf, or nut, a most deleterious property. *Toddy*, that has been strongly impregnated with *datura* (which is the name it bears in the east) acts very rapidly on the brain; producing mania, and, not unfrequently, apoplexy, when drunk to excess.

Many other hazards attend incautious adventurers. If they remain at home, they can neither form connexions nor transact business of any kind. If they go abroad, they commit themselves to the mercy of accidents, even in the best peopled and most *Europeanized* parts of the country. If they visit parts less familiarized with their countrymen, they increase their risks, not only in proportion to the length of the journey, but also according to the degree of wildness, yet remaining in the territories and districts through which they pass. Even around Calcutta itself, some danger attends a stroll. Near stations in the provinces the danger is more striking. We adduce an instance.

"It is a great misfortune that, on account of the extreme antipathy the horned cattle of India always exhibit towards Europeans, no possibility exists for remedying many bad practices, and neglects, to which these animals are subject, when under the care of the native servants. An Indian ox, or cow, when at liberty, is always shunned very carefully, lest it should

indulge its savage disposition. On first entering that country, the cattle would be supposed to be wild, instead of domesticated: for not one in a thousand will admit the approach of a European: nor are they always less gentle towards strangers of any description. As to what are called *tame* buffaloes, they are commonly more fierce than any British bull, and, when they have calves at their sides; make no scruple of attacking man and horse, with unbounded ferocity. Hence it is extremely proper to be very cautious of approaching herds, or single cattle of either kind, even when tolerably mounted. Sometimes in riding through the country, and especially where *jeels* [lakes] are to be forded, or pools to be passed, the unwary traveller may find himself on a sudden within a few yards, of a whole herd of buffaloes, which, to avoid the heat of mid-day, wallow in the muddy water, so deep as to have, in general, only their noses and eyes above the surface. Being, perhaps, among rushes, &c. even those parts are not discernible, or, if in an open expanse, may be easily mistaken for clods of mud; for the horns lie back towards the false ribs. On a sudden, the whole herd sometimes rise, and at the least frighten the horse, whatever the rider's heart may be made of. Such a surprise, and from animals that, according to the old saying, 'give but a word and a blow, and the blow comes first,' is far from pleasant. In such situations, all depends on the conduct of the leading bull. If he snorts, shakes his horns, and advances, the danger is imminent. But it frequently happens, that, whether owing to lassitude, or the absence of any object particularly irritating to buffaloes, of which a red coat may be considered the extreme, the herd content themselves with rising from their reclined postures, and, after those who roused them may have passed on, again sink into the friendly pool."

Such is one of the risks run by travellers! but those who remain at home are not without risks, which, if less picturesque than a startle of surprise at a herd of buffaloes rising from their cool retreat in a pool, are abundantly more frequent, equally perplexing, and often more dangerous.

"During the rainy season, when insects of every description are beyond credibility numerous, it is often absolutely necessary to remove all lights from the

supper table; otherwise moths, flies, bugs, &c. would be attracted in such numbers as to extinguish them altogether; but, at all events, to prove extremely obnoxious. When the lights are retained on the table, it is customary to place the candlesticks in soup plates, &c. filled with water. By this means, such insects, especially the *stinking-bugs*, which fly with great force, are often precipitated and drowned. *It is not unusual to catch whole platefuls in this manner, which would otherwise continue to torment the company.* Nothing can exceed the irritation produced by these bugs when they get into the hair, or between the linen and the body! Nor are they in themselves innocent; for, though they neither bite or sting, such is the acrimony they possess, that, if bruised in such manner as to leave any moisture on the skin, great heat, and sometimes blisters, followed by extorations that do not quickly heal, may take place. The same effect is produced by the urine of lizards, which frequent the interior of houses, and may often be seen in great numbers crawling about the walls or on the ceiling, in pursuit of the smaller and more delicate insects, which they snap up with great dexterity and greediness. It is really amusing to observe with what sagacity and care they approach their prey, and with what rapidity they dart forth their long tongues armed with gluten. With respect to frogs, toads, and, occasionally, snakes, patrolling about the skirts of the apartments, *even in the best houses in the country*, they must be put up with as matters of course; as must also the alighting of cock-roaches on the face while at table or at cards, &c. nor, indeed, must the resident in India be very squeamish in regard to bats, which freely indulge in aerial circuits over the heads of the company, on which, too, they now and then find it convenient to halt

a while, without undergoing the previous ceremony of obtaining permission. These all appear terrible drawbacks, but are scarcely noticed after a while: so strong is the power of habit. Certainly a very considerable portion of the enjoyments, which might otherwise be indulged in, are, in a manner, proscribed by these nuisances; but, whether it be owing to that *ennui* generally prevalent, or to that kind of reconciliation which takes place between the pest and its sufferer, may be difficult to determine; we, however, see all the old residents treat insects, frogs, toads, &c. with great indifference; though, to be sure, when a snake, of whatever class, makes his *entrée*, an astonishing degree of activity, far beyond what the former lethargick symptoms could indicate, suddenly prevails.

"I have several times seen large snakes coiled or rather twined, among the Venetians of bungalow windows, and have observed that the grass-snake, which is of a beautiful green, with a reddish head, is partial to secreting itself under the leaves of tables, and, in situations of that description, where it may be easily dislodged, or touched by accident. *Such a propensity is peculiarly obnoxious in a serpent whose bite is generally fatal.* This snake may occasionally be seen twisted round the smaller boughs of trees, whence, if disturbed, it drops with great readiness, and proceeds along the tops of the grass with admirable celerity, and, owing to the similarity of its colour, scarcely allowing the dazzled eye to follow its course.

It has happened that our extracts present only repellents: other parts of these volumes present attractives: but here we must suspend our report, for the present.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy of Arts; with a Letter on the Proposal for a Publick Memorial of the Naval Glory of Great Britain. By the late John Opie, Esq. Professor in Painting to the Academy. To which are prefixed a Memoir by Mrs. Opie, and other Accounts of Mr. Opie's Talents and Character.—4to. pp. 259. 1l. 4s. boards. London. 1809.

THE honours which have been paid, in late years, to the character and memory of our distinguished painters, appear to us to be a happy omen of the progress of English art;

since the sensibility, which is necessary to the attainment of excellence in this profession, will find its strongest motive and its best reward in the applause and esteem of enlightened

contemporaries. Mere encouragement to the artist will certainly do much: but unless that kind of respect be exhibited towards the man, which, by admitting the liberality of his pursuits and the usefulness of his exertions, teaches him to feel similar respect for himself and his occupation, the higher and prouder intellectual efforts will rarely be achieved. We rejoice, therefore, to contemplate Reynolds as the companion of Burke and Johnson, or to look on Romney as the equal friend of Thurlow; and we cordially sympathize in the regard which was excited by Opie during his life, as well as in the ennobling sorrows which followed him to the grave.

The mind of this promising and powerful artist is portrayed, in the volume before us, by several hands which are well qualified for the task: but the most considerable sketch is drawn by a disconsolate and admiring widow, who "bears her sorrows proudly," and, in the midst of severe distress, glows with conscious satisfaction in the certainty that her "name will descend with Mr. Opie's to posterity." In the execution of her pious and honourable office, we will venture to guaranty this lady against the criticisms of which she expresses some apprehension; and we shall think, for our own part, that we best promote her intention of reflecting lustre on the memory of her husband, by laying before our readers a short abstract of his history.

John Opie was born in May 1761, in the parish of St. Agnes, not far from Truro in Cornwall, of reputable parents, his father and his grandfather having been master carpenters in that neighbourhood, and his mother being of a good family. He was early distinguished by a strong understanding, and by rapidity of learning; both which qualities are exemplified by the fact of his being able, at ten years of age, to solve various difficult problems in Euclid, and in a still more extraordinary

manner by his becoming a school master when he was scarcely twelve years old. The circumstances, which imparted to his mind its decisive and permanent bias, are thus related by Mr. Hoare:

"Emulation appears to have first lighted up the ready flame. About the tenth year of his age, seeing one of his companions, whose name was Mark Oates (now a captain in the marine service) engaged in drawing a butterfly, he looked eagerly, in silence, at the performance. On being asked what he was thinking of, he replied, 'he was thinking that he could draw a butterfly, if he was to try, as well as Mark Oates.' He accordingly made the experiment, and triumphed; and he returned home to his father's house in high spirits, on account of the victory he had obtained.

"From this moment the bent of his talents was determined. It happened soon afterwards, that his father being employed in the repairs of a gentleman's house in Truro, young Opie attended him. In the parlour hung a picture of a *Farm yard*, probably of humble execution, but of sufficient merit to attract his notice; and he took every opportunity of stealing from his father's side to contemplate the beauties of this performance, which, in his eye, were of the highest class. His father, catching him in one of these secret visits corrected him; but this had little effect; he was soon again at the door of the parlour, where being seen by the mistress of the house, he was by her interference, permitted to view the picture without interruption. On his return home in the evening, his first care was to procure canvass and colours, and he immediately began to paint a resemblance of the *Farm yard*. The next day he returned to the house, and again in the evening resumed his task at home. In this manner, in the course of a few days, by the force of memory only, he transmitted to his own canvass a very tolerable copy of the picture."

Another anecdote of the same kind is preserved by Mrs. Opie:

"One Sunday afternoon, while his mother was at church, Mr. Opie, then a boy of ten or eleven years old, fixed his materials for painting in a little kitchen, directly opposite the parlour, where his father sat reading the bible. He went on drawing till he had finished every thing but the head, and when he came to that, he frequently ran into the parlour to look

up in his father's face. He repeated this extraordinary interruption so often, that the old man became quite angry, and threatened to correct him severely if he did the like again. This was exactly what the young artist wanted. He wished to paint his father's eyes when lighted up, and sparkling with indignation, and having obtained his end, he quietly resumed his task. He had completed his picture before his mother's return from church, and on her entering the house he set it before her. She knew it instantly, but, ever true to her principles, she was very angry with him for having painted on a Sunday, thereby profaning the Sabbath day. The child, however, was so elated by his success, that he disregarded her remonstrance, and hanging fondly round her neck, he was alive only to the pleasure she had given him by owning the strength of the resemblance. At this moment his father entered the room, and recognizing his own portrait immediately, highly approved his son's amusement during the afternoon (parental pride conquering habitual piety awhile) and exhibited the picture with ever new satisfaction to all who came to the house, while the story of his anger at interruptions so happily excused and accounted for, added interest to his narrative, and gratified still more the pride of the artist."

The first patron and instructor of the young artist was Dr. Wolcot, much more generally known under his poetical name, *Peter Pindar*, who greatly forwarded his studies in the country, and advised him to try his fortune in London. Before we follow him to the metropolis, however, we must state one fact more, which places in the strongest light his filial affection and the manly independence of his mind. He had become, in some sort, an itinerant portrait painter through the neighbouring towns; and

"One of these expeditions was to Padstow, whither he set forward, dressed, as usual, in a boy's plain short jacket, and carrying with him all proper apparatus for portrait painting. Here, amongst others, he painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of *Prideaux*; even to the dogs and cats of the family. He remained so long absent from home, that some uneasiness began to arise on his account, but it was dissipated by his

returning dressed in a handsome coat, with very long skirts, laced ruffles, and silk stockings. On seeing his mother, he ran to her, and, taking out of his pocket twenty guineas, which he had earned by his pencil, he desired her to keep them; adding that, in future, he should maintain himself."

In our great metropolis, he was for some time regarded with astonishment, and excited general observation. The early production of his self-taught genius obtained for him the title of the *painting Chatterton*: but, though he strongly resembled that wonderful poet in ardour and perseverance, a just distinction is claimed in favour of his moral character; and, instead of deserting the family who depended on him, from any first emotions of disgust, he had the happiness of seeing a mother and sister as much benefited as they must have been delighted by his prosperity. The history of his progress in the art is not here particularly traced; nor are we informed of the incidents which first established his character as an eminent painter, or of the first pictures by which he obtained praise. The earliest and for many years the only specimen of his literary ability was a life of Reynolds, inserted in Dr. Wolcot's edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, which would have formed an acceptable article in the thin volume now before us. The importance of the subject proves the doctor's high estimation of Opie's judgment and knowledge, while the manner in which the work was accomplished attests that he was not deceived.

Mr. Opie's industry was at all times unremitting. In summer he was in his painting room at 8 o'clock, and in winter at half past eight; and he pursued the labour of his profession generally till half past four or five o'clock. Though no picture was bespoken, he never indulged in idleness, but employed himself on an unfinished portrait of his wife.

in order to improve his practice, or in sketching designs that might assist his invention. His exertions were not even paralyzed by that neglect to which all professions are occasionally subject, but which is perhaps in none felt so severely as in that which he pursued: but it may surprise the generality of readers to be informed that a man so justly and uniformly celebrated for many years past was "almost wholly without employment," after having exhibited a most popular picture in 1801; and that he very narrowly escaped adding one more name to the melancholy list of painters whose merit has passed unrewarded, and whose talents, generally speaking, have perished undiscovered. In mentioning his incessant perseverance, and the high standard of excellence at which he aimed, we ought not to omit Mrs. Opie's statement that, during the nine years of their union, she "never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions;" and often has he, flying from works that disappointed him, though they probably afterwards formed the delight of the publick, exclaimed in an agony of despondence, "I am the most stupid of created beings; and I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live."

It cannot be necessary to describe with minuteness the places where and the occasions on which Mr. Opie distinguished himself, in the eye of an applauding publick, of one of the first painters of the English schools; but, as some of his most successful productions are here enumerated, we may properly transcribe the list, though it does not include his portraits. Among his best historical pictures, are reckoned the *Murder of James I. king of Scotland*, the *Presentation in the Temple*, the *Death of David Rizzio*, *Arthur taken prisoner*, *Arthur and Hubert*, *Juliet in the Garden*, the *Escape of Gil Blas*, and *Musidora*. The "Historick Gallery" containing a fine

painting by him, worthy, we should have thought, of a similar distinction; *Boadicea addressing the assembled Britons*, of which the composition was perhaps open to censure, but the spirit and expression of particular figures were admirable. We must here repeat the complaint, which we lately made with respect to Romney, that we are furnished with no direction to the collections in which the great pictures of this artist may now be inspected.

The death of Mr. Opie was produced by an affection of the spine, which baffled medical skill, on the 19th April 1807, a month after he had delivered the last of his four lectures at the Royal Academy. His remains were deposited near those of sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's cathedral; where he had, at an early age, expressed a wish to be buried.

To these lectures we now pass, without paying particular attention to the eloquent and judicious eulogies which are properly preserved in this volume. In his academical addresses, Opie poured forth all that his vigorous mind had embraced on the general principles of his art, which he divides into six branches; four of them he denominates the *practical* or *physical* elements of painting; *design*, or *drawing*; *colouring*; *chiaro scuro*; and *composition*. The other two branches, *invention* and *expression*, he calls *intellectual*. We cannot enter into an examination of his particular views, which appear to us to be distinguished by strong sense and sound judgment. But we shall extract a few passages, which may at once instruct the student and inform the general reader. He thus powerfully displays the native dignity of his art, and warns the profane against a rash intrusion into its mysteries:

"Impressed as I am at the present moment with a full conviction of the difficulties attendant on the practice of painting, I cannot but feel it also my duty to caution every one who hears me, against entering

into it from improper motives, and with inadequate views of the subject; as they will, thereby, only run a risk of entailing misery and disgrace on themselves and their connexions during the rest of their lives. Should any student, therefore, happen to be present, who has taken up the art on the supposition of finding it an easy and amusing employment; any one who has been sent into the Academy by his friends, on the idea that he may cheaply acquire an honourable and profitable profession, any one who has mistaken a petty kind of imitative, monkey talent for genius; any one who hopes by it to get rid of what he thinks a more vulgar or disagreeable situation, to escape confinement at the counter or the desk; any one urged merely by vanity or interest; or, in short, impelled by any consideration but a real and unconquerable passion for excellence; let him drop it at once, and avoid these walls and every thing connected with them as he would the pestilence; for if he have not this unquenchable liking, in addition to all the requisites above enumerated, he may pine in indigence, or skulk through life as a hackney likeness taker, a copier, a drawing master or pattern drawer to young ladies, or he may turn picture cleaner, and help Time to destroy excellencies which he cannot rival; but he must never hope to be, in the proper sense of the word, a painter.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to excellence, and few there be that find it. True as this undoubtedly is in all cases, in no instance will it be found so applicable as the present; for in no profession will the student have so many difficulties to encounter; in no profession so many sacrifices to make; in no profession will he have to labour so hard, and study so intensely; and in no profession is the reward of his talents so precarious and uncertain; as is lamentably proved by every day's experience, and by every page of history.

"Let me not be told that, by such assertions, I am raising obstacles and throwing obstructions in the paths of men of genius, for to such obstacles act as a stimulus; what quenches others gives them fire; and I am confident a knowledge of the truth will in the end equally benefit the art and the artist. Should any one be discouraged by it, I will say to him, I have rendered you an essential service; you will soon find some other situation better suited to your talents. But to those who can, undismayed, look all the difficulties in the face; who have made up their minds to conquer; who are ready to sacrifice their

time, their ease, their pleasure, their profit, and devote themselves, soul and body, to the art; in short, who cannot be restrained from the pursuit of it; to those I will say, you alone are *worthy*, you alone are *likely* to succeed. You give the strongest proofs that can be obtained, of possessing all the necessary requisites, and there is every probability that you will do honour to your art, your country, and yourselves; for nothing is denied to persevering and well directed industry."

We think that Mr. Opie is singularly happy in tracing the gradual development of all the great faculties of the human mind that are applicable to painting, and very eloquent in drawing the characters of its most splendid luminaries. Leonardo da Vinci is thus introduced, after a rapid sketch of the early Florentine school:

"It would be as tedious as useless to recount the stammering and babbling of the art in its infant state. I shall, therefore, pass on to about 150 years after the death of Cimabue, when the dawning of an enlarged and liberal style of design began to appear at Florence; when Massaccio, whose works are still in existence, produced figures which Raphael, in the zenith of his reputation, did not disdain to transplant into some of his most celebrated compositions; when the intricacies and difficulties of fore-shortening began in some measure to be understood and subdued; when colouring and composition were attempted by Andrea Verocchio, Andrea Mantegna, and Luca Signorelli of Cortona; and when, in short, all circumstances seemed to concur to usher in, with becoming splendour, Leonardo da Vinci, one of the first luminaries of modern art, and one of the most extraordinary of men.

"If it be true that 'one science only will one genius fit,' what shall we say to the man, who, master of all mental and all bodily perfections, equally excelled in painting, poetry, sculpture, architecture, chymistry, anatomy, mathematicks, and philosophy; who renders credible all that has been related of the admirable Creighton; who attempted every thing and succeeded in every attempt; who, sailing round the world of art and science, touched at every port and brought home something of value from each?

"This was the glory of Leonardo, and this was also his weakness; for, equally in love with grandeur and littleness, beauty

and deformity, character and caricature; he bestowed his attention on them all by turns, and soared or dived, as the caprice of the moment directed. His genius, however, gave the death blow to flatness and insipidity, by the invention of that deep tone of colour, strength of shadow, and bold relief, which, afterwards carried to perfection, enchants us in the dreams of Correggio, and electrifies us in the mysterious visions of Rembrandt.

"Less profoundly learned in design, less lofty and comprehensive in conception than his great rival and contemporary M. Angelo, his celebrated cartoon of the horsemen contending for a standard is, nevertheless, one of the noblest inventions in the whole circle of modern art; it evinces a singular boldness and fertility of imagination, by the display of every attitude of the human body on horseback, in the various actions of striking, pulling, thrusting, warding, and evading a blow, combined with a felicity and energy, at once picturesque, interesting and surprising. The whole is animated, every part is in motion, and we witness, by turns, the collected coolness of true courage, the devouring malevolence of rage, the contending emotions of hope and fear, the exultation of assured victory, and the despairing gasp of inevitable death. The horses, conceived with the fire of a true poet, and executed with the science of an anatomist, rear and plunge into the battle with a fury equal to that of their riders; this composition was altogether unexampled at the time, and unrivalled for ages after, till it suggested to Rubens the first hint for those magnificent groups of horses and figures, in his battles of the Amazons, and of Constantine and Maxentius; and for those astonishing masses of men and animals in commotion, his huntings of the lion, the tiger, the crocodile and the hippopotamus."

In truth, we find that all the *characters* of the various artists here described were marked by us for selection, on the first perusal: but, as our limits forbid the indulgence of our inclination, we must be satisfied with the following just, discerning, and energetick observations on the merits and defects of Rembrandt:

"At the head of the Dutch school, and foremost amongst those who, in the opinion of some critics, cut the knot instead of untying it, and buglariously entered the

temple of Fame by the window, stands the name of Rembrandt, called *Van Rhyn* from his birth place, a village on that river near Leyden. His father, a miller, put his son under one Lastman, a tolerable painter of Amsterdam, but by what means he was led to adopt that peculiar manner which distinguishes his works, is not now to be discovered. Of his singularities it is, however, recorded that he used to ridicule the antique, and the ordinary methods of study, and that he had a large collection of strange dresses, old armour, and rich stuffs, which he called his antiques, and which it is obvious he made use of, as models in his principal works. There is, also, a story related of him, which shows him to have been no less a humorist than a genius; which is, that finding his works, at one period of his life, accumulating on his hands, he resolved to make a sale of them, but unfortunately, it seems, the publick in Rembrandt's time very much resembled the publick at present, and scorned to buy the works of a *living* artist. In this dilemma he had no resource but to secrete himself, pretended to be dead, put his wife into widow's mourning, and order a mock funeral. After this, his sale went on with uncommon success; when it was ended, Rembrandt rose from the dead, to the great joy of his disconsolate wife, and received the congratulations of his friends on the happy termination of his excellent joke. Being, at another time, reproached for the boldness and roughness of his manner of laying on his colours, he replied, 'I am a painter, and not a dyer.'

"What was so happily said of Burke, might with equal truth be applied to Rembrandt:

"Whose genius was such
That one never can praise it, or blame it,
too much."

"He seemed born to confound all rules and reasoning. With the most transcendent merits he combines the most glaring faults, and reconciles us to them; he charms without beauty, interests without grace, and is sublime in spite of disgusting forms and the utmost vulgarity of character. His deficiencies would have fairly annihilated any other man; yet he still justly claims to be considered as a genius of the first class. Of chiaro scuro he ranged the whole extent, and exemplified all its effects in all its degrees, changes and harmonies, from the noon day blaze to when the

'Dying embers round the room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom'

"In riches and truth of colouring, in copiousness of invention and energy of ex-

pression, he equalled the greatest of his predecessors; and whatever he attempted, he rendered with a degree of truth, of reality, of illusion, that defies all comparison. By these powers he seemed to be independent of his subject. It mattered not what he painted; his pencil, like the finger of Midas, turned every thing it touched to gold; it made defects agreeable, gave importance to trifles, and begat interest in the bosom of barrenness and insipidity itself.

"But though thus gifted to dwell with nature in her simplest retirement, he was no less qualified, with a master's hand and poet's fire, to follow and arrest her in her wildest flights; all that was great, striking, and uncommon in her scenery, was familiar to him; yet he chiefly delighted in obscurity and repose; mystery and silence floated round his pencil, and dreams, visions, witcheries, and incantations he alone, with no less magick power, rendered probable, awful, and interesting. In short, so great and original were his powers, that he seems to be one, who would have discovered the art, had it never before existed.

"Rembrandt, with all his powers, is a master whom it is most exceedingly dangerous to imitate; his excellencies are so fascinating, that we are apt first to forgive, and, lastly, to fall in love even with his faults, or, at least, to think the former cheaply purchased with the incumbrance of the latter. But let the student carefully remember, that the imitator of any individual master, must never hope to occupy a station in the first class of artists; and that defects like those of Rembrandt, and most of the Dutch school, even if associated with equal excellence, can never hope to be forgiven a second time."

The fearless originality of thought, and bold freedom of discussion, which are displayed in these lectures, form one of their most power-

ful charms. They express a just deference for every sort of talent, but no timid acquiescence in mere authority. Even the venerated name of Reynolds, which Mr. Opie sometimes defends with vehemence against petty cavils, affords no sanction to such opinions as he deems erroneous; and while an enthusiast's gaze is fixed on the highest excellencies of the noblest professors, with sentiments approaching to idolatry, a just and keen scrutiny is still devoted to the work of discrimination. Never was a stronger instance exhibited, of the similarity often remarked between an author and his works, and of that general character which pervades them all and assimilates them to each other. As a painter, as an author, and as a member of society, the same distinguishing qualities are prominent in the mind of Mr. Opie. His imagination was vigorous, but not playful; his judgment was correct, but his taste uncultivated; his simplicity was almost severe; and in him the total absence of artifice and affectation bordered perhaps too nearly on awkward coarseness. If we had much confidence in systems of physiognomy, we should say that the same character is found in the portrait, painted by himself, of which an engraving is prefixed to this volume. To us, the internal evidence of his lectures sufficiently contradicts the report of their not being exclusively his own; yet, as it existed, Mrs. Opie has properly encountered it by a formal contradiction.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson, K. B. from his Lordship's MSS. By the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, F. R. S. and John M'Arthur, Esq. L. L. D. In 2 vols. large quarto. Price 9l. 9s. London. 1809.

WHEN we contemplate a picture by some eminent master, we often find accessories scarcely less interesting than the main action. *That*, it is true, enjoys the strongest light

and the most vigorous touches; *that* attracts the eye of the spectator in the first instance; and the unpractised eye of the casual spectator discerns not the art which retires from

his observation, although it contributes essential support to the beautiful, or the striking, effect of the piece. If biography be compared to a picture, the performance before us completely justifies our observation. Lord Nelson has been known to the world as a British admiral of uncommon enterprise, skill, and success: his countrymen have contemplated his actions on the ocean, and they have felt their obligations to him in his immediate profession; they knew that his ardour to distinguish himself was not to be controlled; and they participated in his exploits, with all the enjoyment and all the sympathy of the most zealous patriotism.

But, if we consider lord Nelson only as an admiral, however highly we may rank him, we do injustice to other important parts of his character; parts of it, which, by being brought forward to admiration, derogate nothing from his merit as a naval officer. He was not less conspicuous as a patriot than as a commander; and as a politician he was *singularly* keen-sighted and judicious. He penetrated into the dispositions of men; from his knowledge of what they had been and what they were, he very correctly inferred what they would be. He foresaw their conduct, as the natural, and almost inevitable effect of those causes on which he had ruminated, and of which he justly estimated the influence and the extent.

There is, in some men, a certain intuitive tact, a discernment, which is not the less real, because perfectly inexplicable; nor the less influential on their opinions and conduct, because altogether nonapparent to those who survey their actions. Perhaps the impulse of such a discriminative faculty is little considered by its possessor; neither is he aware that he exercises a power of mind imparted but rarely to the sons of men. Such characters are formed to

lead, not to follow; to command, to inspire confidence, to communicate that magick spell which may be felt but cannot be described, to excite that glow which is not transient like the electric shock, but lasting like effects of personal activity; yet, like the electric power, may be treasured up for future service; and by diffusing a grateful warmth throughout the subject of it, may quicken into a flame that latent spark which *does* exist, although unperceived by the mass of observers, and unsuspected by the person himself.

Is this genius? is it a superiority of spirit? is it a portion of ethereal fire, originally infused into the constitution, or is it acquired by education, by accident, or by habit? It is alien from the mere machinery of matter; it is not to be communicated by *recipe*: it does not descend by inheritance: wishing has no influence in obtaining it: expectation cannot warrant the acquisition of it: and even emulation itself, may be foiled in attempting to exert it. It is a gift bestowed by Heaven, necessary to accomplish specifick purposes. It is, in the case before us, a kind of inspiration, for a while transporting the individual whose exertions were to prove salutary to this country; and whose example was destined to confer on the British islands that security, for which Providence is to be praised, in the first place; while the instrument in the hand of Providence is to be applauded by his contemporaries, and venerated by posterity.

Those who saw the person of lord Nelson, hardly could be said to see lord Nelson himself. He was neither tall, nor athletick; neither robust in form, nor powerful in muscular strength; he did not look the hero; his physiognomy was not striking; his gait was not majestick. Yet was he neither a pedant nor a *fetit maître*. He trod firmly, though not with dignity; and he was active though not stately.

There was, then, in him a something distinct from, and independent of his person; to which his person was but the vehicle; to which all that the eye could discover in beholding him was subservient. If any doubt whether mind be predominant in the composition of man, whether intellect be his true, his noblest characteristick, let them well consider the personal appearance, and accurately analyze the fervour and talents of lord Nelson.

We are not Platonists, yet we can admit with Plato, and his commentator, that there may be periods when men of more than common intellect, and capacity for eminent services, are unusually abundant in certain parts of the earth; as there are periods, too, when events require the exertions of great men, of leading characters; but they are not; and their absence is felt in the calamities that triumph over the herd of common mortals, in the misery resulting from the arrogance of a victor; in the incumbrance of that yoke which he rivets on the neck of the vanquished. They crouch to the ground, sunk beneath the ponderous fetters which load them; the iron galls their limbs; it cankers, it corrodes their very flesh; they pine, they consume away, yet they make no effort for relief, nor dare to raise themselves erect, and as men to claim the honours of the human race and nature.

Shall we not then receive with pleasure the biographical portrait of one of those worthies to whom we are indebted, in his line of action, for a part of that security in which we now contemplate it? Shall we not applaud the intention, which by means of his own pen, and of the press, has erected a monument to his memory more durable than perennial brass, more honourable than statues and trophies? This will descend to future ages, when the tears of his nation are forgotten; and when the calumnies of his enemies

have long ceased to augment his glory.

Yet is that man happier than Nelson, whose biographer turns not away from any portion of his conduct; nor with averted face pursues any part of his narrative. He is happier than Nelson, who never put the fidelity of his friends to the painful trial of reproving him by allusions to the enchanted Rinaldo, in the magick palace of Armida; or, to whom might be applied the more classick comparison of the too complaisant Ulysses in the island of Calypso:

"Calypso in her caves constrained his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay——

.....

"While Fate, impatient, his return attends,
And calls him to his country, and his friends."

The personal biography of lord Nelson may be comprised in a narrow space. He was the third son of the rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and Catherine, daughter of Maurice Suckling, D. D. rector of Barsham, in Suffolk, and a prebendary of Westminster. He was born September 29, 1758. We find in this volume several instances of the intrepidity of our youthful hero. He had strayed, when quite a child, with the cow boy, in search of birds' nests, and staying after the usual dinner hour, the family fearing he had been carried off by gypsies, sought him in all directions; his grandmother, on finding him alone, sitting with the utmost composure, exclaimed on seeing him: "I wonder, " child, that hunger and fear did not " drive you home."—" *Fear never came near me, grandmama,*" replied Horatio. He received the rudiments of learning in the publick school at Norwich, whence he was afterwards removed to North Walsham. In 1770 he happened to read in a newspaper of the appointment

of his mother's brother, captain Maurice Suckling, to the Reasonable, of 64 guns. To him application was made to receive Horatio Nelson; with which, after objecting to his weakly frame, he complied. The business respecting Falkland's islands being settled by a convention, Horatio was sent to the West Indies in a merchant vessel; he returned a practical seaman, but with a fixed horror of the royal navy; which it required a long time to root out from his mind. His spirit was first called into exercise on occasion of the expedition fitted out in 1773, to explore the geography of the North Pole, as far as was practicable. He sailed in the Carcass, captain Lutwidge. During this expedition he stole away from the ship, with intent to procure for his father the skin of a huge arctic bear; he attempted to shoot the animal; but his musket missed fire, and happily a chasm in the ice separated him from the vengeance of the object of his fearless pursuit. His next trip was to the East Indies, but his health forbade his continuance in that sultry climate; here, however, he was made a midshipman, and thus was fixed to the naval service of his country. He passed his examination for lieutenant, April 8, 1777, when nineteen years of age, and was sent to the West Indies in the Lowestoffe, captain Locker. In this ship he boarded a prize, during a sea which might have terrified the oldest mariner; the prize was so completely waterlogged, that Nelson's boat went in on deck, and out again with the scud. December 8, 1778, Nelson terminated his services as lieutenant on board the flag ship of sir Peter Parker; and was succeeded by lieutenant Collingwood. In January, 1781, captain Nelson was chosen to direct the naval part of the expedition against St. Juan's, where he transported troops, a hundred miles up an intricate navigation, and "boarded" an island, which formed

the outpost of the Spaniards, intrusted with the defence of the country. In this expedition, the following remarkable circumstance occurred.

"On their subsequent perilous march through the almost impassable woods, an extraordinary and melancholy accident occurred. As one of the men was passing along, a snake darted from the bough of a tree, and bit him under the eye. The pain was so intense, that he was unable to proceed. But when one of his comrades was soon after sent to his assistance, the poor fellow was found dead and putrefied.

Captain Nelson, also, during this march, had nearly experienced the same dreadful fate. Being one day excessively fatigued, he had ordered his hammock, on one of their halts, to be slung under some trees. During his sleep, that extraordinary animal called the Monitory Lizard, from its faculty of warning persons of the approach of any venomous animal, passed across his face; which being observed by some of the attendant Indians, they shouted and awoke him. He immediately started up, and throwing off the quilt, found one of the most venomous of the innumerable serpents in that country, curled up at his feet. From this providential escape, the Indians who attended, entertained an idea that Nelson was a superiour being, under an especial protection; and this idea, which his wonderful abilities and unwearied exertions tended to confirm, was of essential service in gaining their confidence and prolonging their cooperation.

On another occasion, captain Nelson and his men narrowly escaped being poisoned, by drinking at a spring into which some branches of the Manchineel apple tree had been thrown.

Sickness, from fatigue and exposure, proved extremely fatal to the brave men engaged in this expedition. Happily Nelson escaped the fatality of the contagion, but his constitution was so greatly injured as to render his return to Europe indispensable.

He arrived in London, January 1781. At the close of the year, though debilitated by service in the West Indies, he was sent to the frozen Baltick, in the Albemarle of 28 guns. The knowledge he gained

of the Danish coast, on this occasion, was afterwards of essential service to him. He next sailed for Canada. He quitted America, with lord Hood's fleet, for the West Indies; returned to England, June 1783. "When lord Hood carried him to St. James's, the king was exceedingly attentive to him." After his return from court, he threw off "*his iron bound coat*," and spent the evening with his friend Mr. Davison, in talking over occurrences since they had parted on the beach of the river St. Laurence.

The peace of 1783 restored Nelson to the parsonage of Burnham Thorpe; but, disgusted with inactivity, he took an opportunity of making a tour in France with his friend captain Macnamara. His remarks on that country are just. In March, 1784, he obtained the *Boreas* frigate, and went in her to the West Indies, where he conducted himself with great spirit, for the good of the service, and of his country. In this voyage he married Mrs. Nesbit, widow of Dr. Nesbit, physician to the island of Nevis, March 11, 1787. The lady was about twenty one years of age. We shall notice his patriotick conduct, at this time, in a separate article. He again arrived in England, in July 1787.

Capt. Nelson, with his lady, resided at Burnham Thorpe, with Mr. Nelson the father; and here the seaman engaged with considerable zeal in cultivating his father's garden. "He would there often spend the greater part of the day, and dig, as it were, for the sake of being wearied."

In January 1793, he was appointed to the *Agammennon*. In this ship he sailed to the Mediterranean. In August, lord Hood obtained possession of Toulon; but Nelson was absent on publick business at the court of Naples. Here he lodged in the house of the English ambassadour, and "commenced that intimacy with sir William and lady Hamilton,

which afterwards had so powerful an influence both on his professional and private life." He arrived at Toulon in October. At the siege of Bastia, in Corsica, he united the talents of a land officer to those of a naval captain, and was justly called "the brigadier general." Bastia surrendered May 22, 1794, after a siege of eight weeks, 4,500 French soldiers laid down their arms to 1,000 British serving as marines. He afterwards assisted in the reduction of the other towns of the island, particularly of Calvi, where he lost the sight of his right eye. March 14, 1795, he assisted in taking two French line of battle ships, the *Ca Ira* and the *Censeur*. Soon afterwards, capt. Nelson was made colonel of marines. Towards the end of 1795, capt. Nelson was put under the command of admiral sir John Jervis; and continued his services on the coast of Italy. In 1796, Spain joined the French in the war. Corsica was immediately evacuated; and February 14, 1797, captain Nelson was happily the means of taking two Spanish men of war, the *San Nicolas* of 84 guns, and the *San Josef* of 112 guns. Two other ships, the *Salvador del Mundo* of 112 guns, and the *San Isidro* of 74, were also taken. Sir John Jervis, the commander in chief of the fleet, was on this event created lord St. Vincent, the action taking place off Cape St. Vincent. Captain Nelson was made an admiral, February 20, 1797. He also received the insignia of the order of the Bath. He was sent to bring off the garrison of Porto Ferrajo; and then commanded the inner squadron, in the blockade of Cadiz.

"It was during this period, says the gallant admiral, that perhaps, my personal courage was more conspicuous than at any other part of my life. In an attack of the Spanish gun boats, I was boarded in my barge with its common crew of *ten* men, coxswain, captain Freemantle and myself, by the commander of the gun boats. The Spanish barge rowed twenty-six oars, besides officers, thirty men in the whole.

This service was hand to hand with swords, in which my coxswain, John Sykes, now no more, twice saved my life. Eighteen of the Spaniards being killed, and several wounded, we succeeded in taking their commander.

On July 5, 1797, I sailed for Teneriffe. For the event I refer to my letter on that expedition. Having then lost my right arm, for this loss and my former services, his majesty was pleased to settle on me a pension of 1000*l.* a year.

This loss of his arm obliged admiral Nelson to return to England; but he sailed again in the Vanguard, April 1, 1798. In this ship the admiral was sent up the Mediterranean, where the battle of the Nile, which took place August 1, with its most important consequences, immortalized the hero who achieved it. In December he conveyed the king and queen of Naples, with the royal family, to Sicily. In the following summer he assisted the royalists in recovering Naples from the French; and he expelled a corps of French troops from Rome, granting conditions to the French general, which were *signed on board the Culloden*; thereby fulfilling a prophecy of an Italian poet, *that he should take Rome with his ships*. Admiral Nelson was now created an English lord; and an Italian duke (of Bronte.) He also received other honours from his applauding country.

1801. April 2, was the famous battle of Copenhagen: an attempt of the most unusual description, accomplished under circumstances that would have deterred most officers. August 15. He attacked the French flotilla at Boulogne: but the vessels were too strongly *chained* to the ground to be brought off. The peace of Amiens gave him a momentary repose. He was created viscount Nelson after the battle of Copenhagen.

1803. May 16, lord Nelson sailed to the Mediterranean, as commander in chief; where his care and attention to the safety of their Sicilian majesties was conspicuous. His

spirited conduct to the dey of Algiers was no less so. One of the most remarkable circumstances in the whole of our naval history is his chase of the French fleet in 1805, from the Mediterranean to the West Indies and back again to Europe; by the mere terror of his name. Never was so decisive a compliment paid to an officer by his enemy. He got sight of Gibraltar from the eastward, April 30; he sailed from Rosia Bay, May 7; reached Barbadoes, June 4; was off Trinidad on the 7th; quitted Antigua on the 13th for Europe, in chase of the enemy, who fled the instant they heard of his arrival. July 17 he came in sight of Cape St. Vincent. The run to Barbadoes was 3227 miles; the run backward 3459 miles. Thus did Nelson with *eleven ships chase seventeen!* He again saw England, August 17, and left Portsmouth on his return to his charge, Sept. 15. The battle of Trafalgar, in which the hero fell, took place October 21, a day much to be remembered in the annals of Britain! a day that occasioned the most clearly expressed mixture of joy and grief, that ever a publick occurrence produced. He was buried with national honours, January 9, 1806.

The character of a British naval officer, of the present day, is marked by a peculiarity, and a consequence, which distinguish it from that of almost all other professions. To obtain eminence, it is not enough that he be a good seaman, and able to manage his ship with promptitude and dexterity; that his acquaintance with nautical events, the courses of the winds and tides and currents, be extensive; that he be familiarized with climates of all descriptions, from the frozen poles to the torrid zone; that he knows how to face a storm, and how to conquer an enemy. To these qualifications must be added, a just knowledge of the laws of his country; an accurate conception of the rights of

nations, and of man in society; an intimate acquaintance with the principles of the human mind, and a readiness to turn these, with the occurrences to which they give birth, to the advantage of his native land, and to the honour of the sovereign whom he serves, and whom he often represents.

The British seaman, as circumstances now stand, is called to meet publick men of the most distant nations; the most unlike in manners and principles, in conceptions of what is right, and in sensibility or indifference towards what is wrong. With these he has to treat in the course of his duty, on a thousand different subjects; and to engage them in friendly services, by arguments addressed to each respectively, which would be utterly unavailing if employed without correct discrimination. Of late many of our sea officers have had to discharge the duties of land officers also; and they have assisted, or even directed in the attack of fortified towns, with no little gallantry, skill and success. We have seen in the foregoing outline of his life, that Nelson, attacked Bastia and Calvi; and we know that Trowbridge (his friend) by his marines and sailors took Fort St. Elmo, the towns of Gaïeta, and Capua; we might even add Malta also.

It is necessary that this extensive line of varied duty should be understood and appreciated by the publick. An admiral may deserve the highest gratitude of his country, by his services, who has not had the good fortune to lay his fleet along side that of the enemy; or to batter the sea defences of a strong place, in which enterprise he might display personal intrepidity. From this view of the higher ranks of the profession, it will follow that not every excellent officer is fit for supreme command. Nor when he has arrived at the rank which entitles him to hoist his flag, is that rank alone competent to place him in a situation so arduous, so re-

sponsible, and so meritorious when adequately filled, as that of commander in chief.

The character of a British officer, may be contemplated under two points of view. The first is that of his publick conduct. The second is that of his personal disposition. The former is usually judged on by the world; but it is not all that ought to be considered; the latter has great influence, not merely on his professional duties; but on the comfort, the loyalty, the alacrity, and the character in future life, of all who are under his authority, or within the sphere of his attraction and repulsion.

There were periods in Nelson's life in which the energy of his mind was eminently conspicuous; not as a hero, but as a casuist. There were others when he hazarded his character and his life, in following the dictates of his own convictions.— With a fortunate self-confidence he assumed powers in direct disobedience to those which *ought* to have governed him; and with a rashness truly felicitous, he accomplished what a less favoured minion of fortune would have sunk under.

Genius is not always gifted with perseverance. Exertion is apt to be fatigued by the long drawn opposition of chicanery actuated by interest; and interest leads the world at large so powerfully, that it is not every one who can maintain a determined resistance long enough to ensure that triumph, which is due to integrity and honour, and which no virtue can deserve more clearly than fortitude prompted by patriotism.

The first of those occasions to which we allude is captain Nelson's incessant resistance in the West Indies to the *alienated* Americans after the peace of 1783. We shall not affect to narrate the particulars better than they are expressed in the work before us.

“ Captain Nelson was well aware, that after the ratification of the peace of 1783, the Americans became as much foreign-

ers as any other nation; and therefore, by the 12th of Charles II. which says, that 'no foreigners, directly or indirectly, shall have any trade or intercourse with his majesty's West India islands; the ships to be British built; and navigated by at least three fourths British seamen;' he on that authority, notwithstanding a message he had received from the governor, and the powerful opposition that was forming against his individual exertions, ordered all the American vessels to quit the island in forty eight hours; and declared, that in case of refusal, or their presuming to land their cargoes, he would seize and prosecute them in the court of admiralty.

"Here we discern the first appearance of that intuition, that promptness of decision and reliance on himself, which eventually raised our noble countryman to the eminence he so deservedly attained. We shall frequently observe his mind, in the subsequent periods of his eventful life, subduing equal or superiour difficulties by the union of those great endowments which genius seldom unites in so eminent a degree. In these respects, he not only equalled the minister to whom he alluded [Mr. Pitt] but detected errors in the commercial jurisdiction of the West Indies which had hitherto escaped the notice of government. Actuated by the strong impression made on him by these considerations, he adopted very effectual means for preventing evils of so much magnitude; taking upon himself, thereby, a severe and extensive responsibility, and certainly without sufficient light to have guided almost any other man in the same situation. With the publick interest always in view, he never thought of personal consequences; and with an intelligence, spirit, and energy, almost peculiar to himself, he checked the mischievous practices, which have been alluded to, by repeated seizures, at the risk of damages and expenses, that might have involved him in ruin. His judgment, however, proved to be equal to his zeal.—

"In the mean time, the Americans, who had considerably profited by this intercourse, encouraged by their friends on shore, as well as by the collectors and comptrollers of the different customs of the islands, resisted the threats and orders of captain Nelson, presuming not only on their right to trade, from the reasons which have been mentioned, but, also from an opinion that the officers of the king's ships had no legal power to seize any vessels, without having deputations from the customs; which they were well assured would not be granted in those

seas. Captain Nelson, conscious of the rectitude of his conduct, continued to enforce the orders he had already given, and added, 'that he knew no other reasons for sending the king's ships abroad in time of peace, but for supporting the trade, and protecting the commerce of his country.' In this zealous discharge of his duty at Barbadoes, Antigua, St. Kitt's, Nevis, &c. he was more particularly supported, at the islands of Granada and St. Vincent, by captain Collingwood in the Mediator, and his brother captain Winefred Collingwood in the Rattler; in consequence of which, great numbers of the American vessels were proceeded against in the Admiralty courts, and were regularly condemned.

"The innumerable difficulties, however, under which he had long laboured, now continually increased. The planters were to a man decidedly hostile to his conduct. The governors and presidents of the islands gave him no support; and the admiral wavering between both parties, and having no decided opinion, merely addressed a memorandum to captain Nelson, advising him 'to be guided by the wishes of the presidents of the council.' On the arrival of the Boreas (captain Nelson) at Nevis 1785, he found four American vessels there, deeply laden, and with what are termed the island colours flying, which are white with a red cross. These vessels were immediately visited, and the masters of them directed, as they knew they were American vessels, and had American cargoes on board, to hoist their proper colours, and leave the island in forty eight hours; they denied being Americans, and refused to obey the orders of captain Nelson. Upon which an examination of their crews took place on board the Boreas, in the captain's cabin, and before the judge of the Admiralty who happened to be on board, when they all confessed that they were Americans, and that their vessels and cargoes were wholly American property. They were accordingly proceeded against in the court of Admiralty at Nevis; and notwithstanding the opinions and pleadings of the greater part of the learned council of the different islands, who had assembled to defend the Americans, in the hope of proving that captain Nelson, without a deputation from the customs, was not authorized to seize the traders, that great officer pleaded his own cause so ably, and refuted their specious arguments so completely, that the four vessels with their cargoes were condemned as legal prizes to the Boreas."

Captain Nelson, in a letter to captain Locker, describes his situation as having been distressing.—Those who know what litigation is, will well understand him; and those who know what additional anxiety such labyrinths are to a seaman, who (as we have heard an older officer than Nelson declare) would sooner lie along side an enemy, than enter a court of justice, will pity the man who was essentially serving his country, by this *extra* course of proceedings.

“Subscriptions,” says he, “were soon filled to prosecute me; my admiral stood neuter; I had suits taken out against me, and damages laid at the enormous sum of 40,000*l*. When the trial came on, I was protected by the judge for the day; but the marshal was desired to arrest me, and the merchants promised to indemnify him for the act. The judge, however, having declared he would send him to prison if he dared to do it, he desisted. I fortunately attached myself to an honest lawyer; and, don’t let me forget, the president of Nevis offered in court to become my bail for 10,000*l*. if I chose to suffer the arrest; he told them I had only done my duty; and although he suffered more in proportion than any of them, he could not blame me. At last, after a trial of two days, we carried our cause, and the vessels were condemned. I was a close prisoner on board for eight weeks; for, had I been taken, I most assuredly should have been cast for the whole sum. I had nothing left but to send a memorial to the king, and he was good enough to order me to be defended at his expense, and sent orders to general Shirley to afford me every assistance in the execution of my duty; referring him to my letters, as there was contained in them, what concerned him not to have suffered.”

We confess, that we consider this conduct of Nelson as forming a principal ray in his glory; it manifests a judgment which in so young a man as he was at the time, is extraordinary; and the risks he ran were so great, that his victory, when duly considered, is little less striking, than those which filled his country with illuminations. It was too, almost, perhaps equally as beneficial. Even England could not afford him

a shelter from the consequences; he was insulted at Burnham Thorpe, by a citation to answer to the value of 20,000*l*. But the lords of the treasury, &c. did him justice.

The second prominent instance in which Nelson was distinguished by his conduct as a casuist, is that which has been the subject of much animadversion; his behaviour in the affair of the jacobin rebels against their sovereign, at Naples in 1799. It would give us pleasure, if we could as unreservedly commend his conduct in this instance as in the former. Undoubtedly, his intentions were laudable; but his mode of carrying those intentions into execution, was objectionable; undoubtedly, the traitor whom he caused to be executed, deserved to suffer; but, that he underwent a trial on board a British ship of war, he being the subject of a foreign state, for offences committed against that state, is what we must be allowed to regret; the necessity for it does not appear to us to have been urgent; and the propriety of it, requires to be proved by stronger arguments than we have yet seen adduced in its favour.

The territory of Naples had been overrun by French troops, who, according to their custom, prepared their way by propagating their detestable principles; on a reverse of fortune cardinal Ruffo, vicar general of the king of Naples, put himself at the head of a considerable number of insurgents, a motley band! The principal jacobins retired to the forts Nuovo and Uovo, where they made a stout resistance. In these forts were shut up, sundry individuals of the most illustrious families in Naples, with many formerly officers of his Sicilian majesty. They were besieged by forces of four different nations; Neapolitan troops, Russian troops, and Turkish troops, by land; and by sea by a British squadron, under the command of captain Foote of the *Sea-horse*. The king was extremely

irritated at the conduct of those of his subjects who had born his commission as officers of his forces, and designed to punish their revolt in an exemplary manner. The cardinal was desirous of granting them terms; and those who discover treachery in every thing, affirm, that he had found reasons in the gold they offered. The treaty for surrender proceeded; but the opinion of the British officer was not consulted during the negotiation of it. Instead of having opportunities of considering the propriety of the articles in their progress, it was sent to him for signature, at two different days, *after* the officers of the other powers had signed it. And in its most complete state it appears to have been entitled *Projet de Capitulation pour le fort Neuf, et le fort de l'Oeuf*. The day after it was signed by captain Foote, lord Nelson arrived in the bay of Naples; and the moment he perceived the flag of truce in behalf of these forts, flying from the British squadron, he made a signal to annul it. Captain Foote repaired on board the *Foudroyant*, lord Nelson's ship, and stated that he considered the capitulation as *complete*, and binding; he having signed it as a British officer the highest in rank then present. Lord Nelson considered it as a *projet* only, not mature; and not ratified beyond alteration. *He, therefore, sent into the forts his note*; and after the reception of this note, *the rebels came out of the fort, and surrendered at discretion* (we use his own words)* What the terms of this note were, we are not informed; as unfortunately no copy of it is given. And it is still more unfortunate, that a paper of "observations" on what his lordship thought "an infamous *armistice*," written in answer to a complaint of this alleged breach of national honour, made by Mr. Fox in the house of commons, has been sought for in vain; as we learn from a note in this work.

Of those who surrendered under

these circumstances, some were afterwards tried by Neapolitan judges, and executed. It does not appear that any steps were taken to inquire in what light the other contracting parties to this treaty viewed it. Cardinal Ruffo insisted at great length, in a very warm conversation with lord Nelson, that it was amply ratified. It is likely that the Neapolitan general might have coincided with him in opinion; but he was not asked. What might the Russian general have said to it? what the Turkish? Were these officers acquainted with the progress of it, and, therefore, with the reasons proper to justify it; or were they too required to sign, and left to devise reasons for their signatures? If they were not better informed in their quarters than the British officer was on board his ship, there scarcely need to be stronger symptoms of underhand and treacherous dealing. Captain Foote was influenced by the purest motives for the general good of the allies. Lord Nelson was influenced by his knowledge of the positive orders sent by the king to the cardinal not to allow favourable terms to his ungrateful officers, now besieged in these forts.

The capitulations of all other forts, to the same British officer, were strictly executed by the Neapolitan government. There must, therefore, have been some peculiarity which invalidated this capitulation in the judgment of those who consented to execute the others.

Among the rebels shut up in these forts was prince Carraccioli, formerly commodore (if not admiral) of his Sicilian majesty's fleet, an officer of forty years standing, and high in his majesty's confidence. He commanded the Franco Neapolitan fleet against his sovereign; and repeatedly attacked the Neapolitan frigates sent to assist in recovering the coast, &c. Hearing of the progress of the treaty for surrendering, he escaped into the country, a day or two, or more, before the agreement was

* He also expresses this in a private note; by saying: *the rebels then surrendered to the king of their sovereign, without any capitulation, and marched out as prisoners.* p. 179.

signed; but was at length seized (a price having been put on his head) and brought on board the *Foudroyant*. The last time this prince had visited that ship, he was received with the honours due to his rank and quality. He was now in the disguise of a peasant, wretchedly attired, his hands bound behind him, and insulted by the meanness of his countrymen. All who had known him entertained great regard for him. Nelson had been his affectionate friend. Nelson was deeply agitated. It is a most critical moment of his life. He consulted with his own mind, and determined on causing Carraccioli to be tried, by Neapolitan officers, on board the *Foudroyant*. He issued an order to the commanders of the Neapolitan frigates. They met to the number of five; examined particulars; condemned the prisoner; and the same day at sun set Carraccioli was executed at the yard arm of a Neapolitan vessel. We exceedingly regret this haste. We conceive that lord Nelson was neither the sovereign, nor the sovereign's representative, for purposes of criminal justice. We see no propriety in the place where the trial was held; nor in the forms or authority under which it was constituted. But, if the British commander had any reason to believe, that the unhappy prisoner would have been made a still more publick spectacle of at Naples; or that he would have undergone the torture, in order to have made him discover his accomplices; or that he would have been tortured to death, as a traitor; or that the Neapolitan sailors would have risen to rescue him, their old commander; then his lordship showed him mercy by the rapidity of his proceedings, and by their manner; yet we still think a court martial held in a Neapolitan vessel, under the guns of some British ship of war, less distinguished than the *Foudroyant*, would have preserved a decorum,

which ought not slightly to be dispensed with.

The inference arising from this transaction strongly corroborates our statement, on the varied and complicated duties, in modern days, of a superiour British officer. Often must he, by the necessity of the case, be left to the exercise of his own judgment; and often may that judgment be influenced by incidents, by feelings, or by maxims, not evident to those around him. He may do right essentially, yet transgress circumstantially. He may decide justly, as to the principal, or the ultimate, yet err as to the accessories, or as to the regularity of appearances.

Nelson was not less confident in his own judgment, when he took on himself to disobey the orders of his commanding officers, in the instances of lord Keith, in the Mediterranean; and of admiral Parker during the battle off Copenhagen. The first drew on him a reprimand from the admiralty, which he felt, though it was nothing like the reproof that would have thundered around the head of a less distinguished officer. "Their lordships," says the admiralty letter, "do not, from any information before them, see sufficient reason to justify your having disobeyed the orders you had received from your commanding officer." This, to say the least, is very civilly expressed. They censure, also, his having employed 1000 of the best men of his squadron in the siege of Capua—"in operations at a distance from the coast; where if they should have the misfortune to be defeated, they might be prevented from returning to the ships;" and their lordships commanded him "not to employ the seamen in like manner in future."

Another instance of lord Nelson's difference in opinion from that of his commander, occurred in the battle off Copenhagen. The action began about five-minutes past 10 o'clock. Before the event declared in favour

of the British, admiral Parker made the signal for the engagement to cease.

"Lord Nelson was at this time, as he had been during the whole action, walking the starboard side of the quarter deck; sometimes much animated, at others heroically fine in his observations. A shot through the mainmast knocked a few splinters about us; he observed to me with a smile, 'it is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment;' and then stopping short at the gang-way, he used an expression never to be erased from my memory, and said with emotion: 'But mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands.' When the signal No. 39 was made, the signal lieutenant reported it to him. He continued his walk, and did not appear to take notice of it. The lieutenant meeting his lordship at the next turn, asked, 'whether he should repeat it?' lord Nelson answered, 'no, acknowledge it.' On the officer returning to the poop, his lordship called after him 'is No. 16 [signal for close action which had been flying from the beginning] still hoisted?' the lieutenant answering in the affirmative; lord Nelson said, 'mind you keep it so.' He now walked the deck, considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. After a turn or two, he said to me, in a quick manner: 'Do you know what's shown on board the commander in chief, No. 39? On asking him what that meant, he answered, 'why to leave off action:—*Leave off action*.' he repeated; and then added, with a shrug, '*now damn me if I do*.' He also observed, I believe to captain Foley, 'you know, Foley, I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes;' and then with an archness peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed: 'I really do not see the signal.' This remarkable signal was, therefore, only acknowledged on board the Elephant, not repeated."

Undoubtedly, the strong mind of Nelson foresaw that his adversary would soon feel the effects of the struggle, and would accept with alacrity the truce he then, perhaps, meditated, and not long afterwards proposed. Yet, this disobedience must not be taken as exemplary among British officers. It ended happily; and "the end crowned the work;" but let only Nelsons take

such liberties with their superiours; and even Nelsons must expect animadversions.

The determination of this officer to support the honour of the British flag, was conspicuous from the earliest period of his command; for when he was captain only, he displayed a due sense of dignity on an incidental occasion. In this, however, happily for our country, we know he is not singular.

"During the passage of the Boreas down to Antigua, to be laid up for the hurricane months, he paid a visit to Fort Royal, and St. Pierre Martinico; and, on landing, was attended by all the young gentlemen of the ship who could be spared. On beating into fort Royal bay, the French officer at the citadel neglected to hoist the colours, a mark of respect that is always observed on the arrival of a foreign ship of war. Captain Nelson immediately demanded an explanation, in a letter to count Damas, the governour; who ordered the officer to be put under arrest, and such further proofs of his respect to the British flag, as were very satisfactory, and induced captain Nelson to plead for the release of the officer, which was granted. The most friendly attentions were afterwards shown to the officers of the Boreas during their stay at the island."

The vigour of his mental feelings tempted Nelson more than once, conceiving that he experienced slights from the admiralty, to relinquish the service in disgust. Happily his friends overruled him on these feverish occasions. If men of merit are subject to such paroxysms, where is the wonder, that the best intentions cannot give satisfaction to a numerous body of men, each panting after distinction and glory?

But, the duty and the real dignity of an officer does not conclude with his own efforts, or his own life. *He is bound to leave to his country, so far as in his power, successors of equal or superior merit to himself.* This can be accomplished only by a careful encouragement of rising abilities; and this forms a most pleasing trait in the character of our hero. On all proper occasions he applauded

ed those who under his command had conducted themselves well, without reserve. He does not appear to have, in any instance, "damned with faint praise." This marks a mind truly great. Nor is inferior greatness, in our opinion, manifested in his condescension to younger minds. We therefore conclude this view of Nelson's character as an officer, by inserting an account of his manner of encouraging "the young gentlemen who had the happiness of being on his quarter deck," as described by lady Hughes in a letter to Mr. Matcham.

"It may reasonably be supposed that among the number of thirty, there must have been timid spirits, as well as bold; the timid he never rebuked; but always wished to show them, he desired nothing that he would not instantly do himself; and I have known him say, *well, sir, I am*

going a race to the mast head, and beg I may meet you there. No denial could be given to such a request; and the poor little fellow instantly began to climb the shrouds. Captain Nelson never took the least notice, in what manner it was done; but, when they met in the top, he spoke in the most cheerful terms to the midshipman, and observed how much any person was to be pitied, who could fancy there was any danger, or even any thing disagreeable, in the attempt.

"After this excellent example I have seen the same youth, who before was so timid, lead another in the like manner, and repeat his commander's words. He every day went into the school room, and saw the mode in which they pursued their nautical acquirements; and at twelve o'clock, he was always the first on deck, with his quadrant; no one could then neglect his duty.

"He always took some of his midshipmen with him on visits, when abroad; by which means he introduced them into much good company which otherwise they never could have seen."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Facts and Experiments on the Use of Sugar in feeding Cattle; with Hints for the Cultivation of Waste Lands, and for improving the Condition of the Lower Orders of Peasantry in Great Britain and Ireland. 8vo. 121 pp. 5s. London, 1809.

THE use of sugar in feeding cattle, is a point most highly interesting, not to farmers and the people of this kingdom only, but to the world in general. It is here discussed with all the zeal which a discovery so important might be expected to produce, but with such a profusion of words (the general fault of the advocates of the *plough*) that we seem to be reading the speech of the chairman of an agricultural club, during two or three

hours after dinner. Experiments on this subject will, doubtless, soon be multiplied; and we recommend that they be related within a fourth part of the space here occupied, and at a proportionate expense. Farmers in general cannot find time to read, and many cannot conveniently pay for such diffuse narratives as we have been condemned to toil through. *Waste lands, and the lower orders of peasantry* might have been omitted in the title page

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

[*From Porter's Travels in Russia.*]

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCHMAN.

THIS was not the only interesting object which excited my attention during my visit to the munificent count. I met with a man under the protection of this nobleman, whose history might afford grounds for a very pretty romance. He is a Frenchman, a native of Bourdeaux; and was put, when a boy, on board a merchant ship, in order to learn the duty of a sailor. Soon after this, the war broke out between Great Britain and the Republick, and the ship in which he sailed was taken, and he carried prisoner to England. However, he did not remain in confinement long, but entered on board a small British ship of war bound to our settlements in New Holland. As fate would have it, a violent storm arose; and the vessel was wrecked on one of the islands not many leagues from Otaheite. Himself and one seaman were the only persons who escaped; for not a trace of the men, nor the ship, remained, after the tempestuous horrors of the scene dispersed.

The inhabitants, instead of seizing them as a prey, received the sufferers with the most humane hospitality. Hope for awhile flattered them that some ship might also be driven thitherward, which not enduring so much as their's had, would return them safe to Europe. But days and weeks wearing away without any signs of release, they at last began to regard the island as their future

home. And a short time so accustomed them to the society and manners of the country, that in a few months more, they were perfectly resigned to their situation. By degrees they laid aside European modes, and assumed the habits of the natives; forsaking their clothes, hunting and fishing, and doing just as if they had been born amid the Friendly Isles. They learnt the language, allowed themselves to be tattooed, and at length sealed their insular fates by marriage.

The subject of my narrative was little more than fifteen when he thus domesticated himself. Being of a handsome person, he was honoured with the hand of the daughter of the king, or chief; and having become thus royally allied, he received the investiture of nobility; namely, a process of tattooing confined to chiefs alone. The body thus *imprinted*, if I may use the expression, is marked all over with a beautiful damask pattern, in forms not inferior to the finest Etruscan borders. The most eminent insignia of his royal distinction was, that the whole of the left side of his forehead, and below his eye, was one dark mass of tattoo. This latter appendage might please a savage taste, but it certainly was very hideous. But independently of that, I must acknowledge, to me there is something very admirable in the idea of a fine male figure without any other

covering than these beautiful enamellings; his feathered crown, and bow and quiver, seem to apparel him like a savage god. So true is nature to herself, that she never feels such an awful admiration of the human form divine, as when she beholds it in its native freedom. What figure clothed in all the pomp of robes, and crowns, and sceptres, ever so impressed the mind with a stamp of greatness, as the Apollo Belvidere! And surely, when we consider the athletick pursuits and liberty of limbs with the noble stature of many of the natives across the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans, my respected friend, the president of the British royal academy, well expressed himself, when on leaving America, a youth, and first beholding the Apollo at Rome, he exclaimed: "What a fine Mohawk warrior!" It was the language of nature, and a true compliment to the artist. Owing to the present habits of civilisation being totally different from those of ancient Greece, the human structure seldom attains any perfection. So no wonder the exclamation that the Apollo recalled the remembrance of any existing men, should surprise the generality of hearers. I have been more lucky; thanks to the mould in which nature cast some forms of my acquaintance, and the exercises which completed them! You know, to the vast expense of your time and patience, the use my pencil makes of the living models which a happy fate has thrown in my way; for painters may boast as they will about *ideal beauty*, but the outline of no fancied figure ever carried with it such perfect grace and harmony, as one drawn from a really existing being, of fine proportions and manly character. It was the study of nature alone that formed the Grecian artists. From the lovely females of Greece was the celebrated Venus modelled; and from the beautiful and naked youth' *lrawing their bows on the*

sands of the Egean sea, did the sculptor of the Python Apollo collect the graces of that transcendent figure.

But to return to my adventurer of the isles. His tattooing has carried me into an almost Shandean digression; but having just united him to a fond bride, I hope there is no need of apology for leaving him so long. However, I shall resume.

The young Frenchman and his companion, a few days after the wreck, had found means to save some articles which were afterwards very serviceable to them. But the most precious things they preserved, were fire arms, with some gunpowder; and for once, the importing of that death dispensing article was productive of blessings to the people amongst whom it came. Our new young chief, and his British companion, exerted themselves to a good effect in putting a stop to the practice of devouring the prisoners taken in war. The marriage of the former invested him with authority; and having learnt the language, his persuasions were so conclusive, that in the course of a very little time, it was rare to hear that the unnatural meal had even been taken by stealth. However, so wedded were some few to this horrid gluttony, that he found it necessary to add threats to his commands; and having expressed in the strongest terms his abhorrence of this practice, he told them that the first man he saw attempt to devour a prisoner, he would put the offender to immediate death.

Shortly afterwards a skirmish took place between his people and their enemies. A number of prisoners were taken; and almost all of the islanders held his commands in such respect, that none presumed to disobey excepting two, whose cannibal appetites were yet unsatiated. They slew an elderly female captive, and commenced their repast upon her body. Our resolute Frenchman de-

scried them at a distance; and going towards them levelled a musket at the bloody banquet; killed one of the wretches with the horrid morsel in his mouth, and, with another shot, brought down his voracious accomplice in the act of flight. This bold example so awed the rest, that from that hour until the day he left the island (a space of fourteen years) not a prisoner ever met with this inhuman fate. From so great a change, and particularly in a custom superstitiously revered by the natives, and grateful to their savage appetites, I have no doubt that could we have visited the island during the sway of our young hero, we should have found a rude civilisation amongst the people rendering them far superior to the neighbouring natives.

So reconciled were the shipwrecked pair (for the Englishman also married) to the spot they had now made their homes, that although many ships of different nations touched there, yet no inducements could prevail on them to quit their new country. My narrator told me he always showed every friendship in his power to the captains of vessels, seeing that the best produce of the island, particularly pork, should be given to them for the articles they brought to barter. He was also of essential service in pointing out to them the difficult navigation round the several islands.

The animation with which he recited these circumstances, strongly marked the fearless independence of his former life. He spoke with the decision of one whose commands had been unappealable, and all the chieftain commanded in his eyes. But when he talked of his domestic happiness, still true to the expression of unrestrained nature, his sighs penetrated the heart. He described his home in the most lively colours; the fondness of his wife; his own tenderness for her and for her children; the blissful days he past with her,

where, possessed of every wish, he enjoyed her love, and the society of his old sea companion. "I was then master of all!" said he, "I am now nothing: an outcast, without a home, without a friend!" His tears for a long time prevented his proceeding. And my friend will not wonder that my eyes for a moment bore him company.

About three years since, one of the Russian ships which had left this country on a voyage of discoveries, touched at the island, and was received with every mark of kindness by the king and his family. The young chief became the interpreter between the Europeans and the natives; and besides procuring the crew all they wanted, loaded the officers with useful presents. To this vessel, and his own humanity, may be dated the misery of himself and his family.

One night it blew a violent gale of wind; and the commander of the Russian frigate finding it would be impossible to keep his anchorage in a bay so full of unseen dangers, made several signals to the island, in hopes, that some experienced native would come off, and direct him how to steer. Every moment increased their jeopardy; the storm augmented in fury, and at every blast they expected to be torn from their cables and dashed to atoms on the rocks. Again the signals were repeated, and ere long they were answered from the shore by our friend, who had been prevailed on by his wife to attempt reaching the vessel. "The foreign chief," said she, "will give you something for me, either a looking glass or a handkerchief."

But the whirlwind raged so tremendously that he refused, telling her, that he thought the tempest was more than he could combat; and that should he venture, perhaps the wish for so trifling a gift would cost her, her husband; he might be drowned, and then they would be

lost to each other for ever. She had been too long used to the rashness with which her people braved the sea in all weathers, to be persuaded by this argument; and (O woman! woman! or rather, slanderer of her sex) she still persisted too long for the handkerchief, and that he would go.

The ancient gallantry *Française*; and another signal of distress from the ship, got the better of his judgment; he dashed into the waves, and boldly stemming their fury, reached the vessel. The overjoyed crew, as they heard his voice calling to them, as he approached through the storm, cast out a rope to him, by which they hoisted him up the ship's side. The most grateful acknowledgements greeted him as soon as he jumped on the deck; they hailed him as a kind of god, their deliverer; and putting his hand to the helm, and giving the requisite directions, he soon steered them from the dangers of the bay, till they rode in safety on the main ocean.

He asked now to have a boat to carry him on shore; but the wind still blowing hurricanes, and if possible increasing, they would not venture any, but offered him a *plank*! He seized it to leap overboard; it was *split*—Barbarians! and death must inevitably have been his fate, had he plunged with it into the sea. He remonstrated, but before much altercation could ensue, the ship was driven too far to sea to allow of any hope of reaching the island in any smaller vessel than itself. Despair overwhelmed the generous young man. None understood his feelings; all gratitude seemed to have departed with their danger. The blackness of the night, and the rapidity with which the ship bore away, soon deprived him of all traces of land; and when morning dawned, not even on the line of the horizon could he perceive the smallest vestige of the spot which contained all his happiness.

His misery can better be con-

ceived than described. To be thus recompensed for all his personal risks! It was a cruelty beyond his imagination. Surely the captain might have kept the sea till the storm had subsided, and then in justice he ought to have returned with his deliverer, and given him back to his country and family. He had endangered his life to save theirs. They had no claims on him, but the common ones of compassion; and yet for them he had plunged into the waves, had braved every peril, and hazarded every thing dear. He had every demand upon their gratitude, and they betrayed him! Such conduct was as unmanly as inhuman; it was base to the lowest pitch of detestation. Surely the loss of a few days to have effected their benefactor's return, could have made no great difference in a year's voyage. Besides, should the captain of these navigators, like ours, give an account of his discoveries to the world; so honourable a behaviour to the man who had saved his ship and crew, would have told more for the character of his heart, and perhaps have gained him more fame, than the discovery of half a dozen islands. Honour is a man's own act: a discovery is fortune's; and each, in the estimation of reflection, is valued according to its intrinsic worth.

The unhappy chief begged to be put on shore somewhere in European settlements, hoping there to hear of a ship going to the quarter of the globe that now contained his country. With this poor request, his ungrateful companions acquiesced, and landed him on the coast of Kamtschatka; whence he travelled, enduring the severest hardships, to Mosco.

He has been a few weeks only arrived, resting here, in his way to St. Petersburg; meaning to lay his case before the emperour, whose benevolence, he trusts, will enable him to regain his family. He was forwarded from Kamtschatha hither, by a passport from governour to

governour. Tedious has been his voyage, and tedious his journeys, you will readily believe, when I add that he has already been three years an exile from his wife and children. During this long period, what may not have befallen them? Probably, his wife has sunk a victim to sorrow for her own folly, and her husband's loss: or war may have desolated the country, and the family of the European chief have been the first sacrificed to the sanguinary appetites of the victors!

These thoughts rack him day and night, and give him an air of such deep melancholy, that it is impossible to look on his countenance without being sensible that a more than ordinary grief absorbs his soul. He must be about two and thirty, although he does not look five and twenty. His figure is fine, with a most commanding deportment. But when he talks of his wife, all is subdued. He throws himself along the ground, and either remains for a considerable time afterwards profoundly silent, or weeps with all the bitterness of hopeless sorrow. But when he names those who brought him away, indignation, reproaches, accusations, seem to inflame him to madness; and he walks from side to side with an energy of step, and vehemence of action perfectly savage, but wonderfully striking and grand.

As he found me so ready to enter into his feelings, he spoke with the greater unreserve, and consulted me on his plans. I advised him, should he find, on application to the emperor, that it would be long ere a vessel could be sent out to the South sea, to go directly from St. Petersburg to England; where, I told him, I was sure he would meet not only with the most generous sympathy, but very probably an immediate opportunity of reaching the Friendly Isles.

He heard me as gratefully as if I had had the power myself to transport him to his country; and declared,

that were he doomed never again to see it, his life would be misery and his death wretched. "Even to have been cast back again, bleeding on the rocks," said he, "on the fatal night I left it; to have been carried to my home, to have died amidst the embraces of my wife and children, that would have been happiness! But now, my life is cheerless, I must close my eyes alone!" His tears rolled over his cheek; and he turned his back, while I heard him sob almost to suffocation.

I hope for the honour of affection, that this feeling, this resolution may last. But man is so mutable! Besides, this unfortunate is in the meridian of his days, evidently of the liveliest passions. He is also a European who, having left his country when a boy, knew nothing of the fascinating luxuries of civilisation. When he becomes more intimately acquainted with our habits and our comforts; and when, perhaps, some tender European female, like Desdemona, may listen to his story, and *love him for the dangers he has past!* may not he then, too, probably forget the Otaheitan islands. If he do not, should I hear that he has, indeed, sailed for their distant shores; I shall for ever after admire, as much as I now pity, him; and regard him as a most extraordinary example of constancy and firmness. But should he become reconciled to Europe, and cease to sigh for the simple pleasures of his early years, he will only add another proof to the many already existing of human faithlessness and frailty.

I know you will hoot me for this doubt; and tell me that three years of constancy is quite probation enough to ensure him for the remainder. But those years were past, part on sea, and part in miserable journeys. Ease, I dread as the foe to his resolution. Some, that fight like lions when you attempt them by storm, by the sap fall as quietly into your hands as an infant child.

So I fear that repose, and the pleasures of society, may undermine the fidelity of our young chief; and then, what is to blame? He was a man, and he fell! "True," you will say, "but as he is a man he ought to stand. Boys may plead the vice of human nature; it is the business of men to conquer it."

A noble principle: and he who aims at it, is more likely to maintain his ground; than he who strikes lower. I acknowledge, that in judging of ourselves, it should be our standard; but when of others, mercy bids

us measure by erring mortality, and pity while we condemn. However, I know you would rather have occasion to admire than to pity, when pity is to be alloyed with disesteem. Therefore I am happy in the story of my young mariner, as he is yet a hero under all his misfortunes, to give you an object for both sentiments in their purest degree. Should he go to England, I will send him to you; and then I need not doubt all that has been represented to him of my country, being honoured to the word of your faithful friend.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE NICHOLAS HARDINGE, ESQ. LATE CAPTAIN OF THE SAN FIORENZO FRIGATE.

"A sire, contemplating the sculptured tomb,
Whose lettered scroll laments the hero's doom,
Sees in his youthful form his country's pride;
Reflects how *loved* he lived, how *glorious* died:
Then cries, "My sons! Such is the nation's claim,
Who *falls* like him, *sears* to immortal fame."

M.

IN considering the character of this young officer, it is very natural for the mind comparatively to recur to the contemplation of those heroes, ancient and modern, who have, as may be said, expired in the arms of victory, just at the moment when the charms of existence seemed to be expanded; therefore, in a conspicuous though distant part of this historical canvass, we are inclined to view *Ephaminondas* wounded in the *Elean* field, at the very instant when his conquest of the *Spartans* was declared, surrounded by his weeping friends, and, phoenix-like dying amidst a blaze of glory. Descending to more modern times, we behold, mentally pictured, the death of *Turenne*, and *Wolfe*, extended on the plain of *Abraham*, raising his head at the cry of victory, and, as he sinks again into the arms of one of his brave soldiers, seeming to exclaim: "I thank God! I die contented!" Were it here necessary,

we could record the names of many other British officers, naval and military, from the time of the decease of that conquering hero to the recent fall of general *Moore*, who have, in the same circumstances, gloriously expired; but this is by no means the case, as our general lamentations for their loss have scarcely yet been repressed by our patriotick exultations, that, as in their lives, so in their deaths, they have rendered those names terrific to our enemies, because they are combined with circumstances which tend to immortalize the glory of their country.

This immortality with respect to individuals is, as we have hinted in the few lines that we have chosen for our motto, secured beyond the reach of fate. Their achievements are blazoned on the broad shield of publick virtue, and their characters consigned to the admiration of posterity.

In this elevated point of view is among his brave compatriots, placed the fame of that glorious youth, whose actions, and brief notices of birth, &c. are the subject of this short Memoir. Our general observations are excursive, but we conceive that the occasion elicited them; and if our domestick traits are slight, they certainly include, what, respecting him, is necessary to be known; the historical detail extracted from papers of authority, is more particular; and, although in most instances extant, cannot, as an example, be too often repeated.

Respecting the paucity of our domestick traits of this gallant, persevering, and most able officer, we are not without hope that a more detailed account of him than we have at present in our power to give, may yet appear, replete with circumstances that may contribute still further to illustrate a character, which, we have the satisfaction to know, was as much admired by his friends, as the glory which his actions have displayed was exulted in by the publick. Under the impression of this hope, and waiting with ardent expectation for its fruition, we shall, as its precursors, lightly touch upon some of its prominent features.

George Nicholas Hardinge was the son of the rev. Henry Hardinge, now rector of Stanhope, in the county of Durham, who is the brother of George Hardinge, esq. chief justice of the Brecon circuit, and attorney general to her majesty. He was born on the 11th of April, 1781, and fell on the 8th of March, 1808, before he had passed the 28th year of his age.*

* We have often considered these lines of Pope:

"to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes the whole history,"

as an instance of the brevity of monumental inscriptions, less commendable than he seems to esteem it; and we have seldom had greater reason to do so, than in contemplating the character of this youthful hero, whose history certainly fills the space betwixt his birth and his death, in a manner, as has been observed, glorious to his memory, and illustrious to future ages.

At an early period of his life, Mr. Hardinge, his uncle, adopted him as his son; took the charge of superintending his education; and purposed in due time to introduce him to his own profession, the bar.

Under such auspices, little doubt could have been entertained of his success; but, as the poet very justly says:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"

which frequently exhibits itself in that impulse of the mind that urges to professional pursuits, and is correctly denominated *genius*; so this predilection of the mind of young Hardinge became obvious while he was at Eton school, and inclined him to a nautical life; which even then appeared so predominant, that it combated, and at length overbore, all opposition, and finally was crowned with success.

At the age of twelve years, he commenced his naval career, under the command of captain Charles Tyler (now rear admiral) whom he loved as a father is beloved by a son, whom he admired as an example, and respected as a man.

With this distinguished and excellent officer our young adventurer sailed to *Corsica*, in the squadron under the command of lord Hood.

La Minerve, a forty gun frigate, captured and sunk, was by the exertions of captain Tyler weighed up, and, as a reward for those exertions, the command given to him. She acquired the name of *San Fiorenzo*. To that vessel our young midshipman was transferred—and in her, it is singular enough, he many years afterwards so gloriously finished his nautical career.

He returned home to England in 1798; but was in a few months called into service again, under his beloved captain on board the *Aigle*; was wrecked, and barely escaped with his life.

After this accident, he attracted the notice of lord St. Vincent; that notice was ripened into the most affectionate partiality, and was exercised in the kindest offices of encouragement.

He shifted him on board captain Miller, who perished at the siege of Acre; our hero was in the very ship at the moment of its explosion, and was just going to the cabin.

During this memorable siege, he commanded a gun boat; was thanked by the leader of that brilliant service; and receiving his commission as lieutenant, 13th October, 1800, was honoured with a gold medal.

He returned home, and was made captain of the *Terrour* bomb, in March, 1803.

In the September of the same year, he signalized his valour, skill, and judgment, under that accomplished officer, sir James Saumarez, who in the London Gazette records him with praise in the following terms:

“The various services on which captain Hardinge, of the *Terrour*, has been employed, have been sufficiently known; but I can venture to assert, that, in no one instance could he have displayed greater zeal and gallantry than upon this occasion.”

The circumstance to which the letter adverts was the bombardment of Granville.

At a late period of 1803, he was appointed captain of a newly built sloop, the *Scorpion*, of 18 guns.

Commanding that vessel in the North Sea, he boarded, cut out, and brought away, a Dutch war brig, the *Atalante*.

Again his name was in the Gazette; he was made at once a post captain for the heroism of that enterprise, and was presented

with a sword of 100*l.* value by the committee of the Patriotick Fund.

Lord Keith, in the Gazette, speaks of him thus:

“Although,” said his lordship, “the brilliancy of this service can receive no additional lustre from any commendation it is in my power to bestow, I obey the dictates, both of duty and of inclination, in recommending the distinguished services of captains Hardinge and Pelly, and of the officers and men employed under them, to the consideration of their lordships; who will not fail to observe the delicacy with which captain Hardinge refrains, in his narrative to admiral Thornborough, from any mention whatever of himself; nor to recollect, that captain Pelly was promoted to the rank of a commander, in consequence of his having been severely wounded, in the performance of his duty before Boulogne.”

A letter which has been universally admired and circulated, though sent by him in the bosom of confidence, may now be rendered more publick without prejudice to that peculiar feature of his character, the *modesty* of his pretensions. No description can give a livelier picture of the enterprise or of the man,

Scorpion, April, 1804.

“MY EVER DEAREST FRIEND,

“I am on my way to the Nore, after six days of severe, but unrepented fatigue, and have sixty Dutch prisoners on board. We are accompanied by the *Atalante*, a Dutch war brig, of sixteen guns, prize to us.

“I was ordered on the 28th to reconnoitre at Vlie, and perceived a couple of the enemy’s brigs at anchor in the roads; despairing to reach them with my ship, on account of the shoals that surrounded the entrance, I determined upon a dash at the outermost one in the boats, if a good opportunity could be found or made. It came, unsolicited, March 31. Preparing to embark, we accidentally were joined by the *Beaver* sloop, who offered us her boats, to act in concert with ours; we accepted the reenforcement, under an impression, that it would spare lives on both sides, and would shorten the contest. At half past nine in the evening we began the enterprise. Captain Pelly,

an intelligent and spirited officer, did me the honour to serve under me, as a volunteer, in one of his boats. We had near sixty men, including officers, headed by your humble servant, in the foremost boat. As we rowed with tide flood, we arrived alongside the enemy at half past eleven. I had the good fortune, or (as by some it has been considered) the honour, to be the first man who boarded her. She was prepared for us, with board nettings up, and with all the other customary implements of defence. But the noise and the alarm, &c. &c.* so intimidated her crew, that many of them ran below in a panic, leaving to us the painful task of combating those whom we respected the most.

"The decks were slippery, in consequence of rain; so that grappling with my first opponent, a mate of the watch, I fell, but recovered my position, fought him upon equal terms, and killed him. I then engaged the captain, as brave a man as any service ever boasted; he had almost killed one of my seamen. To my shame be it spoken, he disarmed me, and was on the point of killing me, when a seaman of mine came up, rescued me at the peril of his own life, and enabled me to recover my sword.

"At this time all the men were come from the boats, and were in possession of the deck. Two were going to fall upon the captain at once. I ran up—held them back—and then adjured him to accept quarter. With inflexible heroism, he disdained the gift, kept us at bay, and compelled us to kill him. He fell covered with honourable wounds.

"The vessel was ours, and we secured the hatches, which, headed by a lieutenant, who had received a desperate wound, they attempted repeatedly to force.

"Thus far we had been fortunate; but we had another enemy to fight; it was the element; a sudden gale, and shifted against us, impeded all the efforts we could make; but as we had made the capture, we determined, at all events, to sustain it, or to perish. We made the Dutch below surrender; put forty of them into their own irons, and stationed our men to their guns; brought the powder up, and made all the necessary arrangements to attack the other brig. But as

the day broke, and without abatement of the wind, she was off, at such a distance and in such a position, that we had no chance to reach her. In this extremity of peril we remained eight and forty hours. Two of the boats had broken adrift from us, and two had swamped alongside; the wind shifted again, and we made a push to extricate ourselves, but found the navigation so difficult, that it required the intense labour of three days to accomplish it. We carried the point at last, and were commended by the admiral for our perseverance.

"You will see in the gazette my letter to him; I aimed at modesty, and am a little afraid, that in pursuit of that object, I may have left material facts a little too indefinite, if not obscure.

"The *Atalante's* captain, and four others, are killed; eleven are wounded, and so dreadfully, that our surgeon thinks every one of them will die.

"To the end of my existence I shall regret the captain. He was a perfect hero; and if his crew had been like him, critical indeed would have been our peril.

"The *Atalante* is much larger than my vessel, and she mounted sixteen long twelve pounders; we have not a single brig that is equal to that calibre. Her intended complement was two hundred men, but she had only, as it happened, seventy six on board.

"I expect your joy by the return of post—ever affectionately and gratefully yours.

G. N. HARDINGE.

"P. S. In two days after the captain's death he was buried, with all the naval honours in my power to bestow upon him. During the ceremony of his interment, the English colours disappeared, and the Dutch were hoisted in their place. All the Dutch prisoners were liberated; one of them delivered an *éloge* upon the hero they had lost, and we fired three volleys over him as he descended into the deep."

In the east, he obtained the command of the *San Fiorenzo*! and the enterprise which terminated in his death has been well delineated in the *Naval Chronicle* of November, 1808.

* This &c. &c. is full of character.

† He thought so when he wrote; but it proved upon inquiry to be a mistake; Mr. Williams, the master, had this honour, and was proud of it. Captain Hardinge desired him to accept the sword he had used in the enterprise.

‡ This would make a subject for a picture.

"When the *San Fiorenzo* left Ceylon, on its passage to Bombay, it is personally known to the writer of this memoir, that his friend had no conception of the hope to find such an adventure in his way as that of meeting with *la Piedmontaise*; who, as general Maitland observes, in his letter, 'had uniformly eluded the vigilance of other naval officers,' and who had been pursued by the *San Fiorenzo* in particular, but could never be reached.

"Of his four lieutenants, one had been left behind him, lieutenant Collier, an experienced and high spirited officer, who would have animated this or any similar enterprise with his powerful aid, if a disabling indisposition had not compelled him to remain upon the island, for the purpose of sailing from thence to England for the recovery of his health. In general, the *San Fiorenzo's* crew were too sickly for the complete and perfect exercise of their natural energy, whether in attack or defence.

"Not a single enemy had appeared in sight on the voyage or in earlier destinations of this frigate. Captain Hardinge had once been the commodore of a little squadron when commander of the same frigate, but saw nothing which could interest his enthusiasm for the service he loved.

"Of the alarming and formidable disparity between the two frigates he had previous and minute intelligence; he had stated it in the letter which described the pursuit in 1807; and the accuracy of his naval eye has been delineated by the anecdote of the *Ville de Paris*. He must therefore have ascertained the *Piedmontaise* at the moment he saw her, by the description he had received.

"In the night of March the 6th, our hero took measure of this powerful adversary in his view, pursued her, and compelled her to defend herself against him. After a short

conflict she ran away, and he pursued, but could not reach her again till six o'clock the next morning. This interval of time would of itself prove the defect of the English frigate in her sailing powers, and the unparalleled exertions of her crew (sickly as they were) to counteract the fatality of such a defect; but we know, from other statements, and from the history of *la Piedmontaise*, that she had, up to that period, uniformly out-sailed her adversaries, and had rather levelled her blow at their commerce than at their gallant spirit and their established fame.

"The action was renewed for a period of near two hours; again the enemy made all sail away. The main topsail yard of the *San Fiorenzo* had been shot through; the main royal mast and both of the main topmast stays, the main springstay, and most of the standing and running rigging had been crippled; all the sails were cut to pieces; and most of the cartridge had been fired away.

"The *San Fiorenzo* employed all hands to repair her damage, and fit herself again for action. She kept sight of her fugitive adversary, and at nine o'clock on the following day bore down upon her under all sail. This third action was decisive and completely victorious, but was clouded by the death of its hero!

"Thus had perseverance, alacrity in resources, and skill in the application of them, but, above all (the best feature of naval courage) the patience of its discipline, kept alive by the zeal of its hope, enabled a superannuated frigate, of thirty eight guns, and mustering 186 men (officers included) and most of them out of health, after an action renewed three successive days, and in every conflict the assailant of the enemy (who fought in self-defence with reluctance and by force) to overcome and capture 566 men, armed with fifty long eighteen pounders, in a vessel distinguished by its youthful powers, and flushed

with habits of conquest over its inferiours.

"The moment of the hero's death is not with accurate precision yet ascertained; but it seems generally understood, that he fell at an early period of the last and victorious attack.

"It would be unlike what *his* conduct would have been, had he survived his wound, but he had been carried below the deck, and it would now be unworthy of those who represent the delicacy of his honour, to dissemble the fact, that much of his fame is amply shared, as much of his enterprise was nobly emulated, by the first lieutenant, who fought the remainder of the last action under such heavy disadvantages, and captured the enemy. But having marked with praise the most unequivocal this due honour to the successor, I have no fear to be thought arrogant for *my own hero*, if I attribute part of the merit in this latter branch of the enterprise (though it survived *him*) to his *example* when he was no more; to the love and zeal for his memory, which animated his crew, and above all, to his equipment of his naval powers for the decisive blow, and for that impression of it which he made when the action was last renewed, which terminated in the victory and the capture.

"Captain Robert Falkner's death, at the distance of three hours from the subsequent capture of his adversary, was considered as no diminution of his fame in the action which took him from the world, though, of course, his first lieutenant must have divided *his* renown in winding up with congenial ability and spirit what the hero who fell had commenced and inspired.

"The words of captain Byng are very short; but, although you have published them in your gazette letters, they should not have been omitted in the memoir, because they impart in a few words a power-

ful testimony to the character of his brother officer and friend:—

"In the last action, that excellent and gallant officer, captain Hardinge, fell. By all information, a more severe and a more determined action, or in which British valour has been shown more conspicuously, has not been fought in this war.

(Signed)

"G. BYNG."

"The new arms and crest which his majesty has granted are allusions to the gallant spirit, abilities, and successful perseverance of this excellent officer in his capture of the Dutch war-sloop *Atalante*, followed up, at the end of only four years, by this brilliant service of the attack made on *la Piedmontaise*. The arms represent the dismasted frigate in the act of being led by its victorious antagonist, with its colours placed under those of Britain. The new crest is a naval sword passing through a wreath of cypress to another of laurel, which terminates the point. Across the sword are two flags, one of them Dutch, and the other French, inscribed *Atalante* and *Piedmontaise*. The motto is from Horace. "*Posterâ laude recens.*"

"It is to all the male descendants of the last Nicholas Hardinge, and their male posterity who shall bear the name of Hardinge, that his majesty has given these new arms, to be respectively born by each of them for ever."

Copy of the Letter which the Uncle of the late Captain Hardinge received in August, 1808, from the Honourable Lieutenant general Maitland, Governour, &c. of Ceylon.

"SIR,

"After the heavy loss you have suffered, in the honourable and glorious death of your nephew, killed at the end of an action which places him second to none who have died in the defence of their country, it may be some consolation, though a melancholy one, to know, that his death was no less immediate than his gallantry and the advantage accruing from it were brilliant and signal.

"The Piedmontaise had eluded the vigilance of all other naval officers; till, fortunately for Britain, but unfortunately for you, he fell in with your nephew. Enclosed I have the honour to forward you a copy of an order which I felt it a duty, as a publick man, to issue upon the first arrival of the intelligence.

"I have the honour, &c.

"T. MAITLAND."

Copy of the Orders enclosed in Lieutenant-general Maitland's Letter.

(GENERAL ORDERS.)

"Galle, Head Quarters, 13th March, 1808.

"Lieutenant general Maitland feels it a duty which he owes to his sovereign and his country, to mark, in the strongest terms, the advantage which may arise to the particular branch of his majesty's service in which he is engaged, by drawing their attention to the benefits accruing from gallantry and perseverance in other departments of the publick service.

"He is the more called upon to mark it, from a circumstance which has just come to his knowledge. The St. Fiorenzo, after an action, second to none in the splendid annals of British valour, and marked with a degree of perseverance which has rarely occurred, has towed into the roads of Colombo (the capital of this island) la Piedmontaise, of greatly superiour force in guns and men, and which had escaped from the vigilance of his majesty's navy in this part of the world.

"He has no doubt that every surviving individual engaged in this action will be requited with marks of royal munificence and liberality, such as have been displayed upon similar occasions, by his royal master, and by the British nation.

"In the mean time, he feels it his duty, as representing his sovereign in this island, to direct that, at four o'clock to morrow evening, the flag at the flag staff of this fort be hoisted half flag-staff high, and that minute guns be fired agreeable to the number of years captain Hardinge had so honourably lived, when most unfortunately for his friends and for his country his career was cut off.

"These orders will be read at the head of the troops, and similar honours to the memory of captain Hardinge will be paid in every fort in this island."

(COPY.)

Calgarth Park, 24th August, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

"What can I say to you upon this heart-breaking event? nothing which has not struck your own mind; yet I must beg you

to believe that I sympathize with you; for sympathy like this, be it ever so fruitless, in lessening grief is joy itself, compared with neglect.

"When lord Robert Manners was killed, the king said to the duke of Rutland, that 'he had rather have lost three of his best ships;' and surely, in perfect justice, he cannot estimate the loss of captain Hardinge at a less price.

"Yours faithfully,

"R. LANDAFF."

(COPY.)

Cheltenham, Sept. 9, 1808.

"This admired and gallant officer is most universally regretted by all that knew him, and by us (of his profession) the most, because we knew him the best.

"He conducted himself in the kindest manner to me ever since he took the command of the ship; and when I left her at Port de Galle, on account of a severe indisposition, such expressions of zeal for my welfare and of personal attachment I experienced from this best of men, as I never shall experience again, or ever had experienced from others.

"Never in this world has any man been so regretted as the good and brave captain Hardinge.

"I am, &c.

"EDWARD COLLIER."

(COPY.)

"Rochetts, 3d Sept. 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I participate sincerely in your grief and regret for the loss of your gallant young friend and mine, who has left us in the midst of his glorious career.

"I consider the enterprise and conflict in which he fell, taking in all the circumstances of it, as the most eminently distinguished that our naval annals can boast, and I read a short account of the departed hero in yesterday's *Courier*, with a melancholy sense of pleasure.

"It can truly be said of him, that he died as he lived; an ornament to his country, and an honour to those who bear his name.

"I cannot abstain from a tear over him; a weakness (for such it is) which I am not ashamed of confessing to you, whose feelings resemble those of your affectionate

ST. VINCENT.

"His latter conduct has placed him amongst the greatest heroes of this country; and I hope to see his monument in St. Paul's where the great and glorious lord Nelson lies; a fit and proper compa-

nion for our lamented hero's name and memory.

(Signed)

"CHARLES TYLER."

A subscription of 2000 guineas was collected for this monument, and has been remitted hither.

A vote of the house of commons, *without a dissenting voice*, after an ample discussion, has recommended the erection of a monument in honour to captain Hardinge in St. Paul's cathedral.

The merchants of Bombay have presented a vase of 300 guineas value to the rev. Mr. Hardinge, as a memorial of his lamented son.

The committee at Lloyd's have conferred a similar gift upon Mr. George Hardinge, his uncle, as having been his adopted father.

But in the lustre of his fame, nothing is more brilliant than so marked a zeal for it, as that which lord St. Vincent and sir James Saumarez have displayed.

They were champions for the monument; and their just influence had the most powerful effect upon the board of admiralty and upon the executive government, who originated the measure in parliament.

One of the first marine painters in the age has just published a picturesque engraving, and which cannot be recommended enough to the publick. It is a description of the victorious frigate, after the capture, in the act of towing in her prize off Ceylon. It is beautifully coloured, and has the effect of a drawing.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF PAUL, THE FAMOUS TIGER HUNTER IN INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAMSON.

Tiger hunting is a sport replete with danger, and of real interest, even to such as do not partake of the active diversions of the chase. Of such importance has the search for tigers, and their consequent destruction proved in some parts of Bengal, that large tracts of country in a manner depopulated by their ravages, or by the apprehensions to which the proximity of such a scourge naturally must give birth, have, by persevering exertion been freed from their devastations; and in lieu of being overrun with long grass and brambles, have become remarkable for the state of cultivation into which they have been brought.

This happy revolution may be (at Cozzimbazar island) justly attributed to a German named Paul, who was for many years employed as superintendant of the elephants stationed at Daudpore, generally from fifty to a hundred in number.

This remarkable man was about *six feet two inches in height*; his make was more than proportionably stout, and his disposition was completely indicative of the country which gave him birth. Nothing could ever rouse him to a state of merriment, even amidst the uproar of midnight festivity, of which he partook freely, but without being affected in the least by copious libations even of spirits, while others confined themselves to wine, Paul would sit nearly silent, with an unvarying countenance, twirling his thumbs, and occasionally volunteering with a German song, delivered with closed eyes, the thumbs still twirling, and with obvious tokens of delight at the sound of his own voice; which, though not offensive, was by no means equal to his own opinion of its merits. Paul never took offence; he was bent on making money, and his exertions were in the end amply successful. He was

possessed of a coolness and presence of mind, which gave him a wonderful superiority in all matters relating to tiger hunting. He rarely rode but on a bare pad, and ordinarily by himself, armed with an old musket, and furnished with a small pouch containing his powder and ball. He was, however, remarkably nice in the selection of elephants for this purpose; and as he was for many years in charge of such numbers, in which changes were perpetually made, from requisitions for service, and from new arrivals, we may justly conclude that he did not fail to keep himself well provided, by the reservation of such as were, in his opinion, best qualified for his views; and, indeed, the instances which occurred within my own knowledge, fully satisfied me of the superiority of his discrimination. The consciousness of his own corporeal powers as well as of the steadiness of the animal that bore him, and the continual practice in which he lived, could not fail to render Paul successful, even had his disposition been somewhat less phlegmatick, and his mind less steady. Accordingly, all were governed by him, when after game, for which he would search to a great distance, and would perhaps set off thirty or forty miles, with as many elephants, on hearing of a tiger having committed depredations. As to hog hunting, Paul thought it beneath his notice; and, as he used to express himself, "left that to the boys." Indeed, it was very rare to see him on a horse. His weight and disinclination, no doubt, were partly the cause of his rarely taking to the saddle; but, as he was a great dealer in elephants, and always had several in training for the *howdah*, we may fairly conjecture that the display of such as were ready for the market, was the motive which operated principally towards his riding elephants on all occasions.

Paul's aims were at the head or

the heart, and in general his shots were well placed; rarely deviating many inches from the parts at which he levelled his musket. He charged very amply, and never missed of effect for want of powder. I once fired his piece; but the recoil hurt me severely, and exhibited the difference between his feelings and mine.

Paul, who, I doubt not, has killed as many tigers as any hundred persons in India, used often to remark, that he could instantly, at the sight of a tiger, decide whether or not it had been in the habit of attacking the human race; or whether its devastations had been confined to cattle, &c. He observed, that such as had once killed a man, ever after cared but little for any other prey; and that they could be distinguished by the remarkable darkness of their skins, and by a redness in the cornea, or whites, of the eyes. Paul was assuredly a competent judge, but, I apprehend this assertion partook more of hypothesis than of reason. At all events, it may be considered as a very nice distinction. Many circumstances seemed to corroborate his opinion as to their predilection for human flesh; it having been observed in various instances that such tigers as had been in the habit of attacking travellers, rarely did much mischief among the neighbouring herds.

Paul once killed five tigers in the same day. Four of them were shot in less than an hour, in a patch of grass not exceeding three or four acres, where only one was supposed to be concealed.

Some tigers receive a score of wounds before they fall; and I have seen a skin so perforated as to resemble a perfect sieve. Paul used to boast, and with reason, that he expended less powder and ball than any other person. Indeed, his first shot was in general the *coup de grace*. He was remarkable for killing such tigers as charged; on such oc-

casions he always aimed at the *thorax* or chest, and never within my recollection had an elephant injured under him. He used a musket somewhat shortened in the barrel.

Paul, however, was not entirely free from accidents. He once got a scrape from a tiger's claw through the toe of his boot, and another time was, if we may use the expression, unhorsed, by his elephant coming suddenly upon a tiger when he was in pursuit of a buffalo. He very honestly confessed that all his presence of mind forsook him, and that, when he came to himself, and saw the tiger sitting on its haunches at the edge of a clump of *surpuit*, or tassel grass, about a dozen yards before him, he was near fainting. Luckily its attention was attracted by the

elephant, which, with her trunk and tail erect, ran screaming over the plain.

Paul was also famous for the immense nets he made use of in the taking of game. I have seen him employ nets a thousand yards long, and entangle every species of game, from a buffalo to a hog deer.

In Britain we are unable to appreciate the merit of such a man of might and skill. But in a country where tigers have been known to watch for the man forwarding the post letters, and to carry off a courier daily for a week together; where, also, no part is free from their incursions, and where many children are, from time to time, destroyed, such prowess is of importance to the country, and even to the state.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I THINK it will not be uninteresting to the readers of your most valuable miscellany, to give you an idea respecting the general character of the present *emperor of the French*, or the *conqueror of Europe*, Napoleon Buonaparte; and to present you with a slight sketch of his person.

Napoleon is about five feet five inches in height, well made, and somewhat muscular. It has been observed, that, notwithstanding his fatigues, he has a tendency to be corpulent. His complexion is a pale olive; his eyes piercing; his hair brown, cut short, and uniformly unpowdered. He seldom smiles; and is, in the natural disposition of his mind, impetuous; but he corrects this habitude by a powerful command of his passions. He is very abstemious; takes snuff abundantly; and remains at dinner with the imperial family but *thirty minutes*. When they dine *en famille*, he eats of the plainest food, drinks four or five glasses of wine, takes his coffee of (which he is extremely fond) and

departs. He passes the evening in visiting the Lyceums, or places of publick, gratuitous education (of which Paris and its environs are full) examines the scholars personally; enters newly established manufactories; and when he deems the inventor worthy, invests him with the insignia of the legion of honour, which he frequently takes from his own coat for that purpose. On his return to St. Cloud, if in the country, or to the Thuilleries, if in town, he hears a concert, converses with his family, takes a slight repast, and retires to bed about eleven o'clock. In the morning he generally rises with the lark, goes to his private cabinet, and examines written documents upon the affairs of state, or representations from all the ministers, both domestick and foreign; inscribes a concise resolution upon each, to be delivered to the proper officers in the course of the morning. In all these duties he is as regular as time itself; and even when he is encamped in the field of battle, I am informed, that he

pursues the same system, upon a narrower basis. At six or seven o'clock he rings for his coffee, and then dresses himself for the day. His dress, on ordinary occasions, is a blue undress uniform, with white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, military boots, a cocked hat, with a small cockade, placed on the very rim, a sword, and the order of the legion of honour suspended by a red riband from his buttonhole. I should inform you, that no person enters his cabinet but his pages, and those only when he is present; and when he departs, he takes the key in his pocket.

His library is fitted up in the English taste, and rather plain than otherwise. It is decorated with marble busts of great men, among which you find those of the late regretted Mr. Fox, and the immortal Nelson. The emperor had a great personal esteem for Mr. Fox, and treated that illustrious patriot, while he remained at Paris, with the most conciliating respect. I am told, that he has remarked, that Mr. Fox was to Britain what Cassandra was to the Trojans; always telling truths, but, unfortunately, never believed.

I carried my curiosity so far, as to take measures to learn what books this extraordinary character was fond of perusing, and found that Ossian's Poems (well translated into Italian) the works of Newton and Leibnitz; Smith, on the Wealth of Nations; the works of Montesquieu, Tacitus, Guicciardini, &c. formed the leading articles with which he amused or employed himself in his leisure hours, if such an active mind can be supposed to have any leisure.

To indulge the curiosity of those natives and foreigners, whose rank and talents do not entitle them to an introduction at court, he takes an airing every Sunday evening, in the gardens of St. Cloud, with the empress, the imperial family, and his marshals; and I have observed, that

his attendant Mamaluke is uniformly behind his person; and I was told, that he sleeps at the entrance of his apartment, or tent, when he is on duty from the capital.

It cannot be denied, that he is indebted, for a great portion of his success, both in the cabinet and in the field, to that judgment which he has displayed in selecting his ministers and officers, all of whom have been advanced for their individual merit. He has sometimes listened to the recommendation of distinguished persons, in filling up civil vacancies of little importance, but never any other. Marshal Augereau is the son of a grocer, at Paris; marshal Lefebvre is the son of an inn keeper; general Vandamme was a taylor in Brabant; and a great majority of the rest were of the same description.

Napoleon endeavours, by every species of artificial attention, to acquire and retain the good will of his army. He never suffers an officer to strike a soldier, on any pretence whatever. Their punishments are through the medium of shame, privations, or death. In England the citizen and soldier run parallel in their interests; but in France, the soldier is paramount in authority to the citizen; and this partiality is, perhaps, necessary in a government which owes the acquirement and consolidating of its power to the zeal and fidelity of the national armies.

His ambition is boundless, and seems to swell in proportion as it is exposed! If it is asked: Has he any political enemies in France? I would answer, truly, many; but the well conducted system of his government precludes all opposition to his will; and even those enemies are becoming less numerous every day, as the brilliancy of his career neutralizes the enmity of those who deprecate his power, by making their national vanity a party to his personal renown.

A PARISIAN STAG.

THE people of Paris have been for some time past highly amused by Messrs. Franconi, who have tamed and trained a stag to all the performances of the most docile horse. This stag, being brought forward on the arena of a stage, looks round on every side with an air equally expressive of gentleness and intelligence. At the command of his master he bends his knees and respectfully bows his head. M. Franconi gets upon his back, cracks his whip, and fires pistols, at which the animal shows neither fear nor alarm. After the first experiment, the animal is left to himself, and made to perform the exercises of the *ménage* like the best trained horse. He sets off at full gallop;

turns and stops at the word of command. He leaps over rails with wonderful agility, and even clears two horses at once. After every performance, he stands still, fixes his eyes on his master, and endeavours to discover from his looks whether he is satisfied. M. Franconi then goes up to him, pats him, and bestows other caresses, for which the gentle animal testifies the highest gratitude. In the last place, a triumphal arch, charged with fireworks, is erected in the air and set on fire, when the stag, impatient for the signal, starts off the moment it is given, and passes twice under the blazing arch, amidst the shouts and applauses of the spectators.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE TOAD.

[From the *Sporting Magazine*.]

MR. EDITOR,

READING lately, an account of a live toad being found in the centre of a hole of a large tree, induces me to transmit for your insertion the following relation of a circumstance nearly similar, and which happening under my own eye, I can vouch for its authenticity:—

Near the village of Tumley in Lincolnshire, and within two hundred yards of the seat of sir George Tumley Norton, is a small field separated from an extensive moor by a high rampart, the remaining vestige of an ancient work, considered by antiquaries as an encampment of the Romans, when resident in this island. The surface of this space was covered from time immemorial with naked rocks of large dimensions, and from the various moss, and general wear of weather upon their surface, appear of extraordinary antiquity. In May last a considerable repair being necessary to the

parish church, it was suggested whether these stones were not fit for the purpose of reestablishing the decayed parts of the walls, being at hand, and without the usual labour of excavation, and upon being examined by a builder of the neighbourhood, were found highly eligible for the end in contemplation. During the breaking them in pieces, and squaring them for the work, I frequently visited the spot to collect specimens of fossil petrifications and crystalizations, with which they abounded, and on again walking to the place on the 20th of June following, saw the workmen dividing a block of unusual size with iron wedges, which being effected, we saw to our astonishment a large cavity enclosing a live toad, very black, of horrifick appearance, and offensive smell. Its form differed very considerably from those in the marshes in the vicinity, particularly

in being proportionably shorter, and having its head much compressed, but upon the whole twice the general size. I scarcely need add that it shortly died. It is now preserved in spirits, and forms part of the small but curious collection of Messrs. Hall and Raby, surgeons, of Tumley aforesaid; and those parts of the stone which surrounded it are placed upon the hall chimney piece of sir G. T. Norton. I have been particu-

lar in mentioning the names of these gentlemen from their respectability, as being witnesses to the fact I have related, and also as I had their permission to do so, on having mentioned to them my intention of publishing a small work on this curious and singular subject.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

W. S. BISHOP,

Late of Horncastle.

London, Jan. 15, 1810.

The Coalheaver in his Coach, or the progress from Penury to Plenty, by way of the Pulpit.

WE have, in the commercial world, many instances of persons who have walked up to London by the side of the wagon from a country town, with all their property contained in a handkerchief, and of such as have occupied the lowest ranks of life, rising to opulence, and filling the highest offices of the metropolis itself. The frequency of such events in a commercial country, deprives them of a part of their interest, because raffick is understood to issue in gain; and a *lucky hit*, or an extensive speculation, well timed, may be alone sufficient to load with gold those pockets which formerly were empty. Usually, however, commerce requires capital; and to be provided with the *necessary*, in case of a *hard run*. Learning and liberal studies are not so strongly connected with gain, as is but too well known to those who adopt them, as means of support, in life; yet still they require a *capital*, though of another description from that of the merchant; and the publick man, whether writer or speaker, who has not *laid in a stock* to begin with, runs a chance of being bankrupt in a short time. Such is the course of fair trade; but even smugglers, we suppose, must have funds to begin with, and to support the expenses of their outfit, &c. Yet, there are modes of life, in which smugglers need no

outfit, publick writers and speakers need no learning, and by which the poorest of the poor may rise to opulence, and ride in a coach, the expenses of which, even to the very assessed taxes, are paid for them. We shall not communicate to our readers the ways and means of obtaining this easy situation in life; and, indeed, they differ in different persons. Some succeed by political impudence and abuse; others, by theological impudence and abuse; others, by — but, we are not prepared to meet the lawyers at the bar, or the faculty at the grave. Our intention is merely to bring our readers acquainted with an instance, in proof of the observations we have made. Buonaparte is famous as a foreign minion of *fortune*, placed by her, in a frolick, at the head of an empire; yet he may truly think himself honoured by being compared with William Huntingdon, S. S. placed by the same power at the head of a sect. The latter of these eminent persons, was born in the wild of Kent, amid poverty and want; he was an errand boy, a day labourer, a cobbler (afterwards, a coalheaver.) He lived on barley, and fared hard. He removed to Thames Ditton, where he became father of a family, and took to teaching. Here he got his first "parsonick livery;" and from hence

he removed to London, as to a more extensive scene of operations. In London he has gathered a number of followers. He is leader of a sect; and has many chapels, &c. in country towns, that look up to him as their head. His sentiments are *severe* to others, since only his own followers are in a state of grace; while they are said to be *lax* towards his flock, although in a state of disgrace. The peculiarities of his views of himself cannot be more emphatically expressed than in his own language which we now adopt.

"Some few years before I was married," says he, "all my personal effects used to be carried in my hand, in one or two large handkerchiefs; but after marriage, for some few years, I used to carry all the goods that we had gotten, on my shoulders, in a large sack. But when we moved from Thames Ditton to London, we loaded two large carts with furniture and other necessities, besides a *post chaise well filled with children and cats.*" After coming to London.

"During the space of three years," says Mr. Huntington, "I secretly wished in my soul that God would favour me with a chapel of my own, being sick of the errors that were perpetually broached by some one or other in Margaret Street chapel, where I then preached. But, though I so much desired this, yet I could not ask God for such a favour, thinking it was not to be brought about by one so very mean, low, and poor as myself. However, God sent a person, unknown to me, to look at a certain spot, who afterwards took me to look at it; but I trembled at the very thought of such an immense undertaking. Then God stirred up a wise man to offer to build a chapel, and to manage the whole work without fee or reward. God drew the pattern on his imagination while he was hearing me preach a sermon. I then took the ground; this person

executed the plan; and the chapel sprung up like a mushroom.

"I will now inform my reader of the kind providence of my God at the time of building the chapel, which I named Providence Chapel; and also mention a few free-will offerings which the people brought.

"They first offered about *eleven pounds*, and laid it on the foundation at the beginning of the building. A good gentleman, with whom I had but little acquaintance, and of whom I bought a load of timber, sent it in with a bill and receipt in full, as a present to the Chapel of Providence. Another good man came with tears in his eyes and blessed me, and desired to paint my pulpit, desk &c. as a present to the chapel. Another person gave half a dozen chairs for the vestry; and my friends Mr. and Mrs. Lyons furnished me with a tea chest well stored, and a set of china. My good friends Mr. and Mrs. Smith furnished me with a very handsome bed, bedstead, and all its furniture and necessities, that I might not be under the necessity of walking home in the cold winter nights. A daughter of mine in the faith gave me a looking glass for my chapel study. Another friend gave me my pulpit cushion, and a bookcase for my study. Another gave me a bookcase for the vestry. And my good friend Mr. E. seemed to level all his displeasure at the devil; for he was in hopes I should be enabled, through the gracious arm of the Lord, to cut *Rahab* in pieces; therefore he furnished me with a sword of the spirit: a new bible, with morocco binding and silver clasps.

"I never went to one person to borrow money for the building who denied me. God so opened their hearts, that I was amazed at his providence, and their kindness towards me.

"The congregation began greatly to increase, and the heat of the

place in times of service began to be almost unbearable; it was of course thought necessary to enlarge the chapel.

"And to this my friends agreed; namely, to raise the chapel one story higher, and to carry a flight of galleries all round it.

"They were as generous to me with their pockets as I am to them with a springing cruise in the pulpit, and we found *begging* to be a delightful employ. Besides, God kept us so happy in visiting the brethren, that we sowed many spiritual things while we reaped carnal; so that they were as glad to see us, as we were to rob them; and after a few of these trading tours we came to a conclusion of the business; and when we sat down under the hedge, and had put the money into our hats, and had counted it up, we found it to amount to the total sum of *seven hundred pounds*; so mightily grew the word of God and prevailed, not only over books of curious arts, but over the root of all evil.

"Some years before," he observes, speaking of preaching to collect money, "I toiled up and down this way, preaching collections for one minister or other. *Every where, and in all things, I am instructed*, says Paul; and so am I: for the vicar's bargain for his curate, and the boardmen leaving off when money failed, brought me to a determination not to labour for nothing; especially, having been informed that some called ministers have been sitting at home, while I have been preaching for them, who have ridiculed me after I had begged money: and well they might; for who but a fool, when God has used a shepherd to collect a flock together, would lead that flock from post to pillar, on purpose to shear them, and give the wool to men whom I know not whence they be? *Bless my God, these boardmen have taught me better things; I keep my flock at home, and shear them for my own profit*; and sure none can

have so much right to the wool as those who labour day and night to feed the sheep. And I have vanity enough to think that they had rather the profits of the fleece fell to my share than to any other. Many journeys of one hundred, two hundred; or three hundred miles, which have cost ten, twenty, or thirty pounds a journey, have I travelled, and at the same time paid one pound five shillings per week for a supply at home in my absence; but I confine my labours now, not to every place where I am invited, but where I am well known, and where there are poor, hungry souls to feed; to these my mouth is open, and to me their heart is.

"I had got one old cart horse," says W. H. "that I had bought with the rest of the stock on the farm, and I wanted two more; but money run short; and I determined also to have a large tilted cart to take my family to chapel, and the man should drive it on the Sunday, and on lecture nights, and I would ride my little horse. This was the most eligible plan that I could adopt; and on this I determined as soon as God should send money to procure them. I came to this conclusion on a Friday, and on the next day, toward evening, came two or three friends from town to see me. I wondered not a little at their coming, as they know that on a Saturday I never like to see any body; and therefore, I conceived that they must be come with some heavy tidings; some friend was dead, or something bad had happened. But they came to inform me that some friends had agreed among themselves and *bought me a coach and a pair of horses*, which they intended to make me a present of. I informed them that the assessed taxes ran so high that I could not be able to keep it. But they stopped my mouth by informing me, that the money for *paying the taxes* for the coach and horses was *subscribed also*; so that nothing lay upon me but the

keep of the horses. Thus, instead of being at the expense of a tilted cart, God sent me a coach without cost, and two horses without my purchasing them; and which with my other old horse, would do the work of the farm, as well as the work of the coach; and my bailiff informed me that he could drive it, having formerly drove one. Thus was I set up. But at this time the pocket was bare, and many things were wanting, both in the house and on the farm, and a place to fit up for my bailiff and dairy woman to live in. And it was but a few days afterwards before a gentleman out of the country called upon me; and, being up in my study with me he said, 'my friend, I often told you that you would keep your coach before you died, and I always promised that whenever you had a coach, I would give you a pair of horses, and I will not be worse than my word. I have inquired of father Green, and he tells me that the horses cost *forty-five pounds*; and there is the money.' In a day or two after, the coach, horses, and harness came. And having now a little money, I wrote to a friend in the country to send me twelve ewes, and a male with them; and they sent me twelve excellent ones, and the male with them, but would not be

paid for them; they were a present to the farm. *Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord: Psalm cvii. 43.*

"When my coach came home, and my family had been once or twice to chapel in it, and the report of it was gone abroad, it was truly laughable to see the sorrow, the hard labour, and sore travail that fell upon some poor souls on the account of it. Their 'envy almost slew the silly ones.'

"At the chapel door also were we not a little troubled with this sort of well wishers, sometimes twenty or more, about the coalheaver's state-coach, to examine matters, and look into things. And this continued more or less, for near two years.

"The initials of my name, W. H. together with the initials of my state S. S. were put upon every pannel of the coach, upon the pads of the harness, and upon the very winkers of the bridles."

Mr. Huntingdon, said to have been called Hunt formerly, sometime ago married lady Saunderson, relict of the late sir James Saunderson, sometime lord mayor of London (the daughter of alderman Skinner) which lady now graces his coach, his chapel, and his farm.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA.

The wonders that had been reported, and by men of learning, equally as by the ignorant, on the interior of these mines, were calculated rather to excite astonishment than to convey truth. This subject of natural history is in reality too curious and interesting to need exaggeration. While these mines were under the crown of Poland, access to them was readily facilitated to strangers; but when, by the partition of Poland, they were

allotted to Austria, certain formalities were established, previous to admission. The counsellor of the mines was first applied to; his permission was taken to the keeper of the mine; the parties then wrote their names, qualities, and countries in a register; after which a coarse covering, not unlike the frock of our wagoners, was put on each visitor, and the chief of the miners took charge of the company.

The descent was effected by means

of a very thick rope, coiled round a large wheel turned by a horse; this rope passed down a shaft about eight feet square, and reaching about one hundred yards below the surface. The four sides of this shaft were lined by rough trees, in order to prevent the falling in of the earth on the sides; for, indeed, this earth is but a sand, to which succeeds a very brittle clay, interspersed, from space to space, with layers of calcareous spath, of three or four inches in thickness. This bed of sand is followed by others of argillaceous earth, more or less coloured; but ordinarily of the colour of rusty iron. On the thick rope abovementioned are tied at intervals stout cross-bars, on which the person sits: a kind of loop passes over his knees, and another over his back; he lays tight hold of the rope, and is lowered to the first landing. Several persons are lowered at the same time, one over another. There are four stories or floors of salt, with streets, &c. From the first story to the fourth, in descending, there are stairs nine or ten feet in width.

The first story presents a piece of architecture well entitled to attention; no less than a complete chapel, with all its ornaments formed out of the salt itself. It is dedicated to St. Anthony; is about thirty feet long by twenty four wide, and eighteen high: not only the steps of the altar, but the altar itself, the twisted columns that adorn it, and support the vault, with every ornament of the chapel, the crucifix, the statues of the virgin, and of St. Anthony, with another the size of life representing Sigismund, are all of salt; the latter is remarkably transparent. Not far from this chapel is another dedicated to our lady; and about 60 paces from this is another dedicated to St. John Nepomucendo. On certain days in the year mass is said in these chapels in memory of events which have occurred in the salt mine.

The miners give the name of
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streets to the alleys which they form in working, and by the aid of a little fancy they find houses in these streets; hence the report of a city having been built and inhabited *formerly* in this subterraneous abode.

Further on is a stream of fresh water, which filtering through a layer of argillaceous sand about four feet in thickness runs along the mines. They affirm, that it passes through the enormous mass of salt, without receiving any saltiness from it: without that *addition* it is wonderful enough to find a stream of fresh water, amidst the salt rock. It serves to water the horses; and the miners themselves drink of it.

In the galleries of salt are formed recesses where the miners deposit their tools, when they quit the mine; to these they give the name of *houses*. The deeper the workmen penetrate in these mines, the more abundant and the purer is the salt they obtain. If a few layers of earth, or clay, are found, they are but small and seldom more than two feet in thickness. No volcanick productions have hitherto been found in these mines; neither sulphur, bitumen, nor coal, &c. as in some others. Many shells are found; principally bivalves and madrepores.

The air is wholesome in this deep abode. The galleries are formed with great attention to preserve a communication with the external air. The workmen enter in the morning and withdraw in the evening. They do not descend by the wheel, as that would take up too much time, there being usually 1200 and sometimes 2000 of them. They have ladders, stairs, &c. The horses never quit the mine while capable of labour. Their stables and racks are all made of the salt. They are employed to draw loads of salt from place to place; to turn the wheels in the shafts, &c. It is certain, that after a short stay in this confinement they lose their sight.

These galleries are propped with the utmost solicitude; if any suspi-

cious appearance of giving way be observed in any part, the support is immediately increased. No timber grows in the neighbourhood of the mine; this article occasions a great expense. To diminish this expense, the administration of the mines endeavoured to substitute pillars of brick and mortar; but those failed in no great length of time, while the timber has lasted for ages. During the whole time that the mine of Wieliczka has been worked, no considerable obstacle has interrupted the operations. The draining water is carried by wooden troughs placed throughout the mine to a reservoir; whence it is drawn up in buckets made of the skins of oxen, and discharged. In dripping from the tops of some of the galleries, it has produced stalactites of surprising magnitude and beauty. The miners remark with astonishment, that this water dissolves not an atom of salt, thrown into it, whether in a lump, or in powder, as one of their streams of fresh water does. No doubt but it is already saturated; and indeed, before the scarcity of wood was so great as it is at present, this water was evaporated to procure the salt it contained.

The house of Austria was too jealous of its property in these mines to suffer their extent to be known, or any plans of them to be taken. It is, however, suspected that they connect with those of Bochnia, distant about five miles eastward, where salt of the same kind is procured: and it was formerly the custom in the mines of Wieliczka to dig salt in the direction of Bochnia; and in the mines of Bochnia to dig in the direction of Wieliczka.

The manner of obtaining the salt is thus: the master miner marks the dimensions of a block of salt; usually eight feet in length, four in depth, and two feet in thickness. The miners then make a number of holes on one side, three inches deep, and about six inches asunder; they next make a kind of groove half an inch

deep, connecting these holes, and place iron quoins in each of the holes, which they strike gently with mallets. As these quoins penetrate deeper into the rock, the echo of the blows they receive resounds throughout the mine, and has a pleasing effect on the ear; when the block is ready to part, a crack appears following the course of the holes; a workman then thrusts in a wooden pole, and working it about, the block is heard to break off from its native bed. The greatest pleasure given by the miners to visitors is, to break off these masses whole! Each man procures four blocks daily.

Chrystals of salt are found, occasionally, sometimes in small layers. These are carried to the secretary's office, where four clerks are constantly employed: and where, as in the chapels first described, all the furniture, tables, book-case, seats, &c. are of salt. These chrystals are formed into various devices, as crucifixes, chairs, coffee cups, cannons mounted, watches, saltcellars, &c. which are usually bought by visitors at no great price.

This mine has been worked to the depth of 65 or 70 fathom. It is thought the salt does not lie deeper. Some other salt mines are deeper. That of Torbax in Transylvania is 56 fathoms: Vizakna is 66 fathoms! Kolos 46: Izek 47: an old mine of Deks is 72: that at Ishler, on being bored, gave salt at 64 stadels (260 feet) below the lowest story then worked.

Near the salt mines belonging to the emperour, in Upper Austria, are seventeen lakes of fresh water, forming together a considerable space; they swarm with fishes of the best kinds. Traces of similar waters are found near other mines. Friedwalzki reports [*Mineralogia Daciæ*, p. 169] that a great salt lake, near Parai in Transylvania, having broken its natural banks, poured its waters into the river Kutuloë, where it destroyed the fish, and deprived the stream of all its good qualities.

MEMOIR OF THE ECCENTRICK SIR JOHN DINELY, BART.

SIR John Dinely, Bart. whose death has been heretofore announced, was a character so truly eccentric, that we cannot convey a more striking idea of him, than by quoting a writer well acquainted with the circumstances of his life previous to his late demise.

"A number of persons," he observes, "forming their judgment from various circumstances, which they have heard of this truly eccentric character, have imagined that this gentleman's title to the distinction of knighthood, is no better founded than those of the late sir Jeffery Dunstan, or sir J. Harper; but this is a mistake of the grossest kind, as we shall show in the course of this sketch. Sir John Dinely is actually of a very ancient and honourable family, the particulars of which we reserve till we have recorded the more remarkable history of his later years. Sir John having run through his portion of the family entailments, for nearly twenty years past, at least as far as reports and advertisements in the papers will vouch, has been a most chivalrous knight among the ladies. He has not only been incessantly advertising for a wife since the period just mentioned; but even within the last five years, since he was made one of the poor knights of Windsor, he has never ceased soliciting the hand of some favourite fair, blessed with fortune as well as beauty. Report says, that sir John once obtained a wife, in consequence of one of his newspaper notices; but of the events attached to this acquisition, we shall be silent here.

"Since sir John's residence at Windsor, as one of the poor knights, he has no settled residence in town; but when he receives his quarterage or fees, we are informed he posts away to London, and makes his appearance at some publick place, un-

der the flattering idea that some lady of fortune may fall in love, either with his person or his title. And hence, in advertising for a wife, the principal object which he professes to have in view, is to be enabled with that fortune to prosecute his suit for the recovery of his vast estates. Whether sir John has any legal pretensions; or why he was not able to keep quiet possession of those estates, is not apparent from any account he has given.

"Sir John, as we are told, was for a number of years past, such a scrupulous martyr to Platonick gallantry, that to show the ladies that he lived quite alone, disengaged and unconnected, he even chose to dispense with the attendance of a servant maid. Accordingly, in pursuance of that disposition, since he has been a poor knight, he is still as solitary as before, being entirely without companion or domestick. Partly through this partial seclusion when at home, sir John is uncommonly loquacious when abroad. His conversation also, is overcharged with egotisms, and such a mixture of repartee and evasion, as to excite doubts in the minds of superficial observers, as to the reality of his character or abilities. With respect to his exterior, it is really laughable to observe him when he is known to be going to some publick place to exhibit his person. He is then decked out in his second hand finery, viz. a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full bottomed wig. On these occasions, not a little inflated with family pride, he seems to imagine himself as great as any lordling; but on the day following, he may be seen slowly pacing from the chandler's shop near his country retreat, with a penny loaf in one pocket; a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, a three farthing candle in the other. Sir John is still

in the habit of receiving epistles in answer to his advertisements, and several whimsical interviews, and ludicrous adventures have occurred in consequence. He has more than once paid his devoirs to one of his own sex dressed as a fine lady. At other times, when he has expected to see his fair enamorado at a window, he has been rudely saluted with the contents of the jordan. But none of these things have been able to allay the fervour of his passion, as may be seen by perusing the *Reading Mercury*, only of a few weeks past, where his recent advertisements for a wife appear dictated with the same warmth, and under the very same extravagant ideas which distinguished sir John, at a period when the hey day of his blood must have beaten considerably higher than at present.

"Sir John, we are told, once practised physick, but in many respects, the *medicus curat ipsum* could never be retorted with more propriety, than upon him. Books of the medicinal art, however, are still purchased by sir John, when he attends sales, &c. It is still a habit with him to attend twice or thrice a year at Vauxhall and the theatres, according to appointment, by advertisement in the most fashionable daily papers. At Vauxhall, he parades the most conspicuous parts, and at the theatre, he is to be found in the front row of the pit; and whenever it is known that he is to be there, the house, especially by the females, is sure to be well attended. When in town, sir John always makes it a point to attend the different auctions to which he is particularly attached; but if he buys a catalogue, he is always sure to make a purchase to the value of a shilling to cover the expense. Lord Fitzwilliam, it is said, is among the number of sir John's benefactors, as he makes him an allowance of ten pounds per annum. Of late, sir John has added a piece of stay-tape to his wig, which at-

taches on the other side, passing under his chin. From this circumstance, some persons might infer that he is rather chop-fallen; an inference by no means fair, if we still consider the gay complexion of his advertisements and addresses to the ladies.

"We have before spoken of the dignity of sir John's descent. The following particulars are well attested. The family of Dinely continued to flourish in great repute, in the county of Worcester, till the present century, when it expired at Charlton, in the person of sir Edward Dinely, knt. sometime justice of the peace and deputy lieutenant for this county; who by Frances his wife, daughter of Lewis Watson, lord Rockingham, left an only surviving daughter, Eleanor, his heir; who was married to Edward Goodyere, of Burghope, in Herefordshire, esq. which Edward was created a baronet, 5th December 1707, sixth of Anne, and was member in several parliaments for the borough of Evesham, and sometime knight of the shire for the county of Hereford. He died at a great age, 29th March 1739, and was succeeded by sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. his eldest son; which sir John Dinely Goodyere, of Charlton, Bart. assumed the name of Dinely, in respect of the large estate he inherits from his mother. He was the last of the family who enjoyed it, for having lived upon bad terms with his younger brother, Samuel Dinely Goodyere, captain of the Ruby man of war, and threatening to disinherit him in favour of his sister's son, John Foote, of Truro, in Cornwall, esq. it so alarmed and disgusted the said Samuel Goodyere, that he came to the bloody resolution of murdering his brother, which he executed on the 17th of January, 1741.

"But, to return to sir John, who has no ideas of slaughter, excepting that of ladies' hearts; it is probable

he will still persist in discharging the shafts of Cupid, as long as he continues to breathe. His application to the ladies of Great Britain, it should be observed, are addressed both to *young* and *old*. Those who object to his age, he treats as envious revilers; and as to their saying that he is upwards of 59 years of age, referring to his portrait, or his person, he challenges them to believe it *if they can*.

"Sir John Dinely lives at Windsor, in one of the habitations appropriated to reduced gentlemen of his description; and in one of the many advertisements imputed to him, he is supposed to expect that the numerous candidates for his hand would present themselves individually, or in a body before his residence. His fortune (if he could recover it) he estimates at 300,000*l*. The wo-begone widow, whose weeds, he conceives, are insupportable, he invites to his arms, to be relieved of her burden; as well as the blooming miss of sixteen, to whom he supposes the restrictions of a boarding school are quite intolerable; and these he has addressed in printed documents that bear his own warrant and signature; and in which he enumerates, like a judicious dealer, the sums the ladies must possess, who are candidates for his hand.

"Here it is remarkable, that the younger they are, the less property is required; while with age and widowhood, the demands of sir John increases in due proportion; and though he modestly asserts, that few ladies will be eligible with less than a thousand a year, he is persuaded that these sums are mere trifles compared with his *high birth* and *noble descent*, for the proof of which, he is fond of referring every inquirer to Nash's History of Worcestershire. To conclude, that our readers may not suppose that we are trifling with their credulity, in the delineation of this extraordinary

character, and as our limits will not admit of more, we shall content ourselves with reprinting two only, of sir John's fruitless advertisements *for a wife*; though, notwithstanding the reluctance of the ladies, we are well warranted in saying of this knight:

Take him for all in all,
They ne'er may look upon his like again.

"For a Wife.

"As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem, by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest evidently will be superb, honourable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love, and an infant baronet. For 'tis evident I'm sufficiently young enough for you.

"An eminent attorney here is lately returned from a view of my very superb gates before my capital house, built in the form of the queen's house. I have ordered him or the next eminent attorney here, who can satisfy you of my possession in my estate, and every desirable particular concerning it, to make you the most liberal settlement you can desire, to the vast extent of 300,000*l*. Where is your dutiful parents, brothers, or sisters, that has handed you to my open arms? Venus, indeed, with her bow and quiver did clasp me in her arms at the late masquerade; but give me the charming Venus who is liberal enough to name the time and place for our marriage, as I am so much at your ladyship's command.

"JOHN DINELY.

Windsor Castle, June 9th, 1801.

"For your rank above half the kingdom fly,

What's two hundred pounds with an amorous eye?

I'm famed for looks of good nature and sense:—

Detect then all envy's impertinence.

Your first step with my fair plan must agree,

By sending your qualified line to me,

A beautiful page shall carefully hold

Your ladyship's train surrounded with gold!"

An advertisement from the Reading Mercury, May 24, 1802.—

"Miss in her Teens! Let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. With tears in my eyes, I must tell you that sound reason commands me to give you but one month's notice before I part with my chance of an infant baronet for ever; for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above fifty, near

my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers, give me a fair hearing. Do not let your avaricious guardians fright you with a false account of a forfeiture; but let the great Sewel and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary, and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine command my three hundred thousand pounds, and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. By your ladyship's direction of a favourable line to me, sir John Dinely, baronet, at my house in Windsor Castle, your attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month, eleven thousand a year will be your ladyships for ever."

Poor sir John, we have only to add, did not succeed with any of these inexorable fair ones, but died, as he had lived, a *unique*.

POETRY.

ADDRESS TO PEACE.

SENT TO A HUSBAND ON SERVICE.

COME gentle Peace, and with thy smile
Benignant, chase each gloomy fear;
The solitary hours beguile,
And check the frequent starting tear.

Thy suppliant hear, who fain would give
To every suffering child of wo
In calm contentment's shade to live,
Nor ever heartfelt sorrow know.

Without thy aid, the blooming spring
In vain exhales its fragrance round;
The larks and linnets harshly sing,
And sweetest notes discordant sound.

E'en when the summer's brightest ray,
With animating warmth, again
Makes teeming earth, in wild display,
With flowers enamell every plain.

Her choicest fruits see Autumn bears,
In vain successive seasons roll;
Nor sun nor varying season cheers
The darksome winter of the soul.

Friendship, with lenient hand, invites,
But where is joy's vivacious glow?
The social scene but ill delights
The mind, where fears spontaneous
grow—

Where sense and memory lend their aid
To heighten every blessing past,
And, if the future be surveyed
To dread those blessings, as the last.—

Unerring Nature's wary hand
To every creature hath assigned
A lot, no murmuring can withstand,
Or, by strict search, a better find.

The herds that graze the verdant plain
No spirit of rebellion show;
The meek-eye'd flocks the downs maintain,
No lowering discontentment know.

The fish, which through the waters glide,
Or birds that cleave the liquid air,
Disdain not, with a sullen pride,
To taste of bliss their destined share.

The insect race, that creeps the ground
Or flutters through life's transient day
Or burnished wing—is always found
To act as Nature leads the way;

But Man—though blest with reason's light,
Heaven's choicest gift—if used with
care,
In disappointment's gloomy night,
Clasps to his breast the fiend Despair.

LINES

Occasioned by the Author being in the company of a Lady, to whom he was once attached, and walking home with her at Night.

① SARAH, the scene of to night
Has opened the wounds of my heart,
It has shown me how great the delight
Which thy charms and thy converse impart.

We have known what it is to be gay,
We have revelled in joy's fleeting hour,
We have wished for the close of the day,
To meet in a thick woven bower.

O where are the days that are past ?

O where is the bliss we have known ?

'Twas sweet—O too sweet long to last,
We have now but to mourn it alone.

Our joy has the Pilgrim* oft seen,
When night threw its mantle around,
When the moon sweetly silvered each
scene,

And silence encompassed us round.

'Twas then that the soft stolen kiss,

'Twas then that the throb of our hearts,
Declared that we wished for the bliss

Which love and love only imparts.

But fate will two hearts oft dis sever,
By Nature designed for each other;
But why should they part, and for ever,
And forced their affections to smother.

Full oft in the silence of night,

When sleep from my pillow is flown,

I think, with a mournful delight,

On the joys which with thee I have
known.

For all that the world chose to say,

We laughed, and we romped and we
toyed;

In joy flew each quick passing day,

And night in fond dreams was em-
ployed.

How short and how blissful the hour,

When round the lone hamlet we strayed,
When passion each heart overpowered,

And a sigh the sweet feelings betrayed.

O whence is that glance of the mind,

Which scenes that are past oft renews,
Which paints them in colours refined,
With fancy's bright glittering hues ?

Now sweet be thy slumbers, my friend,
And sweet be the dreams of thy soul,
Round thy couch may the angels attend,
And visions of happiness roll.
Whilst I with despair overcome,
To the rocks and the deserts will fly,
Though Sarah, in life, I must shun,
I'll meet her again in the sky.

MACARONICK verses, written a few
years ago, during the alarm of invasion,
by the late professor Porson.

LINGO DRAWN FOR THE MILITIA.

EGO nunquam audivi such terrible news,
As at this present *tempus* my *sensus* con-
fuse;

I'm drawn for a *miles*—I must go *cum*
marce,

And, *eminus ense*, engage *Buonaparte*.

Such tempora nunquam videbant majores,
For then their opponents had different
mores:

But we will soon prove to the Corsican
vaunter,

Though times may be changed—Britons
never *mutantur*.

Me Hercle ! this Consul *non potest* be quiet,
His word must be *lex*—and when he says
fiat,

Quasi Deus, he thinks we must run at his
nod:

But Britons were ne'er good at running
by G—d.

Per mare, I rather am led to *opine*,

To meet British *naves* he would not in-
cline;

Lest he should in *mare profundum*, be
drowned,

Et cum Alga, non *Lauro* his *caput* be
crowned.

But allow that this boaster in Britain could
land,

Multis cum aliis at his command:

Here are lads who will meet, aye and pro-
perly work 'em,

And speedily send 'em, *ni fallor*, in or-
cum.

Nunc, let us, *amici*, join *cordo et manus*,
And use well the *vires Di Boni* afford us;
Then let nations combine, Britain never
can fall;

She's *multum in parvo*—a match for them all.

* The accustomed place of assignation.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

✂ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

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